CHILD TRAINING

ANGELO PATRI

To Dear Pearl

With much love

Mother.

May 13, 1938

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CHILD TRAINING

By ANGELO PATRI

CHILD TRAINING

TALKS TO MOTHERS

SCHOOL AND HOME

THE PROBLEMS OF CHILDHOOD

THE QUESTIONING CHILD

CHILD TRAINING

BY

ANGELO PATRI

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PART I

THE CHILD IN THE HOME

THE WONDERING CHILDREN

To the child the world is a place of wonder. The sky arching overhead, the stars that come and go, the moon that follows him about.

The clouds gathering and dissolving; now lighting up with exquisite color, now darkening with the frown of the thunder, fill him with wondering awe.

The fluffy, wee chick, the clumsy puppy tumbling about at his feet, the funny monkey climbing to his master's shoulder or squatting on the top of the organ make him laugh aloud in wondering delight.

The scarlet-coated Santa ringing his bell and inviting the children to keep his pot a-boiling; the Santa that lives in the shop and holds out a friendly hand for the letter that begs for the cherished toy swell his soul with a tremulous joyous wonder. He is a questioning, wondering, happy child. Ah, the world is a glorious place!

The mountainous elephant swaying from side to side and gracefully curling his magic trunk to take a peanut from the quivering little hand is too, too wonderful for speech. No words can do him justice.

The child stands before the solemn camel and contemplates him with round eyes and mouth. He vaguely wonders how so much sorrow ever settled on one lone face. He is fascinated by the mystery of him, this sad son of the desert.

And the circus. My, the circus! The most wonderful of wondering places. The place where the

child fairly bathes himself in beatific wonder. He screams hilariously at the clowns. He rocks with laughter at the goose that runs after the pig, that runs after the dog, that runs after the man, who runs after his own legs. Wonderful, all wonderful to the happy child.

One grows old only when he loses all this; when he ceases to go to the wondering place. Then it is he feels his years heavy upon him. He sits within the gray shadow of oblivion.

But the children will not have it so. They draw one back.

It was for this children were sent into the world. They renew our waning courage in the warmth of their glowing souls. Our faith is renewed by their faith in the joy and beauty and mystery of life. They warm our chill hearts and help us on.

Are you tired, father? Take the children to the wondering place! The outdoors, the zoo, the riverside.

Cross, uncle? Take little Billie to the circus. His laughter will restore the glow to your tired old heart.

Are you childless and lonely, friend? Borrow a child and let him lead you to the wondering place.

That is why I am a teacher. Daily I renew my soul in the glow of childhood's reverent, joyous wonder.

TRAINING YOUR CHILD

Training children is a difficult, nerve-racking job. When they are little and stay close to their mother it is bad enough. When they begin to take their first independent steps in the world, go to school and play with the other children in the neighborhood, the mother's anxieties are sharpened and multiplied.

Some of these fears are needless. Some of them are justified. If we could separate the needless from the others it would lighten the load.

He is dirty? Never mind that. One day's dirt will not hurt a child. Keep on teaching him to wash himself, and when he gets to the right stage for it he will be so clean that he will exasperate you.

He has bad manners? That is normal. We all have had bad manners. Even you used to lick your fingers at table. You outgrew that. So will he. Train him.

He makes a horrible din? He rushes headlong? He is loud and he argues his point past all patience? All healthy boys do that. If he did not rush like a whirlwind and bang and crash his way through the house you would soon be sending for the doctor. His arguing the point is not so bad. It shows that he has a sense of what is due him. He needs that. You have it yourself.

He doesn't always tell the truth? That is too bad. Did you? You need not answer that. Your

anxiety is real, and it may be justified. I scarcely share it, however. Check up his stories and set him right until seventy times seven. He will grow to the standard of truth you set. Never fear.

Once he took what did not belong to him? I am still unmoved. Teach him he must not do so—that the time for that in the world has long gone by. It is his cave man ancestry that moves restlessly now and again. It will die soon. Your child's growth lies beyond that. Have faith in him. Train him.

You need not worry so. Whenever your child seems to be going wrong don't call up the old skeleton that rattles its bones in the family closet.

Cheer up. The normal, healthy child tends to rightness. The family tradition, and the family teaching, and the lessons of the school, all tend to rightness. Keep on teaching. The child will some day rise to call you blessed, and you will wonder what made you think anything wrong could come to him.

BABY CARRIAGES

There is a pretty little park close to my window. It is full of sunshine and sparrows and squirrels and wee babies in their carriages. The sparrows and squirrels are having lots of fun. But the babies? No, I think not.

They are covered up snugly to keep them from the cold. Behind every carriage stands a woman with the air of one on guard. When the baby grows restless and wants to wiggle his arms and legs and finds that he cannot because he is too snugly wrapped up, he begins to cry.

Immediately his guardian begins jiggling the carriage. She bounces it up and down, she gives it a sidewise shake, the carriage sways and staggers dizzily upon its springs. The baby cries louder. The woman shakes and bounces and wheels harder. It becomes a race between them, with no chance in favor of the baby.

He was fed just before he was wheeled into the park. His milk has not proceeded far enough on its way to be sure of its route. The rough passage brings it back again.

"Dear, dear," moans the perturbed guardian, "his stomach is upset again. I'll have to call the doctor and have a new formula made for him. I hope he isn't going to have a poor stomach like his father."

He isn't. He's not a born sailor, that's all. He

cannot stand all that bouncing and swaying and dipping and rising. He's plain seasick, and I don't blame him. I'm seasick watching his craft battered about by the eccentric conduct of the woman in command.

The baby doesn't need rocking. When he is on his way to the park for his airing, wheel him straight ahead, please. Give him a smooth trip if you can. When his eyes begin to close, slow down and gently ease the carriage into the sheltered sunny corner and let him sleep in peace.

And won't you please try not to wheel him backward? Remember how you hate to travel with your back to the engine? Maybe he doesn't like it any better than you do.

There were twins in our neighborhood. The carriage was built for one. The two babies were placed in the carriage, the one riding forward, the other riding backward. They always had the same places in the carriage and the one who always rode backward lost his breakfast regularly. The doctor changed the formula, but the baby didn't change his opinion of the situation and continued to lose his breakfast and his weight.

Then his grandmother said, "Try him riding forward and see what happens." The sick one became the well one and the well one took his place. The family bought a new carriage and the twins ride side by side. Both of them are thriving.

Don't rock the baby carriage. Wheel it straight ahead when it is time to wheel it and let it stand still at the end of its journey. Babies do not need to be rocked.

TICKLING

Chubby babies are a great temptation. Everybody loves to chuck them under the chin and tickle them. But everybody mustn't. Tickling is bad for children. Sometimes it does serious harm, and it never does any good.

When a child is tickled his sympathetic nervous system is stimulated and he laughs. The first chuckle may be one of pleasure, but the succeeding laughter is not. It is a reflex, and has nothing to do with joy. Often it causes positive pain and the baby cries. Continued nervous excitement of this sort ends in hysteria, with all its attendant evils. Nobody would knowingly bring such discomfort to a child.

A two-year old boy was growing along happily, learning to walk and talk his way through the world. He was one of those laughing cherubs that tempt people to cuddle and tickle them. He liked to be tickled, asked for it, so tickled he was.

One day some one noticed that the child was stuttering. He had always talked clearly. Perhaps it was just an accident? But he continued to stutter, and it soon became clear that he could not speak clearly and smoothly. He cried easily and tossed in his sleep. He was not happy and he laughed no more. He was an irritable, sick youngster.

He had been played with and fussed over until his

nerves rebelled. There was nothing to do now but work patiently to restore their balance. He must not see visitors. There must be no more cuddling and tickling. He must not be tossed up to the ceiling and caught again with shouts of glee. He was sick and suffering.

Now every one must speak softly to him, softly and slowly and evenly. He must forego simple little pleasures that children enjoy so much. His every movement is watched with anxiety, and every desire scanned with a watchful eye. He must give careful heed to the body that was once so unconscious of him and of which he was so gayly unconscious.

Winking and breathing and laughing are actions that children need think nothing about. They have been taken from their care and placed in the realm of the unconscious. When they are rudely seized upon and dragged out to make a holiday for grown folk who ought to know better they exact severe punishment.

The very best thing to do for little children is to let them alone—largely. Watch them and try to follow their needs intelligently. Give them a chance to play—play is their life growth. But if you value their peace of mind and your own, don't make toys of them.

NURSE MAIDS

Did you ever stop and watch the people who are in charge of the children whose mothers have sent them out to play or for an airing in their "prams"?

I have. And I have wondered. Wondered what the mother of a dainty miss of three would have said could she have seen the group gathered about the park bench talking in hushed excitement about the goings on in the respective families they represented, while the little morsel of humanity drank it all in.

"Oh, she can't understand a word of what we're saying," said the maid when one of her friends pointed out that the "little miss" was listening. "Play with your things, darlin'," said she, and returned to her story.

"Darlin' " didn't understand in the terms the gossiping maid understood, but the whisperings and the veiled references to her family sank into her mind and they would lie there to be recalled at most unfortunate times and places.

"Sit there until I come back for you, and mind you don't stir or speak to a living soul until I come and fetch you," said one caretaker, lifting a small boy and plumping him into a corner of the bench.

"If you move off that spot or speak to anybody that big brown bear that you saw a minute ago will come back here and not leave a pick of you."

She moved off a few feet to the turn of the road

and gave her undivided attention to her "friend". The little boy on the bench did not move or speak until she came to "fetch" him. He sat huddled together, too frightened to move had he wanted to.

"That's a good boy," she said as she lifted him down. "I'll tell the bear not to bite you this time."

Another one sits and crochets steadily, lost to her surroundings. The sun shines down in the face of her sleeping charge, but she does not know it. A fly walks over the unprotected face of the baby. He turns fretfully and she puts her foot on the springs of the carriage and joggles it until it rocks like a cockle shell in a gale. Poor baby!

Some of them carry pacifiers in their hand bags. When the child frets they stick one into his mouth. Anything to quiet him. The mothers won't know and the children cannot tell.

Good caretakers are expensive, but not nearly as much so as poor ones. If you cannot have a good one, why not join with some other mother and get a good one for both? Only a trained and trusty caretaker should be given the care of little helpless children.

HELPING MOTHER

When the new baby arrives he receives the greatest care. He gets his bath regularly and exactly. You are careful of his eyes, his nose, his mouth. You guard his food. He gets nothing that would hurt his digestion. He grows happily, sturdily, until he is two years old.

The next baby comes along then and he is put aside. He does not get the same attention either as to quantity or quality. His bath is hurried. You do not notice that his skin is not as active as it ought to be. You do not wash his mouth with the same punctilious care. A cavity appears in one of his teeth and you overlook it.

Some day you discover that he breathes with his mouth open and that he is catching cold easily and often. He has adenoids and his tonsils are enlarged. You say, "Isn't it dreadful?" and hurry along to the baby.

Somebody gives the three-year-old a slice of beef or a bit of cheese at the wrong time and he is ill. You say, "That child is not as healthy as I thought he was going to be."

The only way for a mother to keep up with a growing family is to train each of them to help. The mother is generally impatient about waiting for a child to learn to help himself. She says that she hasn't the time to wait.

Begin with the first one. As soon as he can hold

the wash rag in his hand, let him do so. He will splash about a bit. Soon he will try to wipe it across his face and make queer flaps with it. Let him practice washing himself a minute at a time day by day. Before you know it he will be quite deft.

As soon as he can handle a little brush, teach him to wash his mouth and brush his teeth. His efforts are wide of the mark. Give him a chance. He is not wasting time. He is learning to help himself and you.

These little attempts at self-help are first-hand experiences. They are the most valuable kind of training. They are the first steps in industry. All lessons are not learned from books. Everything you do or say before a little child is a lesson. Everything you let him do or say is another and more lasting lesson.

Give the little child a small *papier mâché* tub, a cake of soap, a wash rag; get him a little table and a chair to match. Give him a set of dolls that can be made to do things, that will allow themselves to be washed and otherwise mistreated. Teach him to play with them and then let him alone.

He will repeat with his equipment what he has seen you do with yours. Guide him a little and the first thing you know you will have the best sort of mother's helper.

FEEDING HIMSELF

Mother carried the baby to his high chair and strapped him in. Then she placed his tray, with a bowl of cereal on it, before him. "Now, young man, let me see you eat your breakfast."

The baby chuckled gleefully and dug his spoon into the porridge. He tried to carry it to his mouth, but his hand joggled and he spilled most of it down his freshly laundered front.

"Dear me," said mother, jumping up and wiping him vigorously. "What a mussy baby. Now, try again and don't spill."

The baby tried again and pointed the spoon towards his ear. It didn't land exactly anywhere, but dribbled the porridge along his face until some of it found his mouth.

Mother reached for the spoon and said, "Poor baby! Here, mother'll feed you."

Baby stiffened out and kicked hard and cried aloud in protest.

"Well, well, never mind. Try it again." And she wiped his face and placed his bowl nearer.

Baby cheered up and tried again. This time he made a more direct attack and landed most of the spoonful in his mouth. "That's a good boy. Now, try another one."

But this one went wrong right from the start and turned over into his lap. He went after it with his spoon and smeared it all over himself.

"There, now. That's enough. Mother'll feed you. See, you're spilling your breakfast all over yourself and you won't get any. It will be cold and then baby'll be sick. Come, now. Eat it nicely for mother."

Protesting, but helpless, the baby ate his breakfast as his mother fed him. Trying to help himself became a struggle between the baby and his mother. He wanted to be independent, she wanted him to be so, too, but she went the wrong way about it.

Get a heavy table that sits low. Match it with a little armchair. Set the baby at this table with his tray and his spoon and his bib. Feed him the greater part of his breakfast. Leave just a little more than one teaspoonful in the bowl. Let him experiment with that.

He won't lose his breakfast and he will learn to make the movements necessary to feed himself. His mother can go ahead with her other duties and leave him in the knowledge that he cannot fall off a high chair. High chairs ought to be used for furnace food, anyway.

As he grows in power, he will make less fuss about feeding himself and his mother gradually leaves more and more in the bowl until he can eat the whole bowlful without help. The steps between lessons must be very short for little children. Take one difficulty at a time. Eating means a great many adjustments that are new for the baby. Go slowly.

BEDTIME

Children do not like to go to bed. They are always sure that interesting things are about to happen and they will miss something. Going to bed is always an interruption, no matter what the hour.

Stevenson puts it delightfully in his "Bed in Summer." The child laments:

> "And hear the grown-up people's feet,
> Still going past me on the street."

If only the grown-up people would stop the interesting things they are doing and go to bed, too, it would not be so bad.

Besides all that, there is a certain dread of the night. Children feel safe during the day. Night brings fears all its own.

What can one do to make going to bed the "next thing," the pleasant thing, it ought to be?

It helps some if the child knows that all his playmates are going to bed. He has a feeling of companionship if he knows that the chickens and the kittens and the flowers are going to sleep at the same time he is. This is the reason that the child likes to hear "Bedtime Stories."

If mother can put him to bed herself it helps a whole lot. If other duties interfere, perhaps she can go to him and tuck him in when he is ready. He

has more faith in her than in any one else in the world. She can reassure him.

She can tell him that the night is only the day with the light turned off. It is the time for all little wee things to curl up in their nests and rest for the fun that is waiting for to-morrow.

When the darkness falls and the familiar things fade from sight the children are likely to people the dark with their fancies. The night is filled with fear or content.

Tell him the right sort of story. To be sure, the little boy may ask for the tale of the fiery dragon which ate the wicked brothers, but mothers know how to slip Peter Rabbit into his place. Bedtime is quiet time. A bunny fits in better than the roaring dragon.

Then cover him up and tuck him in snugly, open the windows, and turn out the light. He will have a sense of a well-rounded day. He will feel no sense of interruption. His mind has been soothed and directed toward "pleasant places" and he will rest content.

FEAR

Children should never be frightened. Fear is poison. It upsets the stomach. The food cannot be digested. Sometimes fear brings on vomiting and diarrhea. No child can grow under these conditions.

Children are secretive about their fears. They are afraid of their fear. Often they are frightened and you do not know it. Be very gentle with them and try to get them to tell you about the things that frighten them.

Some people tell their children that the Bogy Man will get them. That the Rag Man will take them. That the Devil will come for them. Foolish people tell little children these awful lies at bedtime. The children go to bed in great fear. They lie in bed shivering in the darkness, not daring to pull the covers up, afraid to turn over and hide their faces in the comforting pillow. Sick with fear they fall asleep. They cannot rest. They start up, call out, and sometimes walk in their sleep and are hurt.

Fear like this often becomes fixed in the minds of the little ones. It unfits them for work or play. Insanity has been traced to such fears.

Never frighten your children. It is not only silly but dangerous. Some parents tell the children that the policeman will take them away. One child so trained lost his mother in the crowded street. The officer saw that he was lost and spoke to him. The

child went into convulsions of fear. Why not tell the child that the policeman is his friend?

About the same thing happens to the doctor. "If you don't behave and stop crying I'll call the doctor and he'll fix you." Some day that child will need all the help the doctor can give, but he will not receive it. The doctor can do little for the child who has been taught to fear him.

In one of the schools of a big city a bright-looking little lad sat in the baby class. Day after day he sat, growing paler and sadder, but not a word would he say.

"Did you ever hear Eddie talk, children?" asked the teacher finally.

"Yes, he talks. Only in the room he doesn't talk."

When the mother came to school she said, "Why, of course he talks."

Eddie burst into tears and clung to his mother. She took him home. When she brought him back the next day she said to the teacher, "It's all right now. Before I brought him to school I told him that if he talked in school you would cut his tongue out and the little silly believed me."

Fear is poison. To wittingly implant fear in the mind of a child is cruelty. Never frighten a child.

BEARS

Mother had bathed Robin and got him ready for bed.

"Now go down the hall to bed, like a little man."

"No, no," begged the mite. "Come with me."

"When you get into your crib I'll come right in and tuck you up. I want to see you go down the hall all by yourself and go to bed. Try like a brave boy."

"I can't. I'm afraid of the bear."

"But, Robin, I tell you there isn't any bear. Can't you see right down the hall? You don't see any bear."

"No, but he'll come in back of me."

"He won't. He can't. Don't you see I am going to stay here and watch until you get to the bedroom and then I'll come right in and tell you the loveliest story."

"You come with me."

"Take one step, Robin, just to see."

Robin took a tiny step ahead and promptly stepped back again.

Daddy came up. "What's the matter, Robin? Not going to bed like a regular fellow?"

Robin clung to him like a drowning kitten on a friendly branch.

"See, I'll stand here, Robin, and count all the steps you take alone. Ready now. One, two, thr—— What, can't you go any further than that? Now

I'm ashamed of you. I've told you a thousand times that there is nothing to be afraid of in this hall. Nothing.

"It's the very same hall you go up and down all day long. Just because it is getting sleepy time you grow cowardly and whimper. Brace up like a real boy and march down the hall. We'll both watch for you."

"No, no. The bears always come out when it begins to get dark. I——"

"It's no use," said his mother. "He is afraid and that is all there is to it. I'll have to take him as usual," and she carried him to bed and tucked him in. Once in bed he was asleep in no time.

"What do you suppose started him about the bears? He has not been told any bear stories that I know of. He has never been frightened by any animal that I know of, I cannot understand it. I've been so careful of him," lamented his mother.

The teacher stopped in that evening and they told her about the bears.

"Yes," she said. "Some children do have fears like that. I'm glad he told you what it was. Sometimes they hide it. Buy him a toy bear. Let him select one in the shop and carry it home himself. That generally cures the fear of the bears."

And it did.

SYMPATHY

Four-year-old Kenneth was sitting on the floor opening and closing the bottom drawer of the sewing cabinet. His mother sat near by talking to Aunt Ella, the family help in time of trouble.

"They all seem to be well and strong except Ken," said his mother. "He seems to take everything to heart so. None of the others is a bit like him. He is so sensitive. Things touch him more."

And to prove it Kenneth closed the drawer on the tip of his finger sufficiently to pinch it and make a tiny blood blister.

He held up his hand in the limp fashion that indicates mortal hurt, grew black in the face with suppressed pain, and then roared with the power of a young lion.

His mother turned pale and jumped up. Her spools ran towards the four corners of the room and hid themselves under the furniture. Her scissors fell with a clatter, she knocked over the work basket in her haste, and wound her feet up in the skirt she had been hemming.

"Quick, Ella, bring me some hot water. Moll-ie, bring me a bandage. Hurry! You'll find them in the medicine cabinet. Oh, Ella, did you get the water? Poor Ken, did you get hurt? Mother is so sorry. There, there, mother will fix you. Moll-ie! Do come with that bandage."

Ella set a bowl of hot water on the table and sat down calmly to watch what happened.

Mother cuddled Ken in her arms, rocked him to and fro and crooned over him. "There, there, the bad drawer hurt him. Never mind, never mind, mother's poor little man."

The words seemed to remind Kenneth of his troubles and he raised his voice anew.

Up and down the floor his mother walked with him, soothing him and assuring him how sorry she was that he was suffering, and all the while Aunt Ella sat in the little rocker and sewed on the skirt mother had let fall.

"Mom, dad's downstairs and he wants you. He's in a hurry," called sturdy Henry from the doorway.

Mother looked at Aunt Ella and then at Ken. "Take him, Ella. I'll come back in a minute."

Aunt Ella took him and stood him gently on the floor beside her and went on sewing. Ken gave a roar or two and then seated himself on the floor beside her and began playing with the spools. When mother came back breathless with hurrying, she was astonished to hear Ken laughing.

He looked up at his mother and puckered his face ready for crying. "Guess you'd better go on with what you were doing," said Aunt Ella. "I'll keep my eye on Ken until dinner time."

Later she said: "Don't ever pay any attention to things that you can overlook. If he has to be mended, mend him and don't make a fuss about it. He wasn't hurt. You'll make a baby of him if you stop the world to watch him go by. Hide your feelings more and he'll feel less."

HER BEDROOM

"I've called you in, doctor, because the child is becoming so nervous and excitable that something must be done. She does not sleep well, either."

"Exactly," said the old doctor, setting his glasses firmly on his nose and gazing steadily at the mite of a child before him, twisting and wiggling and squirming.

"Doesn't sleep?"

"Not the way a child ought to sleep. She goes to bed on time, but she does not feel like sleeping."

"Aren't you sleepy when bedtime comes?" questioned the kindly old doctor.

"No."

"Aren't you tired? Do you want to play more?"

"I'm tired."

"That's just it," broke in her mother. "She goes to the last minute and you can see that she is tired out, but she fights off sleep, I think. She wants to go on and on from one thing to another. So restless.

"I've tried everything. I even redecorated her room, thinking that might help to make sleeping attractive. It didn't do much good. I took a lot of pains with it, too. I tramped all over town to get the animals for the frieze, and I had a decorator from the city come in and do the furniture. But she didn't sleep any better."

"I'd like to see the new room," said the doctor.

The little girl led the way and threw open the door of her bedroom.

It was a gay place. The walls were painted blue, the color of the sky. A frieze of all the animals of the ark marched gayly around the walls. To make them more joyous, they were done in colors, no two the same tone. It was a riot of color and action, an inspiration, but not to sleep.

The furniture was plentiful and the artist had lavished his imagination and his colors on that, too. Birds and flowers and gorgeous butterflies edged one another off the French gray background.

The bedcover had not escaped. It was an Alice in Wonderland affair, showing all the little creatures who had touched that young person's life. A low seat ran around the room and that was piled two deep with "things"—dolls, stuffed animals, books, mechanical toys, boxes spilling over with more toys.

On the table at the bedside stood an array of the choice "things"—a dancer on a music box, a watch, a small goat that meh-mehed when you squeezed him and pranced about when you wound him up.

"The child sleeps here? I'm afraid she finds it rather stimulating. I'd fit up another room with nothing in it at all but her bed. Mist gray walls and curtains and open windows. The room, bare and gray and still, will bring repose. Let her take one doll with her if she asks for one. I think after a few nights she will sleep."

So she did. First, a lonesome, all-gone feeling, then a gradual relaxation, and then sleep fell on the tired eyes.

Too many things in your house?

WAKING UP

"I dread having to waken him in the morning. It's hard enough to get him to bed, but its worse getting him up," sighed his mother.

All of which means that this particular child was not trained properly when he was a baby. That's the time to teach bedtime and rising time. But often when bedtime came he was "good" and so was allowed to stay up until he became fretful and bothered the family. Then he was put to bed amid howls and protests.

The same method was followed about his rising time. "Oh, he's sleeping. Let him sleep. That will give me a chance to get something done without having him on my mind." So his rising time became the time he woke up and made himself so unpleasant that he had to be given attention. That is why now, when he is fourteen, he goes to bed when he feels like it and gets up when he feels like it.

It is hard for any of us to rise in the morning. We all like to keep as much daylight as possible between ourselves and our day's work. Necessity, backed up by habit, drags us out and drives us on until about ten o'clock in the morning, when our machinery, having been set in motion, goes on with less effort on our part.

But the way one gets up in the morning has a great deal to do with the quality of the work he will

do that day. If we start with the wrong foot out of the bed, we will likely march on it all day long and be out of step with everybody and everything. What is true for us in this instance is true for the children.

When you go to call a child in the morning, set about it very gently. Pat the covers softly and say his name softly. Keep on doing this until he opens his eyes. Then smile at him and say, "Time to get up, son."

A loud shout, a tremendous knock on the door give the sleeping child a shock. This reacts on his nervous system unpleasantly and he is irritable or sulky or weepy, according to his kind.

Some folk think the proper thing to do to waken a sleepy boy is to pull off the bed clothes and take away his pillow and mess things up generally. Some heroic ones throw water on him. Such people should be taken aside and firmly dealt with in a manner that will teach them to refrain from such barbaric performances.

The sleeping child must be wakened gently, spoken to gently, and started on his day with a cheery greeting if he is to have any chance for a good day's growth. And the time to begin training him for getting up is when he is a tiny baby.

DRESSING HIMSELF

"I could stand everything else he does, and he does plenty, if he'd only be good enough to dress himself under an hour and a half. Every morning I have the same trouble with him.

"I call him and he gets up and sits on the edge of the bed and rubs his eyes. Then I leave him, to go on preparing breakfast. In a few minutes I go back and find that he has undone the top button of his night clothes.

" 'Hurry,' I say. 'Why don't you dress yourself? Quick now, get off your pajamas! Pull them off. Let me see you do it.' I put enough energy into my voice to start a motor car and he drags himself out of his pajamas and picks up his union suit.

"I get a faint whiff of burning porridge and I fly back to the kitchen and go on with my work. All the time I know that he is sitting on the edge of the bed with one stocking half up his leg and his garters dangling. Really, he drives me frantic! What can I do with him to make him dress himself? I know he is only eight years old, but it does seem to me that he might dress himself."

He might, and sometimes he does, but more often he doesn't. Some children do not learn to dress themselves quickly in the mornings until they are big boys and girls, with urgent interests calling them to hurry. The eight-year-old has little inter-

est in dressing himself. It is a difficult task for him. It makes demands on him that he is not prepared to meet.

You see, dressing is a long sequence of uninteresting movements. A little child has difficulty in following sequence of any sort. That is why he cannot set the table without a lot of supervision. Dressing and setting the table are in the same class of activities.

The best way to do is to lay out his clothes at night all ready for him to put on in the morning in the order in which he needs them. Then sit beside him and coach him while he dresses. Put in all the hard buttons and tie his necktie and test his shoelaces. You will gain time in the end. When he gets to the stage of growth where the sequence is established, he will also have developed a set of interests and ideas that will put dressing into the habit class.

READY FOR DINNER

"Peter, for the one thousandth time, leave the table and wash your hands. I believe if you live to be a thousand years old I'll have to tell you the same thing.

"Belle, let me look at yours. The same thing! Go and wash your hands and face and brush your hair. It does seem to me that when you are as old as you are you might remember to make yourself presentable for dinner. I'm going to think up some way of punishing you when you come to the table without getting ready. That's all there is about it."

Punishing them won't do very much good, if any. No child ever stops his play in order to wash his hands and face and make himself presentable at the dinner table. Not unless it is his birthday, or the night before Christmas. The niceties of formal living are not natural to children. They have to be painstakingly cultivated.

The best way to do it is to call them fifteen minutes before dinner and set them to work with the soap and water and brushes and towels. Have some signal to call them, a bell or a whistle, every night at the same time. It will take the whole fifteen minutes, because they are very slow at such things.

A mother who lives in the country has a fine arrangement for this. On the back porch there is a long bench which the children use as a washstand in the warm weather. There is a closet opening

off the porch in which are the basins and soap and towels, and other useful things for washing besides the water.

There are four children, and they fill their basins and carry them to the bench and scrub heartily, one helping the other. This gives them a chance to ease off the play spirit and get off the worst of the dirt, before entering the house. Then they go to their rooms and complete their toilet.

Just before they leave their rooms somebody looks them over and puts on the finishing touches. By the time they enter the dining room they have settled down, and the knowledge that they are looking just right makes them feel at peace with the world and themselves, which is the attitude in which their dinners will do them the most good.

The dressing period saves friction and prevents their having to be disciplined at the table, which is bad for everybody concerned. It annoys the family and spoils all pleasure in the dinner hour.

Try the dressing signal a quarter of an hour before dinner and see how much it helps everybody.

ONE AT A TIME

"Marietta, do use your knife! Why is it that I have to tell you the same thing over and over?"

The whole family stopped eating and fastened cold and disapproving eyes on Marietta. She let her knife fall. She clutched at it, missed it, and upset Aunt Helen's glass of water.

"Goodness, did you ever see anything like that child?" asked her mother, as Marietta rose above the table once more, flushed and flustered.

"Sit up, child. Your shoulders are actually in front of your ears," prodded grandmother from her end of the table.

"Yes, you're getting positively round shouldered," commented Uncle Peter, reprovingly.

"Doesn't your teacher ever say anything about the way you sit and stand and carry yourself?" asked Aunt Helen. "I don't see how she can help it, with you constantly before her slumping as you do. But I suppose it does no good, for you are as awkward as ever. When I went to school those things were a part of our daily work."

"Certainly," agreed father. "But nowadays children pay little heed to what is said to them. Everybody in the house has told Marietta that she is clumsy and awkward and that she carries herself like a bag of meal, but what good does it do?

"Why, if we had had one-half the teaching that she has had we would have been wonderful. Nobody

paid any attention to how we did things. We had to get along as well as we could. We tried to help ourselves. But our children?" And he raised his hands in a despairing gesture.

Poor Marietta, acutely aware of her smallest deficiency, tried to swallow her dinner. The more conscious she became, the more clumsy were her movements. When dessert was served she was almost hysterical and spilled the first spoonful into her lap.

"Marietta, what ails you? Can't you eat your meals like a human being?" cried her indignant mother.

"No," flared out Marietta. "I can't eat my meals at all while the whole family nags me at every mouthful. I wish I could get away and never see another one of you as long as I lived."

"Marietta!" thundered her father.

But Marietta had fled to her room to cry it out alone. And there fell a conscience-stricken silence. Then:

"Well, it is hard to have the whole family after you at once," said mother remorsefully.

"STOP HIM"

"Nurse, please find out what Master Thomas is doing and stop him." And the preoccupied professor laid another sheet of work aside. At least that is what the story says he said.

I quite believe the story. So many folk have the notion that whatever the child is doing ought to be stopped at once and he should do something that they want him to do. To be sure, they are not at all clear as to what he ought to be doing or why the thing they want him to do is any better for him than what he is doing. But, then, the child cannot be right—stop him.

The average child's life is one long series of interruptions, from dawn to dark. If he is eating his cereal, some one stops him to instruct him as to the proper way of holding a spoon. He is lucky if some other well-wisher does not break in with a brief text on how not to spill porridge.

Lessons are a battle between the effort of the child to get his job done and the struggle of the teacher to get him to do it the proper way. He starts to write a composition. Now, in all fairness, I ask you could you write a story without misspelling a single word, omitting a punctuation mark, without erasing words, crossing out whole lines? Write it all in fine penmanship, sitting up and holding your arm and your penholder exactly as the boy in the picture on the back of the writing manual

does? Could you do it even in the quiet of your own office?

That is what the usual composition lesson seems to demand of the child. "Sit up. Keep your feet flat. Turn your paper to the right. Point your penholder over your shoulder. Begin every sentence with a capital. There—you've blotted your paper! If you wouldn't take so much ink on your pen at a time, you wouldn't have so many blots. Make a new paragraph for every new point." A running fire of advice and assistance goes on all the while the child tries to write. And yet the child manages to hand something to his teacher at the end of the period. Good—patient child.

It's the same thing when he reaches home in the afternoon. He thinks he is free for a time at least. He will play. He begins. His friends come and soon they are lost in the forest of Robin Hood. The horn sounds and the troops rush to the rescue. Then mother calls from the window. "Jack, put those sticks up this minute. One of you will get hurt, the first thing you know. Can't you ever play anything that won't endanger your life? Put those sticks up and come in this minute."

"Find what that child is doing and stop him." How in the world is he going to find sufficient time in which to escape us and really grow up?

SOMETHING TO DO

The secret of keeping children happy is keeping them busy. Their minds must be filled with wholesome thoughts and their hands occupied with useful things to be done.

The fuzzy rabbits and the chicks and Teddy-bear are not the fundamentals in this job, only accessories. They can only fill in.

If you have a busy little person about your house it is well to invest in a load of sea sand, a set of sand molds, and a couple of pails and shovels.

Then get a lot of blocks, good-sized ones. The smallest should not be less than six inches; the longest can be four feet. They are for building houses. The bear needs a house and so does the doll.

All the people of Mother Goose are waiting for houses and things, and the dolls and the animals are useful. They can occupy the houses and walk along the roads. They can people the village.

There should be a swing for two. Things that can be used for but one child are not popular in the back yard. Things must be shared to be enjoyed. This is an advantage to the child, for he gets as he gives.

No back yard is complete without a wagon. It needs to be a good stout one, so that one person may ride while another is the "horse." The wagon will be used to its limit. It carries sand and stones and lumber for the building.

The dog is often the passenger. Every child should own a dog. His care gives the child a chance to think, and work for, and love, some one dependent upon him. The dog carries the idea of service, and his loyal affection feeds a craving for love in the child's heart.

The cry is for something to do, something satisfying to do. To be sure, people think that play is only "child's play." But then play is the child's business in life. With him it is a serious business. By it and through it he educates himself. His growth depends upon it.

The child who drags himself about whining for something to do becomes stupid. He grows ill tempered. He has formed the habit of doing nothing and getting nowhere. It will be difficult to change such a habit. His brain paths are laid out in laziness, and laziness spells degeneration.

Then give the child something to do; stimulate his ideas so that he may have something to work out. He will build and create; imitate and dramatize the world about him and the world that we never see, his own child world.

Keep him busy and he will be happy, and best of all to the busy, tired mother, he will be no trouble at all.

GET YOUR BREATH

"Gr-am, gr-am, granmother, B-billy-uh, Billy-he——"

Grandmother looked over the top of her spectacles and let her work fall gently into her lap. "Stop, Sonny. Wait until you have a full breath." Then she resumed her mending, placidly stitching in and out, with never a glance at Sonny.

The little fellow panted for a minute or so, watched gram's fingers as they moved with sureness about her work, forgot his excitement, and said, "Gram, may I please have a cookie?"

Gram smiled. Sonny always remembered his manners when he wanted a cookie. "Yes, just one, though. It's close to lunch time. But was that what you came in for?"

"No. But I don't care now. I'll take a cookie and go out again."

Gram assented with a nod, and he went on his way. The old lady well knew that Sonny had come in "hot-foot," as was his habit, to pour out a complaint about his playmate and a demand that justice be administered—to the playmate. He was inclined to lose his head and come racing home to get help to find it.

Over and over again gram had said, "Stop. Wait till you get a full breath. Don't ever try to talk, don't ever try to do anything, until you have a

pair of full lungs behind you and a long, free breath to run on. If you do, you're lost."

And that's the truth. In this day of hurry-scurry the children feel the pressure of haste. They snatch a short breath from the top of their lungs and gabble along on its shallow current, only to gasp and go under.

It's a calamity. Breathing should be a deep, free unconscious motion. Its rhythmic rise and fall sets the time for the whole body and mind of a child. When he loses control of it, he loses control of himself.

When he is frightened, he loses his breath, his heart jumps to his mouth, his thoughts scatter like startled sheep before the enemy. He is lost until he can get his breath under control and marshal his forces under it once more in orderly, rhythmic array.

"Wait until you have a full breath, Sonny. Don't speak, don't try to do anything, until you have a pair of full lungs behind you. Train yourself so that you'll never lose control of your breath.

"When you are frightened, when you are angry, when you are in great trouble, think of this and wait until you get a full breath."

GRANDFATHER KNOWS

Benjy was in the kindergarten. He loved to be out of doors. He was a strong, healthy, active child, but his mother was always afraid to let him face the weather. She was sure the wind and the rain and the snow would hurt Benjy.

One March day the wind started out to caper across country. The twigs and the dead leaves and scraps of paper went sailing through the air. The fluffy bits of white cloud raced across the heavens with the wind in full pursuit. It was an exhilarating day for sturdy boys.

Benjy's mother looked out of the window and said, "I'll go over to the school and walk home with Benjy. I don't like to have him face that wind alone." And she did.

She took Benjy by the hand and together they walked to the foot of the hill that led to their home. Here they stopped to rest. The mother thought, "This is a terrible hill. A little child could not face that wind and climb to the top alone. I'm glad I came to help him up."

They started up the hill. Every few minutes they stopped to rest. Again, mother made Benjy turn his back to the wind and "catch his breath."

"I don't need any breath, mother. I like the wind. It is lots of fun when it chases you."

At the top of the hill they met grandfather out for his walk. They stopped for a chat. Benjy, find-

ing himself free, raced to the bottom of the hill. His mother was greatly concerned.

"Now, how in the world will he ever get up? And I've just struggled up here with him. I'll have to go down for him."

"No, no, don't do that," said grandfather. "See, he's coming up himself."

Benjy started up the hill. He staggered and dodged and side-stepped and backed his way up.

"There he comes," said grandfather proudly. "Let him alone. He wants to battle with the wind. It's a good sign in the child. It will do him good to learn that he can master the wind and the hill. It is his right. Let him fight his way."

Grandfather knew. He had learned what it takes most of us a lifetime to find out—that it is the struggle and the self-mastery that count. He had learned that each must fight his own battle and take whatever punishment comes of it. To do less is to own to failure.

NONSENSE

Children love nonsense and it is good for them. They love nonsense rhymes, and nonsense stories, and nonsensical conversations. They thrive on them. Most of their command of language is gained through them.

Did you ever learn Lear's nonsense alphabet when you were a child? It's lots of fun. There's a nonsense verse for every letter. The children sing them over and over, and giggle joyously between the lines.

"*G*" always gives trouble, but it vanishes when they learn the rhyme for it and the sound that comes at the end in a burst of laughter.

> "G is for goat all spotted with brown,
> When he doesn't lie still
> He walks up and down.
> G, g, g,
> Good little goat."

You make noises with those last *g's* and stamp your foot and the goat jumps up and you laugh heartily.

I thought of the nonsense alphabet and the fun the children got out of it, and how much they learned by it when a mother scolded her little girl for chanting the same rhyme over and over again.

"Stop that silly nonsense," her mother com-

manded. "Stop it, and if you want to chant something, chant 'My Shadow.' That at least will teach you something."

I shuddered and hoped she wouldn't. She didn't. She moved away a bit and kept on singing her song:

> "Mousey, dousey, bowsey, tousey,
> Made his cheese in his little housey,
> Wee-ee-ee, dousey."

She chanted it over and over, raising her voice to a squeak on the last "ee" and bringing both feet down with an emphatic thump at the end.

She was learning to use the English language in the best possible way for her to learn it, through experiment and practice.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men," and little children. If you have forgotten all your Mother Goose rhymes and you have children about you, buy a new edition as soon as possible and go straight through the book with them.

And if you haven't a copy of Lear handy, now is the best time to get one. The children need his nonsense. Maybe you do, too.

PET

Cousin Mary drove up to the house in the station cab. She was filled with the anticipation of a fine day with her cousin and her little daughter "Pet," whom she had never seen.

"Don't give him more than thirty-five cents, Cousin Mary. If you do, he'll take it. Mother never gives him any more."

Cousin Mary, a bit embarrassed, gave the man half a dollar. He took it, managing to express his thanks to Cousin Mary and malediction upon "Pet" with the same motion of his head. Pet stuck her tongue out at him and led the way into the house.

Cousin Mary laid her hat, trimmed with the gorgeous tail feathers of a pheasant, on the hall table. Cousin Mary treasured those tail feathers. She was no sooner seated in the living room when Pet marched in, waving the beautiful feathers like a militant banner.

"Where did you get those feathers, Pet?" asked her mother anxiously.

"On the hall table."

"On the hall table? What do you mean? Did you pull them out of Cousin Mary's hat?"

"Maybe."

"Go and put them back on the table like a good girl. Cousin Mary will not like you if you do things like that. Put them back."

"No. I want to play with them."

"You ask her for them, Mary. Maybe she will give them to you."

Too much astounded for speech, Mary stepped forward and took the feathers out of the child's hand. Pet was not prepared for such direct action. When she found that she had lost the feathers she cried, she screamed, she kicked.

"That's the trouble," said her mother. "I cannot force her to do anything. Her heart is weak and I'm afraid of excitement for her."

Cousin Mary felt guilty and troubled. But what was she to do? The child should not pull the feathers out of one's hat, she reasoned.

Luncheon time arrived, and Cousin Mary was hungry after her journey. "You will have a chop, Mary. I know you love baked potatoes piping hot," and she passed the plate to Mary.

"No, no, no," screamed Pet. "Let me serve her. Take them all off and let me serve her."

Mother took back the plate, replaced the food, and told Pet to go ahead and serve Cousin Mary. By and by Mary got her luncheon, but it was not exactly "piping hot."

All afternoon Pet dominated the conversation. At five Cousin Mary remembered that she had to be in town early and left for the five-twenty. Something told her that it would be about five years before she wanted to see "Pet" again.

BESSIE WON'T EAT

"Oh, good morning. Please let me have Bessie. I must take her home at once." The mother who entered the principal's office was breathless and nervous.

"Why, of course. You could have had a pass from the office downstairs and saved you this trip up to mine. Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Yes. It's Bessie. She's giving me lots of trouble. The clerk wouldn't give me a pass for her. She told me to come up and tell you. I've had to come and take Bessie home every day this week. The clerk won't give me any more passes, she says, unless you tell her to."

"But why did you have to take her out of school every day this week?"

"Because she won't eat for me. She won't eat a mouthful of breakfast, and I'm afraid she will faint, and I have to come and get her and see that she gets something to eat."

"Oh, this won't do. Bessie must have her breakfast on time and get to work on time."

"That's what I know, but she won't eat for me, and what will I do?"

"You'll have to teach her."

"But how? Tell me how. I've sat beside her and coaxed her to eat a spoonful at a time. She bargains with me for every bite. 'I'll eat one bite

of bread.' 'I'll eat one spoonful of oatmeal.' 'I'll drink part of the milk.' I'm nearly crazy. What will become of a child who won't eat?''

''Do you really want her to stop this?''

''Indeed I do. She has me worn out and worried so I can't sleep. I'm afraid she'll starve herself to death.''

The little lady was sent for and came to the office briskly. She looked healthy enough and quite ready for a breakfast.

''Why didn't you eat your breakfast this morning, Bessie?''

''I wasn't hungry.'' And a stubborn light gleamed in Bessie's blue eyes.

''Very well. Quite right. One should not eat when one is not hungry,'' said the principal. ''You may go back to your room.''

The look of stubborn purpose gave place to one of indignant, grieved surprise. But Bessie obediently returned to the classroom.

''Aren't you going to let her come home and have something to eat?'' asked her anxious mother.

''No. You want to cure her? Don't give her any food until the next meal time comes around. If she eats, all right. If she doesn't, all right. Let her alone until she eats of her own accord, and, whatever you do, don't let her think you care a bit about it.

''The minute the meal is over for the family, clear it away and don't offer her anything between meals. She'll eat when she finds that you do not intend to play with her any more. For that is what she is doing. She is playing with you. When the game is over forever, and she recognizes that it is, you'll have no more trouble.''

It won't do to let the children dramatize their world too much. High-strung children are likely to do it unless their parents are wise in dealing with them.

THE BABY

It was near the end of the term. Everybody was talking about being promoted or being left back. The brilliant ones who knew they stood at the head of the class were sure they were going to be left back. It was so pleasant to have the plodding neighbor say, "*You* left back? I wish I was as sure as you are."

Altogether it was a time of much laughter and chatter. The second-year class did not have examinations. You have to be on the second floor in the third or fourth year before you can have examinations.

Miss Lavinia comes in to hear you say your tables and read and tell stories, and that is quite as exciting.

You hope you will be very smart and that Miss Lavinia will say: "My, how bright you are today! You will be upstairs before the teacher knows what has happened." And the teacher will smile at you and look pleased.

One day, just before promotion, she went into the second-year room and gave the class "mentals." Mentals are number stories that you do in your head. You have to say the answers quick, snap, just like lightning.

It is lots of fun if you know them. And Miss Lavinia is always lucky in finding the ones you know. If you don't know naught and six she always

gives it to some one else. Funny, how she knows.

But once she didn't know. She thought Raphael knew about counting money, and he didn't. Everybody else did. She said to John: "If you had a dime and a nickel and a quarter, how much money would you have?"

He laughed right out and said, "Forty cents," quicker than a wink.

Then she asked Mike and Teddy and Armand, and they all knew how to count money in their heads. It was so easy.

Then she asked Raphael one, and he didn't answer. He looked just as if he didn't understand. And he didn't. Miss Lavinia showed him a nickel and asked him how much was that, and he didn't know. She asked him if he ever bought anything at the store and he said "No."

She asked him if his mother ever sent him out to buy a loaf of bread or a quart of milk, and he said "No."

John piped up. "No. He isn't ever allowed to go down on the street. His mother brings him to school by his hand, or his aunt."

Miss Lavinia went to call. John had the story right. Raphael was eight years old and had never in all his life gone down to the street alone. He had never gone into a store alone; never bought anything; had never done anything on his own responsibility. He could not cross the street alone.

A child who cannot have freedom for growth cannot grow.

MANNERS

Good manners are a charming quality in old and young alike. Everybody admires them, few folks acquire them. In this land of democracy there is a tendency to excuse one's lack of grace by crying, "snob," "aristocrat," "poseur" at the one who has fine manners. We do not really mean it. In our secret hearts we envy the graceful speech and courteous action of well-trained behavior.

The reason people are bad mannered is simply because they know no better. No one ever taught them any better. They have lived and associated with those who were bad mannered. Imitation is a sure road to acquirement, and the fact of the matter is, the model has been bad.

Consider our manners in the cars. There is one empty seat as the train pulls into the station. A group enters. A man and a woman see the empty seat at the same moment. They race for it. The man, who happens to be the heavier and the more belligerent of the two on this occasion, reaches it first and seats himself. The woman discomfited, says "Hog!" She may have been right about it, but wasn't it rather crude?

The man glances sideways from the paper he is already unfolding and sticks his tongue out. Human enough, but very, very raw.

Watching them with round and startled eyes, the children about them have learned a lesson in travel-

ing courtesies that will linger long in their memories. The "dramatic element," as the teacher would term it, was strong. The lesson would surely sink in.

The restaurant is a fine place for the study of bad manners. There is the gentleman who takes his soup exultingly with loud whoops of joy. His appreciation extends even to the last spoonful, which he chases around the bottom of the plate, at last cornering it with a twist of the wrist and a tilt of the plate.

Opposite him sits the lady whose right arm is glued to the table. She conveys her food to her mouth with much the attitude and effort of a hobbled horse.

The boy who lives in our house watched her with fascinated eyes and at the first opportunity tried how it worked.

There is the person who reads over your shoulder, the child who stares you out of countenance and makes remarks about your style of nose in tones loud enough for all about to hear.

There is the individual who reads the letter that happens to be lying open on your desk, the one who leaves the door open, the one who stands in front of you and breathes into your face.

Why, oh, why are they allowed to grow up with such manners?

TEACHING MANNERS

One of my neighbors came down the street leading a little boy by the hand. The little fellow was chatting happily as fast as his tongue could go and his breath could support. His father was looking down at him and smiling.

They looked so friendly and happy as I came along that I smiled too and said, "How do you do?"

My neighbor stopped and said, "Fine day. This is my little boy, Nick. Look up, Nick, and say, 'How do?' "

The little fellow twined himself about his father's legs and turned his head away.

His father shook him off and tried to face him about. "Say, 'How do?' What's the matter with you?" he demanded.

The child twisted away from his father and again hid his face.

"Here! Now, what's the matter with you? Who you're afraid of? Nobody's going to bite you. Say 'How do?' "

"He's shy; let him alone," I begged. "When he knows me better he will be friends with me and say all sorts of things."

"Shy, nothing. You ought to hear him home. Makes more noise than the whole crew put together. Here, what's the matter with you? Say 'How do?' "

More twistings and more squirming, but no sound

came from the poor little lad, who tried to hide behind his father, who would have him have some manners and say "How do?"

"Children are very brave at home, but it is different when they are outside," I went on, trying to beg the little fellow off. "They are really afraid."

"Afraid? What's he afraid of? You? He knows who you are. He sees you go by every day and tells the children. All the children know you. Here, say 'How do?' "

I patted the black locks, which was all I could touch at that minute. He was a great squirmer. "Never mind, son. Another time you will know me and then you can say 'How do?' to me."

His father gave him a shake. "Here, stand up and behave yourself. Say 'How do?' Say 'How do?' I tell you."

The child, frantically struggling to get behind his father, who was now holding him with both hands, looked up at the sky as though pleading for heavenly assistance and gasped, "Hullo."

Then his father went down the street dragging him along by the hand, firmly convinced that he had taught him some manners.

But had he? I think manners are taught by everyday practice. They cannot be forced. They are the flowers of conduct, a slow, gentle growth.

GUM CHEWING

Aunt Marie was visiting her favorite niece. She liked to run in for a week now and again "to see how the children were growing."

To-day she had a wrinkle between her brows, and another across her nose. Plainly something had gone wrong.

"Caroline, what in the world are you allowing the children to chew gum all over the place for?"

"Now, Aunt Marie, chewing gum isn't going to do the children any harm. I like a piece once in a while myself. Don't be a joy killer. I should hate to have you become one of those disagreeable reformers that are always reforming all our little innocent pleasures off the face of the earth."

"Far be it from me," prayed Aunt Marie. "But what is the pleasure in chewing gum? You don't find pleasure in waggling your ears, or twiddling your fingers and toes, or rocking back and forth like an elephant, so why waggle your jaws all day?"

"For the comfort one gets out of it. It relieves the tension."

"I don't see that the children are under any tension. But they are constantly chewing. They stick their gum under the edge of the table so that they may resume their pleasure, interrupted by the dinner call. They stick it on the heads of their beds when sleep interrupts them. I'm sorry to say talk-

ing never seems to interrupt the chewing. They talk right along with their mouths full.

"There's a gob of it in the sink and it's next to impossible to get it off. There's a wad of it trodden into the rug. Maybe it's all pleasure but it looks to me like a mess."

"Now you're exaggerating. I can't see the harm in the children's having a bit of gum now and then."

"It isn't harm. It's bad manners. How would you feel if the President's wife came to call on you and found you with a mouth full of gum? How would you feel if, when the children were brought in to be introduced to her, they had gum in their hands or in their mouths?"

"Oh, Aunt Marie, how absurd! In the first place——"

"Now don't tell me that, Caroline. Our ancestors called upon the President and Mrs. Washington and were called upon by them. You cannot say that you do not hope to have your children received in the best homes and by the best people in the land. Why shouldn't they be trained to meet anybody? It's always best to prepare them for the highest. Why not?"

Why not, indeed?

MANNERISMS

Mannerisms are an affliction to him who has them and to him who looks upon them. Watch for their appearance in the children and train them out. They are always in bad taste and sometimes downright harmful.

Many little girls are beset by them. Perhaps it is because they are self-conscious. Perhaps it is because they are worried. Try to find out the cause of the annoying habit and eliminate it.

One little girl had a trick of sucking in her cheeks. She was well on the road to destroying the contour of her face when a teacher placed a mirror before her and kept it there until she learned how ugly the habit was. Then she stopped it.

A thirteen-year-old boy took up the habit of shrugging his shoulders every time he was called upon to recite. No amount of correction seemed to check it. As soon as he rose to his feet up went the shoulders.

One day in class, when his mannerism had, if possible, been more marked than usual, a girl sitting near him giggled and imitated him. That settled him. His shrug disappeared.

Now and again a child imitates some mannerism of a grown-up person. Some little trick of manner that appeals to the child is taken up and practiced again and again until it becomes an annoying habit.

A teacher of English had a pretty little affectation of speech. She would hesitate for a word, catch

at it, and hurry along. The teacher was conscious of the mannerism. She cultivated it. As she used it, it was attractive. But——

A little girl of fourteen who attended her classes adopted the mannerism. Not being an adept at it, she attracted the attention of the English teacher, who reported that the child had suddenly begun to stammer, never recognizing her own pretty trick of speech.

A small boy went patiently to the railroad station day after day and studied the drawl and the slouch and the long breath sucked through the teeth of the station agent. Privately he practiced these until he was almost perfect in their reproduction. When the family discovered the source of his inspiration he had a well settled habit that required a term of careful teaching to break up.

Everybody has met the dreadful children who drum on the furniture with their hands or feet, who whistle through their teeth, who rock violently back and forth in the rocking chair when one wants to be quiet, who sway out and in upon their ankle joints until one expects them to snap, who roll their eyes like wild ponies, who giggle, and wiggle, and squirm.

These are only mannerisms and can be trained out easily by bringing them to the child's consciousness.

"GIMME A PENNY"

"Mother, gimme a penny."

"What for?"

"I want something."

"No. You don't need anything. Not a thing."

"Yes, I do. I want to buy candy. The candy man's on the corner."

"No. You had candy last night. That's enough."

"Aw-w-no-o, it isn't. I want a piece now-w-w," and he began digging his toe into the floor.

"I don't see why you should have a penny every day. No. It isn't good for you. Go and play with your things. Now, go on. Anyway, I haven't a penny."

"Yes, you have," Buddie insisted. "I saw one in your bag. Gimme a penny," and his whine increased to an ear-splitting roar.

"Dear me," said the exasperated mother. "Buddie, you are the most annoying child I ever saw. Can't you hear what I say? There ought to be a law against candy peddlers."

Louder and louder Buddie howled. "I want a penny. Gimme a penny."

"Stop that noise. Stop it this minute. The neighbors will think you are being killed. Here, take this penny, and don't ask me for another one for a month."

The howls ceased instantly. Buddie seized the

penny and raced off to the candy man, who was waiting on the corner. By and by Buddie returned with a piece of sticky brown stuff he called a "candy hunk." He had smeared it all over his clothes, and his hands and face were daubed as though dipped in an uneven chocolate wash.

"Mercy," groaned his mother. "Stay away. Don't touch anything. Don't go near my sewing. Come along and I'll wash you. You're as dirty as a pig. Look at your hands. Look at your face. Look at your blouse. Every stitch on you is daubed," and she stripped and washed him none too gently.

Toward supper time Buddie became very restless. He whined and fussed and wiggled about. He wanted a drink. He wanted a piece of ice. He wanted—wanted—wanted. Finally, "I'm sick. I'm awful sick, mother-r."

After Buddie's tormented stomach had settled down once more and his tired mother had sunk into her chair she said to father, "There ought to be a law against candy peddlers. It's a shame."

Wouldn't it help if mothers kept candy in the house and gave it to the children when they ought to have it? Children need candy, but it should be clean and good. The candy peddler is a nuisance. The penny habit is another to match it. Do away with both of them.

ENTERTAINING MARY

"Pudge" was eight and a half and a sturdy lad, as his nickname indicates. He behaved rather well on the whole, for his mother took endless pains to train him in the way he should go and come and be. But——

"Pudge, little Mary and her mother are coming over this afternoon to pay us a call and I want you to be very nice to little Mary."

"All right," said Pudge dutifully, although his eyes turned to the vacant lot where the fellows would soon be playing.

Little Mary arrived in good time and was handed over to Pudge. He strode off to one corner of the living room and his mother had a qualm of misgiving. For he strode a manly, swaggering stride.

The ladies were chatting together, all thought of the children dismissed from their minds, when an ear-piercing blast from a tin horn smote their ears. Pudge's mother jumped up and was horrified to see her son standing before the dainty little Mary, his legs wide apart, his cheeks blown out into a purple balloon, his eyes popping, as he blew blast after blast into the rather startled face of his guest.

"Pudge, Pudge, I wouldn't blow the horn in the house, dear."

"All right," said Pudge in a masterful voice.

His troubled mother, now completely unnerved, seated herself and resumed the conversation. A series of shouts, bumps, and muffled sounds of furni-

ture swiftly pushed to one side drew her once more to the living room. Pudge was using the horn as a gun and was hunting little Mary from chair to chair. She was warm and disheveled but otherwise unharmed.

"Pudge, little girls do not like to be chased about. I'd get my books out and let little Mary look at the pictures for a time. She might like that."

"Oh, there's no fun in pictures. We'll play pirates and I'll save her from the crew," he said eagerly.

"We are going to have some refreshments soon. You'd better go upstairs and wash your hands and brush your hair and by that time the cream and cake will be ready for you," said his mother, grasping at a straw.

"All right," said Pudge, and marched upstairs with the tread of a grenadier.

The children were served at a little table near by their mothers'. Little Mary took dainty wee nibbles of her cake and pecked sedately at her ice cream.

"Huh, look at me," said Pudge, and opening his mouth as wide as his ears permitted he pushed in the whole piece of cake. It was a close fit and he used his fingers to pack it well.

After the visitors had gone his mother cried. "Pudge, you never in all your life behaved like that. What is the matter with you?"

"I tried hard to entertain your company and now you say I'm bad," complained Pudge.

What would you expect a little boy to do before a little girl except show off?

ENTERTAINING THE CHILDREN

An uproar came from the children's room. Bangs, thumps, then wails. The door flew open and Jean Marie stormed out in full retreat.

"I don't care," she screamed back over her shoulder. "I don't care what you say! I won't do anything you say just because you say so! If I was a boy you'd not see many days of light. I'd make them all gray for you. I'd give you a punch in the eye."

A derisive laugh from the enemy, the door banged shut, and Jean pounded and cried until her mother came.

"I can't imagine what is the trouble with the children," she sighed. "They cannot get along by themselves a single minute. I've had no time to plan for their entertainment to-day. They've only arrived from school and their homecoming took so much of my time that I simply couldn't find the time to plan for their amusement. This is the result.

"My children ought to be happy. I give them everything. I do everything for them. But they are not happy. I don't understand it."

But everybody who knew her knew what was the trouble. The mother did exactly what she said she did—everything for the children. She left nothing for the children to do for themselves. She thought out the details for every occasion.

It was she who said the children should have a

party, never waiting until they asked for one. It was she who planned the games, the favors, the menu. It was she who selected the clothes they were to wear, down to the last button. It was she who presided at the party and directed the ceremonies. The children were passive. They allowed their mother to do just what she said she had done—entertain them—because they had no choice in the matter. After years of this sort of thing they hadn't a particle of initiative left. And they were unhappy.

Of course they were unhappy. Children are happy only when they have something to interest them and something to do. Action is life and the fullness thereof to them. Deprive them of the planning and the doing and you have deadened the very lifespring of the child's mind.

This is why some children are stupid and inert and unresponsive and bored while other children, especially those of a poorer family, are alive and alert and eager to try the new things. The poorer children have had the chance to do for themselves, try things out for themselves, experiment, plan, and make shift to do with little. They have the wonderful privilege of using their brains.

Too much of anything is bad. Too much help for the children ends in helplessness for them and disappointment for their parents. Let the children help themselves. Let them study the way out of their little difficulties. Then they won't need to be "entertained." They can entertain themselves and be happy while doing it.

THE CHEERFUL WORD

Whenever Benny came home from school or from running an errand or after a vacation trip mother would look at him with a smile and say: "Well, here's the best boy in the town." And Benny would grin and say: "Hello."

Mother didn't know that she said that every time the boy came home and I doubt whether the boy ever stopped to think about it. They just said their little speech each time and thought nothing about it.

One afternoon mother was very busy. The baby was cross and the work was behind. She was soothing the child and stirring a pot of soup that insisted upon boiling over or sticking fast to the pot.

Benny came in from school. "I'm glad you got home early, Benny. Do put your books away and run down to the greengrocer's and find out why he didn't send me the soup greens. Better bring them along with you, and stop at the druggist's and bring home the prescription that's there." And she turned again to the boiling pot and the fuming baby.

Benny silently put away his books and slipped out of the door. He had all he could do to keep from crying. "She didn't say it to me," he half sobbed as he raced along. "She didn't say it to me."

He got the greens and the medicine and delivered them to his mother, thinking all the while: "Maybe she'll say it now."

"That's good. Now do sit down and see if you

can amuse the baby while I get about the house. He's been sick all day and I couldn't get a thing done."

Benny sat down beside the baby and dolefully tried to cheer him up. The baby cried the harder. The harder the baby cried the more sorrowful Benny became. He had all he could do to keep his own tears from mingling with the baby's.

"Why, Benny, what's the matter with you? You don't seem to be a bit of use this afternoon."

"She didn't say it to me yet," thought Benny. "She doesn't love me any more. I don't know what I did. Maybe it's the baby. She likes him because he's the littlest."

That evening Benny sat silent and downcast. He ate scarcely any supper. His mother became anxious. "I believe that the child must be coming down with some sickness. I'm going to put him right to bed and if he is no better in the morning I'll send for Dr. Crump."

As she settled Benny in bed she said: "Where do you feel bad, son? Tell me, so I can help you."

"Oh, it's inside, mother," he sobbed. "It's inside and you can't get at it. It hurts me because you didn't say it to me."

Then the story came out. "Well, Benny, I guess I didn't say it because I was thinking it so hard," smiled mother. "But I'll say it out loud next time and the best boy in the town will feel better."

And Benny snuggled into the covers well content. She had said it. Don't ever forget to say "it" when he comes in.

TAD'S HEADACHE

Tad handed mother his weekly report sheet. In the second year one gets a report sheet only if one is failing.

Tad's sheet said that he had fallen below standard in tables. It said more. The line written at the bottom in red ink said that if Tad didn't improve there was slight hope for his promotion. Tables were important.

"Tad, how in the world did you came to get such a bad mark in tables?"

"The teacher gave it to me," said Tad, the aggrieved, his attention riveted on the antics of two dogs which were playing on the grass across the way.

"Tad, look here. Don't tell me anything so silly. Answer my question."

"How did I get it?"

"Yes. Why can't you get a better rating on the simple little tables that you have to do in your class?"

"You wouldn't think they were so simple if you had to answer them quick as she says 'em. Hardly any one answers them right. Billy got a failure too. He never gets them right. He——"

"Stop right there. It's you I'm talking about. You're not trying to do your tables. Now, I'm going to hear them every night from now until next Friday, and if you don't get a better mark by then.

I'm going to punish you. Sit right down now and begin."

The next Friday rolled around swiftly. You know there are only four days between Friday and Friday when you go to school. Tad's mother had forgotten all about the tables and so had Tad, as much as the teacher would permit.

Now she looked down the rows and said, "I'll hear the tables."

"Seven and two?"

"Eleven," said Tad.

The class gasped.

"Five and nine?" Tad did not dare to venture. The teacher's eyes hardened and she made a little mark on the pad beside her.

At noon Tad said to his mother, "I have a norful headache. It aches all over."

"What? How long have you had it? Where does it hurt you? Why didn't you come home?"

"It hurt me all morning, but I stayed until noon," said the patient sufferer.

Mother put him to bed, drew down the shades, and reached for a dark brown bottle that stood on the medicine shelf. Tad knew that bottle. Mother came towards him shaking it and saying, "I'll give you a good dose of physic and then if you're no better I'll call Dr. Wise."

Tad gulped, then he murmured, "Mother, if you hadn't said you'd punish me for having a poor mark in arithmetic to-day I wouldn't have had the bad headache."

"Oh!" said mother, setting down the medicine bottle and gazing at her son, meekly snuggled in the bedclothes. "Oh!"

And Tad learned his tables.

THE CROW AGE

Did you ever visit a crow's nest? Perhaps not, because they are usually rather high and difficult to reach. But if you have had a chance to look at the inside of one you very likely found a collection of art objects there. A piece of bright-colored glass, a thimble, a piece of red string, a bit of a bead necklace, a scrap of rag. Crows are collectors.

When a child begins to pick up odds and ends and store them away he has arrived at the "crow age." He has begun to follow his instinct for collecting, classifying, valuing things about him. Anything will do to start him. Something about its color or shape or association attracts him, and he gathers it to him.

He likes to have a safe place for his collections, just as the crow does. He cannot have a nest on the top of an eighty-foot pine, but he can have a box or a closet with a lock and a key.

You think his heap of colored papers, cigar bands, pebbles, strings, marbles, nails, picture cards, coins, are so much litter and rubbish. You wish he wouldn't bring them into the house, and you think giving him a closet or a box with a key to safeguard his treasures is too much.

This instinct to collect is the germ of his responsibility towards his family. He must get and keep so that others, later on, may have what they will need. If he does not follow this instinct and do his

hoarding and sorting and valuing, he will lose that very valuable phase of his growth. To be sure, he has no appreciation of this. It is fun for him. But his heart is in his treasure.

As the crow age passes and he loses interest in his collections, you will find them lying dejectedly in some corner or other. You will want to throw them out. Ask him first if he is through with them. If he says "No," and gathers them up once more, let him alone. He has not yet outgrown them.

Sometimes the child will cease to collect altogether, but there are children who carry the interest along with them into and through adolescence. They collect stamps or coins and make a thorough hobby of it. From this group the real collectors grow, but their number is small compared to the great group of children who pass through the "crow age".

Then save a soft spot in your heart for his "messes". They look very untidy and meaningless to you unless you remember your own childhood. To him they are treasures and very valuable. He will love you for that little bit of understanding in the days when he looks back upon his childhood and remembers your loving kindness to a little boy who was doing his best to grow up.

SELF-CONFIDENCE

It makes all the difference in the world whether you say, "Katherine, the table is set crudely," or whether you say, "Katherine, your table is set crudely."

Now, of course, they mean the same thing in the end. They mean that Katherine failed to set the table as it should have been set. But when you want Katherine to feel a sense of personal failure you say "your table," and when you want to make her feel that the table might be set better and you do not want her to feel personally responsible for the failure, you say "the table."

There are some children who are so sensitive that the least criticism makes them self-conscious. They brood over the failure and lay the foundation for future failures. They are so afraid to commit some blunder that they shrink into the background and come out only when dragged out.

Fear of criticism kills all their initiative. They remain silent, suffering onlookers, while their more callous companions go on from success to success.

For the sensitive children the indirect criticism is the right one. In speaking to them, try always to direct their attention from themselves to the thing they are to do or have done. Their approach to full intercourse with people, as well as with things, must be gentle and very gradual. They must lay a habit of success to establish confidence.

But for the conceited child one need have no such scruples. One says: "Your work is not well done. It is careless and shows you are thinking more about getting something done than you are about how you are doing it. It must be done again."

For there are children who strut. They do some simple little everyday thing and demand the praise and admiration of everybody in the room for it. "Look at what I have done. Look at me. Let me show you how to do it. Mine is better than any one's. The teacher says I'm the best pupil in the class."

When one meets a child who is inclined to be a braggart the best thing to do is quietly to assign him a good stiff lesson and let him flounder through as best he may. A little failure now and then will instil a proper humility and compel him to a healthy effort.

When a child ceases to make an effort he ceases to grow, and children are very much like grown-ups in this, that they will take all the praise for an achievement that is offered them and pose as having arrived as soon as possible.

It is a nice matter so to adjust a child's work and effort that the shy child will not be submerged in an idea of failure and the over-confident child will not strut and cease to make any effort to grow. Children must reach in order that they may grasp.

WHY THE RUSH?

Why the rush? Can't you stop a minute and take breath—look where you are going with these children? What's the use of this mad race if you reach the goal only to find that you have left the child behind?

The baby in his bath takes the washrag and dabs clumsily at his face. He is trying to wash his own face. But his mother cannot wait for him. His experiment takes too much time. Her morning's work is still ahead of her. It would never do at all if the house was not in order and the shopping done by eleven. So she takes the washrag away and hurries ahead.

Mother gets her job done, but the baby doesn't get a chance to get his done. Of course, it is very important that mother's work be well done and quickly. But my interest is tied up with that of the baby. When is he to get a chance to get his done? Maybe a little waiting, five minutes added to his bath time daily, would make him so independent that soon the five minutes could be taken from his bath time. I've known that to happen.

It seems too bad that the child should be caught up in the rush of the daily grind. He tries to discover what the things going on around him are all about. He investigates, experiments, and he would like to think, but he can't. There's no time.

He takes up a broom to see how it works. He

makes a few ineffectual swings with it and is settling down to work in earnest when somebody discovers him and takes the broom away.

"Come, now. I'm in a hurry. I can't have you messing things up just after they've been put in order."

He goes to school. All sorts of strange experiences are presented to him. He would like to feel his way among them, try them out, think about them. But he can't. There's no time. He gets well started on a lesson when the bell rings and the teacher stops him.

Another lesson comes along and he is asked a question. He has not expected it just that way and he hesitates, he must gather his thoughts.

"Can't wait for you. You're too slow. You should have prepared your lesson. Next."

The teacher and the mother will both say: "But I have no time for such things. It is all very well for you to say I should wait while he tries to place things. But when will I get my work done?"

Well, what is your work? And do you get it "done"? Haste makes waste, you know, and I am convinced that nowhere is it so wasteful as in child training. I believe it is better to teach a child what he wants to know at the time when he wants to know it. I believe that teaching him in that light he will get on faster and so will you.

What good will it do you to reach the end of the journey, panting and breathless, only to find that you have lost the child on the way?

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

A sharp crash and the tinkle of falling china started mother toward the kitchen. She came back looking tired and discouraged.

"What do you suppose he has done now? Knocked over a tower of little Canton china bowls that the maid had piled up to carry into the pantry. Don't ask me how he did it. I don't know."

"Are they broken?"

"Might as well be. There were nine bowls in the pile and every one of them is chipped, or worse. I can't use them on the table again. And china is so high now, too."

"But what was he doing out there?"

"Oh, helping!" sighed his mother wearily. "Last month he drove the back of a chair through the china closet, and that cost me fifteen dollars.

"When Mrs. Graves was in last week collecting for the Aid Society he picked up her old carpet bag with such a yank that its handles pulled out and the contents of the bag flew all over the place. She was furious.

"There was nothing for me to do but send him to get my bag for her and send him with hers to have it mended. He is a calamity, really."

"How old is he?"

"Twelve."

"Just at the breaking stage. He'll get over it soon. They're all clumsy at that stage."

"Oh, I don't know! Are all boys breakers? I won't have a whole stick in the house if this keeps on. Sometimes I wish he had been a girl."

"Didn't you ever break anything when you were a girl?"

The clumsy lad's mother laughed. "I did, and more than once. But the last thing I broke I remember yet. I washed the glass water pitcher. Whether or not the water was too hot I don't know, but the pitcher split straight down the middle, into two even pieces. I was so frightened that I didn't know what to do, so I stood there fitting the two pieces together. They stood up nicely and you couldn't tell that the pitcher was broken.

"Just then the minister called and mother sent out for a pitcher of cold water. I didn't dare pick up the pitcher, I did not dare tell I broke it; I didn't move until my mother came out to see why I hadn't come with the water.

"Then I told her and said maybe she could tie the pieces together. 'Silly,' she said. 'There are worse things than broken pitchers.'

"Guess I'd better go and see what happened to the boy. He seemed rather downhearted."

HANDKERCHIEFS

During spring and fall all children have the "snuffles." Few of them have handkerchiefs. The two facts seem to be closely related.

A child ought to be taught to carry a clean handkerchief in his pocket and use it. Because he doesn't, he catches a cold and passes it on to his neighbors, who do their part in spreading it. Had he kept his nose and throat free and clear he might have escaped. Had he used his handkerchief when he coughed or sneezed the others might have been spared.

I wish children could have some sort of handkerchief that could be burned after using. But that doesn't seem practicable just now. Perhaps some clever mother or nurse will think out a way some day. Until then children will have to be taught the proper use and care of the present-day handkerchief.

The handkerchief must be clean to start with.

It should be held over the mouth for a cough or sneeze.

It must be kept in the pocket and used only for the purposes for which it is intended. One must not wipe off one's desk with it. Neither should one wipe out the ink well with it or dry the water color pan with it. Nor lend it to one's neighbor.

One must not borrow or lend a handkerchief that has been used.

Handkerchiefs should not be picked up from the playground or the street. They do not come under the head of lost articles. Let the sweeper brush them into his bin and burn them.

Handkerchiefs, or the lack of them, are responsible for much of the difficulty we have in combating the spread of infectious and contagious diseases among school children. A child coming down with whooping cough has a hard bronchial cough. No one knows it is whooping cough until he actually whoops, which is often ten days after he has begun to cough. All that time he has coughed out his troublesome disorder. Unless he used his handkerchief to cover his mouth when he coughed he has spread his disease to a whole group of unsuspecting children.

The child who is on his way to bed with the grippe coughs and sneezes industriously. He forgets to use his handkerchief and when called on to do so generally discovers that he has left it at home.

In the morning, when the child is starting away for school, along with your usual questions about ears and nails and hair and luncheon put this one: "Have you clean handkerchiefs in each pocket? Show them to me."

And when he comes in in the afternoon say: "Have you your handkerchiefs? Show them to me. Now put them in the handkerchief basket and get fresh ones."

If you do this, he won't have so much trouble with his eyes and his nose and his throat this year.

THOU SHALT LAUGH

All of you who have to do with children, fathers, and mothers, and aunts, and uncles, and teachers, and those who live in institutions, *Thou shalt laugh.* If you don't, you will have plenty to cry over.

To scold and lecture, to admonish and correct day in, day out, with never a ray of humor to lighten things, is to end in futility and hopelessness. A good laugh clears the atmosphere.

It relieves the children, who half the time do not know what you are driving at. They have a confused sense of trouble and discomfort. They wish you would stop talking and let them rest. Laugh with them, or even at them, and they feel things are not in such a bad way after all and they will try not to do the thing that seemed out of place. Children's lapses are not to be taken too seriously.

The twins were sitting on the floor cutting out pictures. Their aunt sat near by, keeping an eye on them. Mother came into the room dressed for the street.

"I'm going down town to do the marketing. I'll be back in good time for luncheon. Anything you want?" she said in the undertone.

Ralph caught "going." He jumped up and bawled, "I want to go, too." He caught hold of his mother's skirts and stamped and begged, "No, no! Take me, too!"

"Shame!" said his aunt. "Let go this instant.

Of course, you can't go. Sit in that chair and don't say another word." And she bounced him into his chair.

"That's no way for a big boy like you to behave. Crying and fighting because your mother is going down the street. Shame on you."

Then she thought she would better strengthen the moral backbone of the other child, who sat looking solemnly on. She turned towards him and said, "Don's a good boy." Don's chest rose in pride.

"Don wouldn't cry because his mother was going away." Don's chest rose higher.

"Stand up, Don, and show your brother what a fine little man looks like." Don rose, swelled up, fairly exuding virtue.

"Why," auntie went on in a burst of enthusiasm for such righteousness, "you wouldn't cry even if your mother went to Europe, would you, Don?"

"No," said Don, rising to the occasion; "I'd be glad."

His mother broke into hearty laughter and his rather crestfallen aunt joined in. The twins smiled doubtfully and returned to their cutting. For them the sun was shining. Things couldn't be so bad when mother laughed like that.

HER IMAGINATION

A mother came in to see me the other day. She seemed to be in great trouble.

"I have come to you for help. I'm terribly worried about Marjorie. She is seven-going-on-eight now, and she has begun telling the most awful fibs.

"I'm afraid to ask her a question for fear she will say 'No,' when it should be 'Yes.' Last week she came home and told me that her teacher had said I was to dress her for company. I dressed her in her best clothes.

"When she came home in the afternoon she told me all about the company and the party and the praise her teacher and the visitors had given her.

"That evening the teacher met me. She came forward with smiles and her hands outstretched. 'My dear, I'm so glad for you.' "

"I was amazed, but felt my way through the situation as carefully as I could. Marjorie had told her that my mother had come unexpectedly from the West, and that was why she had on her best clothes.

"I asked Marjorie why she told such a story, and she could only say that she wanted to be dressed up and that I would not allow it unless there was a very good reason. Now, what is to be done?"

"It sounds bad, of course. I don't wonder that you are troubled. But Marjorie has a lot of imagination and she is using it. It is a new tool and she is making mistakes. She hasn't the right idea yet.

"The best way to deal with that is to say: 'Now that is the way you would like it to be. 'Think it over. When you are big and wise you may be able to make things come the way you would like them to. Just now you are too little. Tell it the way it really was.'

"Try to catch and keep her confidence. Check up her stories. If you can get her to classify them into the real story and the dream story, you will have taught her the distinction you want her to make.

"Start her writing a book of stories. Don't try to cultivate all the imagination out of her. Teach her that a story is a dream—that the truth is the wideawake thing. She will get it in the end, never fear.

"Telling the truth is hard for most of us. You and I know people fifty years old who have not learned to do it yet. There's hope for Marjorie."

WHO IS LAZY?

A child has the right to his training. A great many times he fails to get it because we who are responsible for giving it to him are too lazy to exert ourselves to do the necessary work.

"Peter, I want you to go to the store and get me a loaf of bread, and I want you to come right back. Now, mind you, don't stop a minute on the way."

Peter starts out and is gone a long time. "Dear me," sighs his mother; "I wonder if that child will ever learn to do an errand promptly."

He never will until his mother makes him understand that it is important that Peter do his errands promptly. When Peter finally returns and lays the loaf down, mother is busy and cannot bother with him.

She knows she should talk to him and impress him with his neglect, but there is company in the house and she does not like to have them know that Peter is dilatory.

For one reason or another Peter gets off that time and most of the other times. You see the baby is asleep, and if Peter is sent to his room for an hour's meditation on his erring ways he will raise such a howl that he will waken the baby. So it goes.

"Peter, you must leave your room in order in the morning. I cannot pick up all those things after you."

Peter tidies his room the next morning, but not

again until his mother gets out of patience. It would be troublesome to stop work just to go and inspect Peter's room and call him to account for the disorder of it. But only the day-by-day follow-up will ever teach him to be tidy. And he should be taught to be orderly and to be thoughtful of other people.

Peter is like all the rest of us. He dislikes the restrictions of living. But he has to learn them. The earlier he learns them, the better for him.

Then start in when he is little and keep hammering at the good habits that he ought to be forming. By and by they will become part of him, and he will follow them just as easily as he now does the habits that so annoy you.

It takes years of hard and persistent work to plant a habit. Teachers and parents should lay aside their own pleasures and take on the task of checking up the child's shortcomings.

To form a habit one must do the thing every day. Never skip a day. One of the ways to do this is to try to get the habit of making the children form good habits. It will strengthen your resolve if you tell the neighbors that you are going to do it, and your pride will keep you at it. You will hate to have them laugh at you for failing.

HANDS OFF

Isn't it strange that grown people will interrupt a child's work, take it out of his hands, stop it altogether, and think that the child is stupid and perverse when he objects?

A little child sat on the beach filling her pail with sand. The spade was very small and her hands very wabbly and little of each spadeful got into the pail.

A kind lady watched her efforts for a time and then went to her assistance. She took the pail, scooped it full of sand at one swoop, and handed it to the little girl. The result amazed her.

For an instant the child gazed speechless. Then she yelled in anger, threw her wee shovel at her kind friend, kicked the pail over and threw herself on the sand and cried as though her heart was broken.

"My, what a bad child! What an awful temper! She needs a good trimming and she would get it if she was mine."

She had meant to help the little girl and couldn't understand that she had not helped but had interfered with the child's work. The little one was having a joyful time doing the thing she wanted to do. It was the doing, the working, that she wanted, not the pailful of sand. She had no idea that she was an object for help and sympathy. She wasn't.

A boy sat happily fitting a pair of old wheels on a soap box, trying to make a wagon. Every so often he would appear satisfied, push, pull, and carry the

contraption to the sidewalk and try to make it run. Then back to the porch to tinker some more.

His aunt saw the ramshackle cart and said: "I'll send him a new wagon; put it in place of the old one and throw that awful old thing out."

The new wagon was placed in the corner and the old one relegated to the back of the shed. The lad went for his wagon and found the new shiny one.

"Mother, mother, where is my old wagon? Thanks for the new one, but where is the old one?"

"What do you want of the old one? Isn't the new one all right?"

"Fine. It's all right. But, mother, you didn't throw away my old one?"

"But why do you want that old one when you have such a good one?"

"The new one doesn't need anything done to it and I want to fix the old one. It always needs something done to it. You didn't throw it away, mother?"

"You'll find it out in the shed, son. Of course, I wouldn't throw your wagon away."

And the little chap dragged his treasure to the porch and began tinkering it lovingly.

LEAVE THEM ALONE!

A little boy, a poem of a little boy, trotted down the street ahead of his mother. He had soft golden brown hair, with a little rippling wave that made lurking places for the sunbeams that played in it. His great brown eyes looked out solemnly from under brows as delicately penciled as the lines of an iris petal. He was modeled like a statue of MacMonnies and dressed like the only child of fond American parents.

A friend of his mother's came up the walk towards him. She swooped down upon the child as an eagle swoops upon an unconscious birdling.

"Oh, you darling baby thing!" (smack, smack). "You perfect love" (a crushing squeeze). "Haven't you a kiss for me?"

"Go 'way," said the child, backing off and wiping his face. "Go 'way. Stop pawin' me. Buy y'u se'f a Teddy bear."

His embarrassed mother hurried to the rescue. "This lady is mother's friend. Don't you remember the pretty bunny she sent you last Easter?"

The youngster scowled and retreated behind his mother. "Please excuse him. He sees so few people. I'll have to take him out among people more," said mother, desperately trying to say something sensible.

"Oh, I understand children! I love them. And he is such a perfect love of a child. Do bring him

to see me. I want to take his picture. I collect them. Children are my hobby, you know."

Not until the woman was well on her way would the child move from behind his mother. "You were very rude, dear. You should not have said that to the lady. She meant to be kind to you."

"I don't like her to be kind to me," he snuffled. "I got feelings and I don't like her to—to—to— She pitches me round like Carol does her Teddy. I don't like her to."

And she oughtn't to. Children have rights and feelings. They ought to be respected. No stranger, and most family friends are strangers to the children, has a right to snatch them up and fondle them and smother them with kisses and fulsome praise.

Children do not like it. They are seldom in the mood for it. They are thinking, planning, dreaming, working or playing, and some grown up person breaks rudely in upon their privacy. They resent the intrusion, the interruption, and the affront quite as keenly as you would.

Let your friends understand that you agree with the children; that you respect a child's personality, and you hope that they will do so. Let them understand that you do not want your children kissed and fondled like "Teddy." If they are real friends, they will understand. If they are not, it won't matter.

HIS HOUR

Every child is entitled to one happy, care-free hour every day. We, in our anxiety to surround him with every safeguard, inspire him to greater effort, and lead him into habits of industry and righteousness, are likely to leave him no time for leisure.

That is a great mistake. Provide for his hour of freedom and let him do as he likes. Even when he does things that you wish he wouldn't. Let him.

He chooses to go out on the lot and play with the red-faced, yelling, threatening "bunch." Let him. That's part of his education. How will he ever learn to pick a good fellow from among the bad fellows if he doesn't know them both?

He may choose to stay in his corner and read. Let him. But he selects a thriller that some "careless" adult brought in and left lying round loose. Let him. He won't take to a steady diet of thrillers any more than to one of chocolate sundaes. Any more than the careless adult who read it before him. More likely, he will get his stomach full and stop. But you can't bring a boy up without his share of sweets.

He may choose to practice upon some musical instrument. Let him. Though it tingle through the hairs of your head. Let him. The weird sounds he makes are music to his untutored ears and he will not understand your suffering. He will only remem-

ber that you deprived him of one of the joys of his earthly existence. Let him alone.

He may want to mess around with paints, or tools, or stones. Let him. He has all sorts of ideas crowding him for expression. He will try each of them in turn and go on to the next.

It may be that he wants to lie on his back and dream. Let him. He is learning what manner of man he is. He is thinking out who he is, what he is, and where he is going on this strange road. He cannot tell you all that, of course, and the value of his dreaming depends upon its food.

Scatter real books about him. Let him share the best experiences of the home and family and friends. Let him listen to the best stories, look at the finest works. Let him grow in an atmosphere of friendliness, of helpfulness, of culture. Then he will have food for such dreams as men are made of.

Give the child his hour. Let him, for one brief instant of time, lose himself in the sweetness of doing what his heart desires. Then he will have fewer suppressed desires to trouble him. He will have fewer regrets over the unfilled hopes of his youth. He will have tried himself out and, as far as humanly possible, found himself.

AS NORAH SAW IT

"Mrs. Bridges."

"Yes, Norah."

"I'm sorry, but I'm leaving the first of the month."

"Why, Norah!" Only one who has lost a Norah can feel the dismay of that "why."

"Yes, ma'am."

"But why? Is the work too hard? Has any one offended you? What is wrong?"

"No, it's not the work, and I'm not offended, but I can't stay with the children going on as they are."

"But I can't have any one interfering with the children, Norah."

"Yes, ma'am. But I can't have them interfering with me the way they do. Now, yesterday young Master Tom came into the kitchen to take my egg-beater to beat up snow for his ice cream. He was mixing mud and snow and calling it ice cream, and when I wouldn't let him have it he raised up a holler and his grandmother came and said I was to let him have what he wanted. He took the egg-beater and I had to beat up the eggs for my dessert with a fork. And it was washday, and me so busy."

"Didn't he bring it back?"

"No, ma'am, and if he did, what good would it be after him messin' with it? I couldn't use if for making cake."

"Well, I'll speak to him and tell him to keep out

of the kitchen and I'll get you another egg-beater, Norah. You know, children are children and you mustn't expect too much from them."

"No, ma'am, but at times I get more than I expect from them. Now, there last week, when I was washing up the back hall, Miss Gladys came through the hall and tracked it. I told her to go round the other way and not come back until the hall was dry.

"She goes past me and gets her things from the hall closet and then, to my surprise, doesn't she come back past me again. 'Go back,' says I, speaking hard; 'go back and go through the other door. This floor is wet.'

"She marches straight up to me and says, 'I won't go out any other way.' And I said, 'You must go out the other way,' and goes on scrubbing. With that, she stamps her foot at me because I won't get up and let her past, and when I lift my head to look at her she spits right in my face. She does that. Then she goes out the other door."

"Why, Norah!"

"Yes, ma'am. As I'm saying, I get from them what I don't expect and I'll have to be going to a place where they have no children at all, for then they can't misbehave to me. I'll be going the first of the month."

THUMPERS AND BUMPERS

Harry was coming home from school. There was not the slightest doubt about it. You heard him coming all the way. His heels whacked the flagged walk. The gate clanged and the iron fence vibrated in sympathy.

Then you heard him land heavily on the front porch, heard the door fly open, heard it crash to with a slam that made the doorbell tinkle in weak alarm. His books hurtled to the floor with another bang; you knew he had aimed for the table and missed. You heard him clump upstairs looking for "Mother." Heard him bumping and thumping about the house as you have heard your trunk being up-ended under the tender ministrations of the local expressman.

"He's always like that," said his mother, with a sigh of admiration. "He's so strong."

"Yes, strong as a bull," assented father proudly.

"And behaves like one," you groaned inwardly.

Ever live with a "strong" person for a week? The dishes shiver and shake in very peril of their lives as the strong one treads his ponderous way across the floor. The quivering chandeliers herald his coming. The chairs and couches creak and groan as he catapults his dead weight upon them.

Such a one grows pudgy and fat and wheezy towards middle age. He has worn his body out thumping and bumping it at all the inanimate

things about him. People get out of his way—his "strength" tires them.

It isn't strength at all. It is sheer ignorance. One's body isn't a trunk to be up-ended through the world. It has a mechanism that will permit it to move about as though on pneumatic bearings. There should be no thud when one's body meets a chair or a couch. There should be no dull thump when one's foot touches the floor. Noise and effort of movement are waste, and waste is vulgar. The "strong" boy or girl is an untrained child and most unfortunate.

A child's body should move through space as lightly as a cloud floats across the sky, the very poetry of motion. The stronger he is, the better control he should have and the more easily he should move.

I picture Samson as a lithe, easy moving, splendid creature whose muscles moved under his skin with the powerful ease of a tiger. As he moved to his place between the two pillars his feet made no sound; his body glided into the shadow; his arms curved and flexed and stretched upward and outward with the sweep of an eagle's wings; his graceful, sensitive fingers curved and caught hold, with the grip of Fate; the great muscles of his back flushed into full power, and the temple crashed.

Ease goes with power. Silence belongs to strength. The "bumpers" and "thumpers" have neither ease nor strength. They might have both if they were caught young and trained. The physical training teachers know all about it. Ask them.

LOOKING AWAY

A great teacher had a method all his own. He taught his pupils to look at a thing with him. He centered their attention on the thing he wanted them to see, never on himself. They never thought of the master who was giving the lesson. They looked at what he showed them, and, behold, it was a picture of themselves and their frailties!

When a child does wrong and you want to help him to do the thing right, try to have him look at the thing you want him to see, but never at you; try to separate yourself from the thing that has gone wrong; try to lose all your irritation about it before you speak to the child at all.

When a child goes wrong and you lose yourself in wrath at his weakness and scold him, he sees only your expressions of anger. He sees your angry eyes and hears your tense, shrill tones and recoils in protest. Often he cannot even hear what you are saying. He is afraid of you and shrinks away from you.

Instead of studying the thing you would place before him, he is studying you. Your dramatic action holds him fast. He gazes at you with a sort of dumb fascination.

"Can't you see, you stupid child——"

No, he cannot see. He cannot think of anything but your gestures, your force, your tense brow and pelting words. The ideas are blotted out by the trumpets of your wrath.

Be quiet. Wait a few minutes. Smooth your face and calm your spirit. Things are never as bad as you think they are. Many a time they have been worse and you have known nothing about it. First control yourself so that your offended ego will not fill the world for the child.

Now tell him the story you would have him understand. He can put his mind upon it and never think of you. Together you can examine the situation and hit upon a plan to make things better. Look away.

The high school member of the family was exceeding his allowance. Instead of growing angry, his father called him in and went over the family budget with him. He said no word about the lad's error. Just told him what it cost to run the family and what his plans for them were. Thereafter the lad's account showed a saving instead of a deficit.

Even little children can be taught to look at a thing they have done in the light of investigation. They can be taught to look at it without a trace of the selfishness that entered into the doing of it. It takes a little longer than the old way, but it works better and lasts longer.

BETTER BE STILL

Everybody talks too much. Everybody. The confusion of tongues, the curse of the Tower of Babel, is upon us.

Why not be still?

Think of the suffering of the children. The grown-ups are used to it. They have been talked into the utter weariness you see in their lined faces, their lagging feet, their jaded eyes. Talked into torpor.

Be still and rest. Above all, give the children a rest.

Think of what goes on at home in the evening. Doesn't it remind you of the funny man's account of the play—"three-thirds talk and the other third conversation?" And most of it is directed at the luckless youngsters.

The small boy makes a mistake. The big brother corrects him. The older sister takes it up. The younger brother passes it on. Father speaks his mind upon it. Mother adds her opinion of the situation on the whole. If any of the aunts and uncles are about, and they generally are, they slip over their ideas of the thing and invariably make the odious remark about what would happen in their family if one of their children had done such a thing.

The child is smothered in an avalanche of words. He is drowned. He comes up sputtering and the family unite in a stentorian order, "Be Still!"

That should be the rule for the whole family, "Be Still."

Things are no different in school. The child is talked at and talked to. He gets little chance to talk for himself. He is the storm center of speech. Home and church and school; talk, talk, talk. Why not try what keeping still will do? This everlasting talking causes the child to close his ears in self-protection. He no longer listens. Not listening, he is not attending. Not attending, he is not learning. Be still. Even when you most want to talk, be still.

When he is noisy and rude, why add to the confusion by being loud yourself? Look your disapproval and set a better example.

When he comes home with a bit of gossip that might better be left untold, silence him with a look. Let him listen to your thoughts that say louder than words, "Towards weakness, silence."

A little fellow came home from school and announced that his teacher had not liked him that day. "What did she say?" inquired his mother anxiously.

"Oh, she didn't say anything at all. She hardly ever says anything to the fellows unless they are very good, and she never speaks to you if she thinks you are bad. She just looks at you kind of cold. So I know she didn't like me to-day."

"Do you know what you did that she did not like?"

"Yep. And I'm not going to do it to-morrow. I don't like it when she doesn't say anything."

Be still. It will train the child to listen and attend.

NERVOUS CHILDREN

"I'd like to have you speak to Carrie's teacher. She sent a report card home with very unsatisfactory marks on it. I've been to see her several times and it hasn't done the slightest good. I'd like you to talk to her."

"What's the trouble?"

"My daughter is a very nervous child," said the mother, with an air of pointing towards something extraordinary in her daughter. "I've told the teacher that she mustn't expect to hold her to the standards of the other children, but it's no use. She marks her just the same. Now, you can't make all children alike. You must make exceptions once in a while."

"Of course. What exceptions did you want the teacher to make for your Carrie?"

"Well, you see, Carrie has always been delicate and cannot get up early in the morning. She is late for school every day and the teacher won't make any allowance for her. She——"

"Are you serious in saying that your daughter is late for school every day?"

"Why, yes. I never waken her in the morning if she is asleep. I let her have her sleep out. She is a very nervous child."

"How old is she? What's the matter with her? Why can't she rise early?"

"She's just past twelve and very delicate.

There's nothing serious the matter with her. She's just nervous."

"Then there's nothing the matter with her at all. If she was so nervous that she could not rise and get to school in the morning she would be in the hospital under the doctor's care. What time does she go to bed?"

"She never goes to bed until I go. She's so nervous that she cannot think of going to bed and leaving me. I generally get to bed before eleven."

"All Carrie needs is to be sent to bed on time. She isn't nervous. All she needs is a regular bedtime. Send her to school on time. We will hold you accountable for her lateness."

The schools are full of "nervous" children. "Nervous" covers a multitude of sins visited by the parents upon the heads of their children.

"Jacky isn't a naughty boy. He pinches the others, but he is a very nervous child and they annoy him."

"Mabel fails in her lessons because the teacher makes her nervous."

"Yes, Clarice is very disobedient. She is that way at home. But she has always been a delicate child and I couldn't punish her."

Nonsense. These children aren't "nervous." They are spoiled. Never use the word before them, much less to them. A nervous child should be in the hospital having his nervous system trained. The lazy and the mischievous and the disobedient need discipline for their health's sake. Try it.

BOBBY'S RIGHT—IT ISN'T FAIR

Do you like to be interrupted when you have settled down to work or play? You do not. Neither does your boy or girl.

Bobby came in from school and his mother told him to put his books in the right place, change his clothes, wash his hands and face, and not to dawdle.

He did all this with not more than three reminders and a positive command. Then he ate his apple and bread and butter.

"Now, Robert, I want you to go down to the corner for me and get a few things that the grocer forgot. Then you can run out and play for a while."

"Huh," said Bobby, grumbling cheerfully. "That grocer forgets on purpose. I'll bet it was the kerosene and the eggs he forgot."

"You're right. But never mind. Hurry along now." He darted off and was back before his mother missed him. He dropped the kerosene with a thump on the kitchen porch and set the eggs safely on the table. Then he went to the back yard to work on his dog house.

He had a board half sawed through when his mother called him.

"Robert, dear, Mrs. Hall is going to have company for tea and the green grocer forgot the lettuce. Do, like a good boy, run down street and get it for her."

"Please do, Bobby," said Mrs. Hall. "I don't

see how I overlooked it till this minute. I simply have to have it."

Bobby left his saw sticking in the board and ran off. He returned just as the table was being laid for dinner.

"Come along, Robert. Time to wash up for dinner. Put your things away now and come along in."

"But, mother, I haven't done a thing. I've had to run errands ever since I came home. And it wasn't my turn to do the errands, either. It was Helen's, but she gets out of everything. Can't I finish my house?"

"It's too late. Come, now. Don't argue. Your father will be home in——"

"I don't care. I don't think it's fair. I haven't had a chance to do a thing I wanted to do to-day. I can't have a minute to do what I want to do."

"Well, maybe after dinner you can fix your dog house."

"No, I can't. After dinner I have to do my lessons. Then I have to get ready for bed. To-morrow it will be just the same. I know. I have to do everything about this house."

It does seem as if the children were entitled to a routined day as well as grown-ups. Routine is what saves our lives. Habit carries us over many a hard day. The children need it and have a right to it.

SATURDAY

Saturday is the day before Sunday. It is the day that closes the door on the week's work and prepares a clear road for the first day of the next. It is the day when the children are freed from their school work and have an opportunity to share in the family activities.

The porches can be swept by the boy in the house. He needs the experience for his mind and his muscles. The cellar needs sweeping and dusting, and no day is as good for that as Saturday. The ash can and the garbage can need attention, and that is their day.

The lawn needs mowing, and the boy can do that instead of leaving it for his father. The weeds can be pulled and the paths made clean. They cry out for the attention of the boy of the house.

The chicken house needs cleaning, too, and this is a fine day for cleaning it. The lad will enjoy the eggs all the more if he has had a hand in caring for the hens.

The inside work belongs generally to the girls. Saturday is polishing day. The faucets and the doorknobs are treated to a rubbing, so they may have proper Sunday morning faces.

The bathroom jewelry needs polishing, and every girl should know how to keep a bathroom in order. The towels have to be changed, the fresh wash rags

hung out on each towel rack. The silver on the toilet tables rubbed and placed in order.

The flower holders need a bath and fresh flowers to brighten the house for the Sunday company. Little girls love to prepare for visitors and they should be allowed to practice—on Saturday.

Any family will furnish enough jobs to keep all its children happily and profitably employed all morning.

No child can do all the Saturday jobs in one day all by himself. But he can do some of them. He will enjoy his afternoon off then much more than if he had lounged about the house trying to pass his time until called for his meals. Playing ball all day or reading a book in the corner all day is not healthy Saturday work.

The children get little chance to take part in the family life. They go to school every day, have special lessons in the afternoons, have their meals, study, go to bed, get up again and do it all over. Everything is done for them of necessity, and they get no chance to learn to help. They need that chance.

If you lived in the country when you were little you had Saturday jobs. Some of you who lived in the city had them, too. They did you good, and they will do your children good. The homely little tasks take root in the hearts of the children and hold them close to home when other things pull hard in the opposite direction.

TOYS

When you buy a toy for a child do you stop to think what it will do to him or for him?

You are careful about giving him a sharp knife, a gun, or a drum, lest he hurt himself or annoy you. But the toys you buy for him?

Of what earthly use is a stuffed rabbit to a healthy, active child? He tosses it on the floor and runs off to see something that moves and will do something. The horse that does not go, the doll that cannot be used, toys that are only to look at, are silly and useless.

A child should have the toys that will train him along the way you want him to go. Toys have great influence. Napoleon's favorite toys were toy soldiers. So were the Kaiser's. Lincoln's toys were hatchets and sticks and squirrels and chipmunks and the great outdoors.

A set of garden tools are good things for children to have if they live where they can use them. Gardens and children belong together. Live rabbits are a great improvement upon stuffed ones.

A hammer and saw and some nails open a new heaven and a new earth to the boys. They may not make anything worth while. No matter. They experience force and distance and resistance and measurement and patience and perseverance with every nail they drive. Even the boys in the city

flats can manage a few tools. There are always the backyard and the basement.

A doll and the things that go with her belong to every little girl. They are part of her education. The "best doll" dressed for a ball and set on the top shelf to be used on high and holy days is a delusion and a snare. One always suspects the mother of having purchased it for herself.

A box of blocks that can be made into houses and barns is a fine toy. The blocks must be big. The house and the barn must be large enough to put the animals into, store the automobile, and house the attendants. The toys that fit out the barn should be selected with an eye to rough service.

If it is possible to give the child a chair that was made for him, a table that fits the chair, dishes the right size for his table and his hands, a little tub to wash the dishes in, a low cupboard to put them away in, he will be a happy child indeed.

Show him how and then leave him alone. Let the child do his own work, do his own thinking. Let him take things apart and put them together again without interference. If he asks for help, give it to him, but give him no more than he needs. Let him use his toys and, using them, grow.

THE EVERYDAY DOLL

Christmas is coming and thousands of little girls will get dolls on that day. I hope they will be everyday dolls.

I once knew a little girl who loved dolls. She had a great family of them. They were made of all sorts of things, from clothespins to peanuts. Each of them had a name and was beloved by their little mother.

"Show your friends your real doll," said her mother.

"Oh," said the child doubtfully, "would you like to see the grand doll? It isn't a special day, so I'm not playing with her. She isn't to play with. She always sits in the chair and comes out on birthdays and Christmas and such times. Or if I go for a walk with anybody special, I carry her."

The child led the way to the parlor, where the elegant doll sat in state, an imposing mass of frills and gorgeous pink satin hat.

"This is the grand doll?" I asked. "You must like her best of all."

"She's not to be liked," chuckled the little girl at my mistaken idea. "She's to be for show. The everyday dolls are for playing with. I can like them all I want to. I can dress and undress them, and even if they fall down in the dirt it doesn't matter. They're the dolls you can play with. They're playing dolls, everyday dolls."

"Which one is really your pet?"

"My rag doll. I've had her the longest of all. She's pretty old now, but she's the best. She goes to bed with me and keeps me from being scared in the night.

"When I dream something and wake up frightened I catch hold of her and I know I'm all right in my own bed at home. And all the little dolls. They are the best, too. They are the children." And she showed a long row of little dolls from three to five inches long.

"They're the best 'cause you can dress them so easy. You can take a piece of cloth and wrap it around them and make a hole for their heads and their hands and that's all.

"They don't cost so much, so I can have a lot of them. They make scholars for school and children for the doll house; oh, everything. I want a lot more."

This being first hand, expert information on a subject of great importance to all little girls, I thought I'd better pass it along. The idea seemed to be that while the grand doll was all right for state occasions, she didn't count for much in the everyday scheme. For that the everyday doll was the best.

Please tell Santa Claus.

HIS DOG

"What in the world have you there, Tom?"

"A turkle."

"A turtle, you mean. Where did you find him?"

"Coming home from school I found him by the side of the road by the woods."

"Did you put that hole through his shell?"

"No. The hole was in. The string was tied in it just like now. I brought him home and tied him to the porch rail. I'm going to keep him. Some other fellow lost him."

Tom ran down the steps followed by the fifteen neighborhood chums who had gathered to the call of "Come, see my turkle."

They pulled tufts of grass for him and spread them on the porch floor to "make him think he was in the woods." Mother waited until dinner was served when, of course, Tom had to leave his pet and come in.

When dinner was over she said: "Tom, you must take the turtle back to the woods, dear. He cannot live on the porch. He must go back to the woods to-night." This last very firmly, for Tom showed every indication of wanting to argue the matter.

"I'll go with you and help you put him in a good place," said father.

Tom looked up gratefully. Perhaps there was still a chance. But father led the way to the woods

and selected a damp, sheltered place and said: "Guess he'll like it here, Tom."

Tom set the turtle down and took the string off him.

That evening after Tom was in bed father said to mother: "Tom ought to have a dog. He's old enough to take care of one and he needs a friendly pet. We'll have to get him one."

When Tom heard that he was to have a dog his delight knew no bounds. His happiness and excitement rose to fever heat. "When? How soon? Will you buy him to-morrow?"

One evening mother came in with a little dog under her arm. "I brought your dog, Tom," she said.

"Where? Where? Is he outside? Let him in. Where is he?"

"Here, child. Can't you see? Are you so excited that you can't see him?" And she proudly set a little Chow puppy on the floor.

Tom looked at the dainty creature and tried to swallow his idea of what a dog ought to be and take this wee thing to his heart. But his disappointment was too evident.

" 'Tisn't your kind of a dog, is it?" asked father.

"No," said Tom. "He's a very nice little dog for ladies, but I wanted a dog that would eat out of the garbage cans, like Bunt's."

"Just so," said father. "I think I know where to get it."

"And I'll call him Pike," said Tom happily.

When you buy a gift for a child, be sure that you don't buy it for yourself. You do sometimes, you know.

THE ANIMALS

Children should have a chance to become acquainted with animals if their happiness is to be complete. The child who is brought up without the contact of friendly animals is defrauded.

There are the animals to be wondered at. What is a child without his chance to wonder? Take him to see the camel. He will stand before him fascinated by the solemn air of this "sad son of the desert." To a child he is a source of mystery and therefore of joy. If he may have a ride on his woggly back, so much the better.

The elephant is for wondering purposes, too. Why is he so big? Why is his skin so thick? Why should he have a trunk? No other animal has one. Why did God give him a trunk with a little finger so fine that it can take a peanut from a baby's hand, and yet so powerful that he can twist out the trees by the roots and make them into toothpicks? Why? I wonder.

The tortoises. Every child loves them. They have all been told their kinship to the slow tortoise, the lazy tortoise who never seems to wake up or hurry. They picture him crawling along the dusty road, and giggle with glee when they remember that he sat waiting at the post for the gay little rabbit who frisked and played and napped by the way.

What makes him live so long? Is it because he pulls himself into his house and shuts the door and

lets the troubles of the world go by while he sleeps in peace? Perhaps. But who but a tortoise would care to do that?

The tiger is a fearsome creature. The children do not like him much.

They read his character accurately and pass him by. "He's so bad and mean," said one of the children, "that God made him a striped suit. Don't let us look at him."

Monkeys. Oh, monkeys! Perhaps there is some old, old association between monkeys and children that we grown-ups have lost and forgotten. Anyway, children adore monkeys. They are the "comics" of the animal world, and children understand their humor. A little monkey fun won't hurt them.

When they get enough monkey, take them to the fish tank and let them watch the slivers of rainbow swimming through the clear water. Watching fish is food for the nerves—just as watching stretches of soft green grass is good for the eyes.

And after they have gazed, and wondered, and exclaimed to the point of exhaustion, they will go home and cuddle the best animal friend a child ever knows, his dog.

The dog is the child's own animal. He can be touched and pulled and slapped and patted and hugged and loved. He can be fed and talked to, and he will "answer back." He is an intimate friend—an education in himself.

RESPECT THEM

Respect your children. Teach other people to respect them. Too many parents think their children are wonderful little beings and exhibit them.

Visitors come and the baby is wakened and dressed so the company may see what a clever child he is. All his cunning little ways are pointed out. The baby grows tired and the party ends in a crying spell.

When he is a little older he is brought forward to speak pieces—that torment of childhood. If he is a bold child he will enjoy it and do well. If he is a timid child he will suffer untold agonies, stammer a few words and run off. This is bad for all children.

It means nothing, this forwardness, or this timidity, to his later development. A child may recite beautifully and yet grow into a stupid man. The slow timid child may appear backward and still become a very bright man.

Remember Hans Christian Andersen. As a child he was homely, retiring, backward. His parents were ashamed of him. He became a wonderful man. A man whom kings delighted to honor. He knew what it meant to be singled out as the slow child, the homely one, the awkward one. He suffered keenly. He wrote all about it in his story of the Ugly Duckling. If ever you are tempted to exhibit

your clever child and scold the retiring one, read that story again.

The child should not be forced. God gave him long years of childhood. During those years we cannot tell what growth is being formed. We can only feed his mind and soul and wait. To-day he may be afraid to speak before a stranger. To-morrow he may move thousands by his eloquence.

The children who carry home the 100 per cent. report cards may become fine men and women and they may not. The plump little boy who sits staring ahead of him like a solemn young owl, never making a higher rating than 60, may be the real leader of the class. Be patient.

One lays hands upon the bud and tears it open to see what is inside. He sees nothing and he spoils the flower. The growing child is sacred. Wait.

Give him worth-while work. Feed him stories that will keep his dream alive—his imagination working.

Give him music. When he is weary and ready to give up it will lift him up and carry him on.

Teach him joyful things. Wrap him in joy. Happiness is his soul's food.

Stand back and keep hands off. Watch reverently for him to unfold. Man's awakening comes in the fullness of time.

HER MUSIC LESSONS

"One, two, three, four. One, two, three—— There. Use your second finger. Now begin all over again and try to keep your mind on what you are doing. Pay attention."

"Ready. One, two, three, four. One, two— —" Snap, down came the music teacher's pencil across Jane's knuckles.

"Good-ness. You are im-possible. I cannot teach you music. You have no talent. One whole month on 'The Maiden's Prayer' and you cannot do one run. I stop to-day." And the irate music teacher drew on her gloves and left the house.

"I can't help it, daddy," sobbed Jane that evening. "I can't help it. I forget which finger, I forget to count. I hate 'The Maiden's Prayer.' "

"Well, well. And all the time we thought you loved music."

"No, I hate it. I love to play things, but she never lets me play them. She told mother not to let me strum and I love to strum. I think I'll die if I can't strum."

Daddy smiled and said, "Oh, no. Please strum."

The music lessons were an almost forgotten grief when daddy was reminded of them at the close of a hard day. He was reading his paper in the quiet of the library when Jane began to strum. Scarcely heeding at first, daddy laid down his paper and then found himself listening. He went over to the piano.

Jane smiled at him as he came near, her eyes full of dreams. Then her hands slid from the keys.

"I can't get it. I almost get it, but then it isn't there. I think I'm going to get it this time, but it comes out different."

"What is it you want to do?"

"Play out the things I think about. Only for words I make the sounds. I have lovely sounds that stand for things. I've found them all by myself. I'll show you.

"There's notes like the church bells. Here's a handful of them. Listen. The other night I found the sounds of the waves that slosh against the dock when the boats come in.

"I love to do things like that, but I can't play that 'Maiden's Prayer.' I have no talent," and she sighed resignedly.

"Do you play things often?"

"Yes, when I get the chance. I'll play you one I found the other day. It's the morning coming up over the Sound, and the sky is all blue and pink and dimmy gold. The little birds call to each other and the teeny, teeny waves swish over the seaweed. Do you hear it?

"But I can't get it really. I've tried to get the wind into it and I can't. Do you know the sound it makes when it ruffles the pine needles—little lifts of sounds? I wish I could get that."

"I think I know a teacher that would help you get it."

"O daddy!" Then anxiously, "Has she a lead pencil?"

"She wouldn't know what to do with it."

"A FINE SCOUT"

"Fred," called father, "I want you to go over to the plumber's and get me a couple of lengths of pipe and a bunch of washers I ordered there the other day. Then you can help me do the odds and ends about the house and see if we can keep it from falling in on our heads. It's lucky I have a holiday once in a while. I can't imagine what would happen to this family if I wasn't around."

Fred's face fell as he heard the program, and he stood gazing at his father, who was bending over his work bench.

"And, Fred, call in at the garage and bring in the oil pump I left there to have mended. We'll fix up the car a bit, too. Why, what's the matter with you? You look as if I had done something to you."

"Why, dad, I wanted to go to the game this afternoon after I got my work done."

"That's right. You've got to go to your game, never mind what happens to the family. Do I go to the game? I give up my holiday to work for all of you and that's the way you thank me. You're a fine Scout."

It was bad enough to take the boy's day without as much as "by your leave"; but why taunt him about being a good Scout? And why make a speech measuring a father's interests and duties against a boy's?

So many people do it, though. It's a common habit. If the boy or girl protests about running the thousandth errand, some one says, "And you're a Scout? Should think you'd be ashamed to wear the uniform."

If the little girl pouts because she has to wash up the dishes after dinner when she wants to go out, some one says, "That's right. Make a fuss about the least little thing you are asked to do about the house. All you want to do is to rush around town with a lot of girls and wear your Scout's uniform. Fine Scout you are."

That sort of thing does plenty of harm and not a bit of good. If you want the children to help about the house, give them a routined day, so they will know exactly what time they can count on for themselves.

It isn't fair to measure an adult's interests and duties against those of the children. The father who was cleaning up about the house was enjoying it quite as much as the lad would have enjoyed his outing with the boys. He was pretending, that's all, and that is not fair.

The Scouts' organization is to give the children a chance for social recreation and group work. They are out of doors, they are working in a spirit of friendly competition with laughter and cheerfulness. The adult's activities are indoors and done for the pleasure of the adult himself.

If you need the child's help, ask for it and let the child plan for it. But don't snatch it and then taunt him about his being a Scout. The Scouts are all right.

FIFTY-FIFTY

The Carters were always sure that the children who lived next door were about the most mischievous and the most annoying children imaginable. Not content with being as naughty as they wished to be themselves, they led the perfectly good Carter children into mischief. Relations between the two families were rapidly becoming strained when something happened.

Charlie Carter loved animals. The more distressed or the more abandoned they were the more they appealed to him. His mother was constantly imploring him to remove some derelict from under the back porch or out of the cellar.

"Just wait till to-morrow, mother. Just leave him there until he gets a leg under him. Then I'm going to give him to some fellow that'll take care of him. He's all right. He's a thoroughbred Great Dane. Only he's got a few things the matter with him, he'd be a prize winner."

Charlie waged a continual war for supplies for his charges. Not a bone stayed over night in the ice box. Martha complained she never got a good pot of soup. Those ravenous creatures got all her good bones. Wouldn't Mrs. Carter speak to Mister Charlie?

Then milk became very scarce. Sometimes a whole bottle was missing, sometimes half of one. The next door neighbors made hints about children who used milk that didn't belong to them.

Mr. Carter was angry and made up his mind that things had gone pretty far when a neighbor hinted that his children would use milk that wasn't their own. Or would even use their own without permission. He went across the lawn to talk to his neighbor about it. As long as he lives he will be grateful to whatever god prevented him from saying all that was in his mind that afternoon.

"Trouble about the milk?" murmured his neighbor mildly, a twinkle in his eyes. "Yes, a little. You see, Carter, those kids of ours are taking the milk to feed their stray animals. They are trying to fatten them up for the show they are going to give. They want to surprise us. They are going to exhibit these wrecks they have in boxes and barrels out on the swamp lot and charge admission and use the money for a S. P. C. A.

"I've listened to them planning it and I know that they take the milk and the meat bones. I've said nothing about it because, as it's your son Charlie that's forming the S. P. C. A., I thought you knew more about it than I did.

"I'm ordering some extra milk and donating some dog biscuit in the hope of salvaging some of my breakfasts and dinners."

"Yes, quite so," said Mr. Carter. "To be sure, I think the idea should be encouraged and I strolled over to see what you thought we could do in the matter. We might help them out a little, and if we had a village fund for the extermination of some of the most helpless animals it would help, too. What say?"

So it was. Now, it may be the children next door and it may be your own. I've always found it to be fifty-fifty.

THE HOUSE OF FUN

"Come over to my house to-night and we'll have some fun."

Can your children say that, or is your house one of the sort that children cannot have a good time in?

There are so many homes that are just houses. So many homes where children must be seen and not heard. The children who live in them must go outside to find the fun their childish spirits demand. They gather on the corners and in the cheap movies.

Somebody protests: "What can we do for the children in the evening? We have been working all day and are tired. They are never tired. They keep on forever. We can't."

No, but often the children will amuse themselves if you give them an opportunity. Start them by giving them a room to themselves and they will go ahead and give you little trouble. I've known children to stand about the piano and sing for two hours and then go cheerfully to bed.

There are homes where the children roll up the rugs and start the music and dance themselves weary. They have a "gorgeous" time.

I've seen a group of children have the happiest kind of an evening just by trying to balance a book on their heads and do "stunts," walking, dancing, posturing to music, sitting down and rising again, acting a simple play.

Their posture prevented their doing anything

crude and they stepped as lightly as feathers rise and fall. The grown folks sat in an adjoining room intent upon their own affairs, serene in the knowledge that the children were happy and safe.

Reading aloud from some favorite book helps to pass an evening. Playing games like dominoes and checkers and cards will always help out. A table drawer full of such games ought to be in every home where there are children. If there are materials for drawing and cutting and coloring, they'll come in handy, too.

Then there is the great field of dramatics. Dressing up and staging a play is a wonderful thing for children, and older children, too. Think of the fun of preparing it and rehearsing and costuming and finally giving it before an audience of friends from whose pockets are cajoled quarters and dimes for some cause dear to the childish hearts!

There is always a way to make home so interesting, so full of joy and happy memories that wherever a child may go, no matter how great the distance that lies between him and home, his heart is pulled toward it.

"Come over to my house and have some fun." Can your children say that?

VALENTINE'S DAY

It is the day of sweethearts. Little pink, candy-covered ones for the wee folk, and pink and white other kinds for the grown folk. Still, it's the day of sweethearts, which ever kind you have.

Once the good priest Valentine lived in the world, and he loved little children. He loved to make pretty things that opened their eyes in wonder. Then he liked to surprise them by hanging them on their door latches and stealing away to watch their delight from his hiding place.

When the old priest died, his memory lived on, as is the way with all those who love other people. The children tried to restore their friend in memory, and on his birthday they went about and hung up the pretty baskets of flowers and said, "St. Valentine sent them." Of course, they hung the basket on the door latch of some one they liked very much. Wouldn't you? It was the very game for sweethearts.

Flowers and little baskets to hold them were not easy to get always, nor were they easy to send to those at a distance, as sweethearts so often are. But love laughs at such trifles. The sweethearts made paper valentines and put pink hearts, all tied up in knots of pink ribbon, on them. Pink must have been St. Valentine's favorite color.

But the day is really for children. Grown people would never think of playing so childish a game.

Never. Grown folk may steal what comfort they may from it, but the children are the ones who send the valentines to their sweethearts, and never tell. That's the fun. The secrets and the whispering and the guessing. And the telling in the end.

There are little pink cakes that belong to St. Valentine's Day. No home that holds sweethearts should be without them on the 14th of February. They are shaped like a heart and have the names of the sweethearts written on them in deeper pink.

It doesn't make any difference if you get the wrong one, because you will know it in a minute and pass it to the right one, and some one else will find yours and give it to you. It's all such fun, and it all belongs to St. Valentine.

Of course, if there could be pink candles on the table, and fringy, lacy valentines at each plate, and a couple of the very youngest and best sweethearts to enjoy it all, the old saint would like it immensely.

Whatever happens, though, don't forget to honor him. He's a very important old saint when you come to think about him, isn't he?

HALLOWEEN

Halloween is a party occasion. It is a special night on the children's calendar. You sigh and say to yourself that every day is a special day for them, and parties for children mean hard work for adults.

Quite so. But the home parties are the things one must cling to as to the house of his fathers. The holiday frolics, each with its special observances, store up memories and form ties that hold the children to their homes as nothing else can ever do.

So for Halloween there must be a party for the children, and you can come along too. Children love the particular ceremonies, the rites, of the holiday. They like a certain repetition in their good times. They love the familiar things, the rich associations that make the heart of the feast.

I'm thinking of a Halloween party that I like. There is a wee clay goblin that has stood in the place of honor on the dining table of this family every Halloween for many, many years. The youngest child in the house places him there. Children have stood that faded old goblin in his place until it has become a treasured family relic.

The table is lighted by candles hidden in orange-colored Jack o' Lanterns. There is a set of dinner plates decorated with witches that are never used except upon this evening. They have come to stand for Halloween and the family reunion in the minds of the children.

The menu is always the same. Roast goose bursting its brown skin with sage and onion stuffing, boiled potatoes that seem to be powdered with snow so mealy are they, and yellow turnips mashed and piled high in a goose-shaped dish. And there is always velvety brown gravy to pour over all.

For dessert, nuts served in quaint wooden bowls that crossed the sea with the fathers and mothers of the family. There used to be queer little barrel-shaped tumblers full of sparkling, golden cider to wash down the nuts.

After dinner the candles are blown out and wished on, the bright lights are turned on, and the frolics begin.

There is a cake with a ring hidden in it for the bride to be, and a thimble for the spinster.

There is a plate of flour in the pantry. Hidden in it is a coin that the children try to find with their teeth.

Out in the flagged kitchen there is a tub full of water with red apples bobbing about in it, and you try to get one with your teeth.

Somebody plays the piano, and everybody dances and sings until twenty minutes of twelve. Then the Sir Roger strikes up and the whole family, grandfathers, mothers, uncles, and aunts, and all between, "stand up" to it.

The party is over. The faded wee goblin, the witches' plates, the quaint little bowls are put away for another year until Halloween comes round again.

But the memories of it last and become family traditions. You know they are what make "home," and "home" is a different place from any other on earth. It is where our hearts' treasures lie.

FORGET IT OFTEN

God was very good to us when He let us forget. We are not thankful enough for the privilege. We do not use it half enough. We are always trying to remember what it were much better we forgot.

One of the children is naughty when he gets up in the morning. It bothers us all day. Over and over we remember the little thing he did to vex us and forget all about the many times he did what pleased us.

The boy comes in from school. He has done a fine day's work. The teacher has praised him. He is anxious to tell about it. He thinks his mother will be pleased. But he does not get a chance to tell about it. His mother has remembered his disobedience all day. Now she puts his misdeed in all its blackness before him.

She forgets nothing. She remembers all the wrong things he has ever done. One calls up another. She recites them all. The boy is deluged. He is stunned. He wonders how he ever came to be so bad. He thinks the teacher who praised him today must be wrong. He begins to think it must have been some other boy who did that good piece of work. It could not be he. His mother has proved that beyond a shadow of doubt.

His mother should have forgotten. Most of the things children do that are annoying are not worth

speaking about. None of them is worth remembering over night. Forget them. Overlook them.

I knew a teacher who had one of the worst cases in the district. The boy had a bad record and he had earned it. Yet this teacher kept him in his room and taught him with seemingly little effort.

Most of the time he looked over the boy's head. He rarely looked at the boy.

If he transgressed he let him understand that he had seen it and disapproved without centering his attention upon him. A look carried the message. He made a brief comment when he did well. He made none when he did ill.

"You do not talk to him," I ventured.

"No. He has been talked to until he is callous. He looks for it. He courts it. He needs silence. Forgetfulness. I overlook him. I believe in telling children only about the things that are worth remembering. Otherwise, I forget and I let them forget. He is trying to do something that I will consider worth remembering."

It is a good way to do with troublesome boys—and girls, too.

THE MARCHING SONG

The class was listless. They moved like wooden dolls. The lessons followed each other in sad, melancholy procession. The teacher was exhausted trying to drag them through the day's program.

The music teacher came in. She brought a little breeze with her. It rippled her hair so a tiny tendril of it escaped and waved jauntily over one ear.

Her feet seemed to dance over the floor and her smile lighted the weary faces of the children. They straightened up in their seats and smiled back.

"What have you done to them?" whispered the teacher. "I've had a dreadful day. I've literally pulled against their dead-weight since early morning. You come in and they sit up and smile, and I feel their weight rising from me. How did you do it?"

"I do that for myself every day. You see I pick out a good marching song when I start out on a day like this. One that will buoy me up and carry me over the dark spots and the bumpy places. To-day I'm working to the 'Humoresque'.

"It's a fine piece of music to carry you along on such days. Try it." Then she turned to the children and gave them their lesson. There was no listlessness now.

Before she left she talked to the class and the teacher. "You know when the army is tired the bands play. You know the reason. Music is as good

for us as it is for the army. Music is just another language.

"It is a language that tells its story of sorrow, or joy, or prayer, or curses, or inspiration in sounds instead of words. It suggests thoughts and gives us power to make them real as truly as any words do. Sometimes it speaks more truly than words.

"When you are tired and feel that you cannot go any further hum to yourself the trumpet calls in the march in 'Aïda'. You will find them lifting you up and carrying you on to victory.

"When you feel things going against you sing the melody of the 'Humoresque'. It will send jolly thrills up and down your tired backbone and you will find yourself smiling and carrying on.

"Best of all, pick out the music you want to live by, the music that you want your life to keep step to. The grander the theme, the lighter the lilt, the sweeter the melody, the better your life will be."

Isn't this a good idea for mothers to practice in the home?

PART II

SCHOOL: CHILD, TEACHER PARENT

GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL

Have you a child that you expect to send to school in September? If you have, will you please get him ready now?

First have the best doctor for children that you can find examine him. Have him weighed and measured. Have his eyes and nose and throat examined. Have his hearing tested. Please do this, even if you are sure he is all right.

If the doctor advises treatment for him, of course you will see that he gets it.

If he has not been vaccinated and the law requires it, as it does in New York, have it done now.

It is cruel to enter a child in school and then have him vaccinated. He is sick. His arm hurts. Instead of being in the best possible condition to begin the greatest experience of his early life, he is unfitted at the start.

A vaccinated arm or leg is likely to be hurt in the playground or even in the classroom. Have the vaccination out of the way before the child begins work in the fall.

If the child has to be fitted with glasses, have it done now. The child needs to become adjusted to the new glasses. He cannot wear them with comfort for some time. There is so much that he has to meet in the first few days of school that it is too bad to add anything to it. Let him have time to get used to his glasses.

Tonsils that are too big or diseased should be removed under the expert care of a surgeon. The child's health is dependent upon a clean throat. The school is a place of congregation—children and germs, germs, germs. All the neighborhood germs gather there. A clean throat will go far toward insurance against infection.

Adenoids should not be tolerated. They are a foreign growth and can only do harm. They are a distinct menace to the growing body and mind. They make the most intelligent child take on the manner and expression of the imbecile. Out with them.

Collect all the certificates that you need to present for entrance. The birth certificate is a helpful document. If you cannot present one, it is a misfortune. Sometimes the baptismal certificate will do instead.

Have the vaccination certificate properly filled out. It should set forth that the child has been successfully vaccinated. Successfully.

Then put the papers where you will find them again in September.

GETTING THEM OFF TO SCHOOL

Getting the children ready for school in the morning is a real piece of work. After it is well done one is ready to sit down for a few minutes' rest.

It is not an easy task, yet it must be well done if the children are to be made ready for school in the real sense of readiness.

Call them early, so there will be plenty of time for everything. Hurrying in the morning is bad for the nerves of the children. It spoils the tone of the day.

They must be well washed to begin with. Teeth and hair and nails must be well brushed.

Be sure that all buttons are in place and that garters are in good order. Children suffer more from loose buttons and broken garters than grown people have any idea of. A little girl who is holding up her stocking is not following her teacher. She is holding her stocking—and her breath.

All belts are loose and easy if the child's comfort is considered. Tight bands and belts stop the free circulation of blood and children cannot afford the slightest restriction here. One-piece suits are best.

Breakfast should be on time and all the children expected to sit down to it together. Milk and cereal and fruit and bread and butter seem to meet their needs, and their approval, generally.

Each puts on his wraps, gets his books, and prepares to start off. Draw the little boy aside and whisper as you pat his tie into place. "Be careful

to-day, son. Watch the teacher and do what she says. That's the way to grow into a good man like father. Learn something fine to-day and tell me about it to-night. I'll be waiting to hear what you have found for me."

Hug little daughter to you. Put her hat on with the right touch. Pat her lovingly and tell her to "Study hard to-day. Don't talk to your neighbors. Be sure to have something good to tell father to-night. He will ask you what happened to-day and you will want to have good news for him."

Send them out with something to go for and something to come back for. So you tie home to the school and school to the home. Both gain new values in the eyes and minds of the children.

THE FIRST DAY IN SCHOOL

You are sending your child to school for the first time. You are dreading it all exceedingly. You want the child to start his school education, but you hate to have him leave you.

You think it will be fine to be free from his demands for the hours he spends in school. But fast on the heels of that thought come the others.

Perhaps the teacher will not be kind to him. Perhaps he will be thirsty and she will not let him have a drink. Perhaps the children will not be nice to him. Maybe he will miss you and cry.

If you worry about these things you will show your fear to the child and to the teacher. The teacher will not be pleased to know that you think she will not take good care of the child. She will, She has been trained to do that very thing.

She will see that he gets a drink and she will see that he is comfortable in every other way. She will not "baby" him, though. She will show him his seat and give him his lesson and expect him to fit into the scheme of the classroom.

There is nothing in that scheme that need alarm the most timid mother. The teacher knows exactly what the first day's work should be and she knows how it should be done. Leave it to her. Show her that you have faith in her.

You can't blame the teacher who glares you out of the room if you insist upon seating yourself beside

your child on an eighteen-inch bench nine inches from the floor in order that you may see that the teacher does her work properly that morning and does nothing that might upset your child. The teacher of the baby class has enough trouble on her mind and in her hands without a dozen tearful mothers sitting and standing about the room suggesting worry and fear to the children.

Leave the child with the teacher and go away cheerfully. Keep out of the classroom. Try to behave as though sending a child to school for the first time was something that you had done every day of your life. Just a matter of course.

That will make the child feel that going to school is an ordinary and natural thing to do. It will save his nerves and free his mind for the work of the day.

Whatever you do, don't stand at the classroom door and throw kisses and sob brokenly: "Good-by, dear. Mother will be so lonesome."

YOUR CHILD AND YOUR DREAMS

Why do you send your boy to school?

The first idea that comes to your mind is the dream you weave for him as you sit thinking about him at the end of the day.

You are giving him opportunities and advantages that you never had. You expect him to realize more of his dream than you ever realized of yours.

He is to be a successful, honored citizen.

That is a long way off. He is so young yet! A chill of dread creeps over you. Will he have the strength of soul, the strength of body, the strength of mind, to carry him through the struggle and bring him out a success—an honored citizen?

You hope so. You hope so with all your heart. You hope it so fiercely that you forget all the other things—power, money, social prestige. He must be a man, regardless of all else.

Surely, you plead with yourself, here the school will lead. The principal, and the superintendent, and the teacher, and the Board of Education all have the same end in view. That is their purpose in educating this boy. The school will send him out strong in the determination to live up to the best that is in him. Why else are schools?

Have you told the teacher that your purpose agrees with hers? That you are lending every effort toward realizing this purpose for your son? Better call at the school and tell her. She might not feel so

discouraged if she knew that you were helping toward the same end.

Little boys are likely to tarry long in the "tadpole stage," and it takes great faith and patience to watch and direct their development. Swap stories with the teacher. She knows your boy. Her experience will lighten your task, and your interest will lighten the teacher's. She will take a keener interest in your particular "tadpole" if she thinks you are helping from your side.

What about the little boy's purpose? Be assured of one thing in this uncertain and trying task—it is the boy's purpose that is going to count the most.

If ever he is to realize the dream that you hide in your secret heart, his purpose, and your purpose, and the teacher's purpose must keep step. The combined force can make anything come true.

THE SCHOOL'S JOB

The school should turn out boys and girls who can think. Children who can think quickly, accurately, intelligently.

They should be able to make up their minds and hold fast to a decision until it is proved to be wrong. A blow-with-the-wind is useless.

They should be able and willing to do a bit of work thoroughly and to stay with it to a clean finish. Clock-workers are a nuisance.

They should be cheerful and good-mannered. Gloomy faces, discontented murmurings, disagreeable and thoughtless actions, boorishness, are beneath any self-respecting child.

They should be good to look at. That has nothing to do with painted faces and messy hair. Nobody ever said that *they* were good to look at. No more are flashy clothes, including loud ties and brilliant socks. A clean skin, a free-limbed, healthy body, glowing eyes, and shining white teeth are within the reach of every healthy child.

They should be reserved enough not to gossip. The young person whose mind is messed up with trivialities, whose tongue prattles of petty personalities, is never going to pass the barriers set up to guard the elect.

They should be able to read and write their language clearly. They should be in command of a fine

voice and a nice speech. The slang and inelegancies of the playground should be left there.

They should be able to use numbers within their experience; keep a simple set of accounts and understand the use and values of a bank account. They should know what living within their incomes means.

They should appreciate the beauty and the place of silence.

Reading this over, you think that this is not too much to ask of a good school. It is not too much to ask of an American child trained in a good home and drilled in a good school.

Will you please check up about ten graduates of your elementary schools and find out where they stand?

Then you will know whether your education is functioning or not. If it is, you are to be congratulated, thanked, and cheered. If it isn't then you are in the same place as the rest of us and are to be shaken up and talked to and admonished like this:

When did you visit your school last? What did you look for and what did you see?

What sort of teachers have you? How much do you pay them? Why don't you pay them more? How many children do you ask each of them to teach at one time?

What are the sanitary conditions of your school? Your medical and nursing inspection?

How much have you increased your educational budget in the last three years? What new equipment have you put in?

Remember, you won't get much more out of your school than what you put into it. The teachers are ready. Are you?

IS IT A GOOD SCHOOL?

How do you know when your school is a good one? How do you know when it is teaching your child to grow—giving him a chance to find himself?

If the school is a good one the child will show his happiness in being part of it. He will talk about it enthusiastically. "The teacher said——" "The principal said——" "The janitor did——" "The kids thought——" will be poured out upon you in a torrent of "ands", "somes", "O boys", and "So far so good".

He will have a message from the school every night. Sometimes it will be his regulation lessons, nothing more. The lessons will tell their own story if you care to read it in them.

The good lesson will be brief and pointed, the child will know exactly what is expected of him, and he will set about doing it, sure of himself and happy in his confidence.

The school will speak to you in its outside activities. The child will want to belong to the "Hikers" or the "Dancing Club". The boy will ask for money to pay his dues on his team and the girl will want tickets for the plays her class is going to see.

Help them here generously. The sane use of leisure time is a great gift to the children. It will far outlast the material gifts that you can bestow. It's a good sign when the school reaches out and teaches the children this.

The school speaks to you in the conduct of the children at home. They become less troublesome and use more self-control. You find yourself giving fewer directions and having those carried out much more accurately. The children plan their days better and respond to suggestions more readily. The discipline is sane and healthy. Your school knows how to train children. Back it up with your approval and encouragement.

You find the children are interested in things that you did not dream they knew about. They exhibit a healthy curiosity. They know who Lloyd George is, and they want to know what you think of his Irish policy. They ask about the Treaty. They want to know about the bill before Congress that helps mothers and little children.

The school is speaking to you again. It is trying to train for good citizenship and hopes for your assistance, and why not? America needs thoughtful, questioning, earnest citizens. Help the school along. Read the papers to the children and explain things to them.

You'll be sure the school is good when the children beg you to go and visit it and see what they are doing, when they speak of the people in it with love and respect as though they were friends they were proud of having and wished you to have too.

If these signs are showing, yours is a good school. If they are not, it would be well to inquire just what was going on there and try to make it the sort of place you want for your children to grow in.

THE PLAYGROUND

The playground is the place where the child expects to have the real time. That is the place he calls his own. He expects to live there with his mates. That means to play, to shout, to laugh and dance and sing and spin about as the spirit of childhood moves him.

You who went to school in the country had such a playground. There was a clump of trees where the girls sat and crocheted never-ending chains. Sometimes a little boy sat among them and knitted variegated worsted horselines through a pickle cork set around with bristling pins.

Out in the middle of the yard was the strip of gravel, where the restless souls played tag and bean bag and prisoner's base. Around the corner of the building was a clump of scraggly shrubbery, where the little fellows played hide and seek.

In a retired corner, in the fence angle, the little girls played their singing games. Round and round they went chanting like a merry-go-round.

Down the lot the boys played ball. The little boys were shooed off here until they were old enough to belong to the Third Reader. Each to his own place on the playground, the democracy of childhood. The teacher did not appear. Woe betide the one who appealed from the playground's decision.

Once a year the teacher appeared, and then it was by special invitation. The first ride on the bob-sled

was by right and precedent the teacher's. The hill was packed, tested, and pronounced ready. The Big Boy went for the teacher, while the steerer proudly held the monster in leash. All the little sleds lined up in the rear to follow as the escort of honor.

The teacher came, muffled and smiling. Away they went. Hurrah! Everybody rode blithely to the bottom of the hill and trudged back, each according to his disposition. But it was fun. Real fun.

Where do the children of the city play? Nobody seems to have made any provision for them. The builders build to the line. There is no foot of space left for the children. School or home, it is about the same. No room for the child's chief business in life —play.

Land is so scarce and so high. There is the gymnasium and the little patch of asphalt. The children must get along with those. And they must not make too much noise. They will disturb somebody. They must use the gymnasium and the playgrounds with discretion. Discretion and play. It cannot be done.

A school without a good playground is no school!

THE UNWORTHY SCHOOL

You would imagine that school buildings would be the most attractive of all buildings. You would think that the house the people built for their children would be beautiful within and without. You would be, for the most part, wrong.

All over the country little, stingy, white-faced, staring buildings dot the villages. Ugly does not express it. The playgrounds are equally pitiful. Many of them are strips of dirt that send up clouds of choking dust in the clear weather and sink into messy puddles when it rains.

Inside things are little better. The benches are the type used before the Civil War. Hard, stiff, uncomfortable things screwed down to the floor, lest some one in wrath at their unbending stiffness hurl them out of the place.

The walls are dusty and dirty, marked by the soiled hands of a generation. Paint has not touched them since they were built years ago.

Things are not so in the cities, you think. Have you inspected your own school building since you sent your children there? If you have, you will feel that really something ought to be done about something.

Children and teachers are crowded into ill-lighted, ill-ventilated rooms. There are classrooms in some of our proudest cities that are lighted with artificial lights on the sunniest days of the year.

There are schools set in neighborhoods that are

bedlams of noise. Factory noises, street cars grinding, motor trucks thundering, and screeching trains crashing by make study impossible.

There are schools where the toilets are unsanitary. There are schools where there are not adequate accommodations for washing one's hands. There is not enough sink space, there are no towels, no soap.

There are school buildings that fairly cry out for scrubbing brushes and soda and boiling water. And paint. And cement. And plaster. And the wrecking crew.

There are schools that are too cold in winter and too warm in summer. This need not be so.

Did you ever see a school with awnings? I wonder why not. Why cannot the hot afternoon sun be shut out of the schoolroom as well as out of the houses and apartments? The weary, perspiring children and teachers ask, "Why not?" The gain in work accomplished would soon pay for the awnings.

Why do people tolerate conditions in their schools that they would not tolerate in their homes?

Mothers on Club Committees, this is a message for you. Is your school worthy of its children? Do you know what condition your school building is in? Will you make it your business to know?

SCHOOL STANDARDS

To You Who Send Your Children to Private Schools:

You are a good American citizen. You have a secure place in business and society. You have "succeeded." You are respected in your neighborhood. You think seriously and solicitously about your children.

When they became of school age you and their mother began searching about for the best school for them. You wanted your children to have the very best education the country afforded. You wanted them to have the best teachers. The children must have fine associations. Their manners, their code, their tastes must be formed by the highest type of men and women and children.

The school for your child must be planted in a pleasant place. You wanted your school to sit among the trees with its feet in the grass. Its eyes must look out upon the wide serenity of the sky. The soul of your school must be pure, and sweet, and lofty.

Your school had to have a fine equipment. You demanded light, airy rooms, a wide gymnasium, studios for the arts, a library, shops where the children might use their ever-abounding energy in making the things they longed to make.

It had to have a playground big enough and clean enough for your children to play freely, play with

all their might. There had to be the swimming pool, and refreshing shower baths, so they might be comfortably clean after their hard play.

You were very particular about the protection against contagion. You made searching inquiries about the admission of children, their health inspection, their care.

You scanned the rolls of the school. The children who were to be the friends of your children must be of the right sort. You were going to be reasonably certain that they came from homes that had standards of good breeding and right living.

You searched for months for this school. You did not find it. It is too perfect for this stage of civilization. You had to take the next best thing that offered. You finally sent them there with a prayer that the God who watches over little children would guard them from evil and lead them toward good.

Now, I'm not saying a word against your trying to find a good school for your children. You would not be worthy of the children if you did not.

I only want to ask you this question: "Can you as a good citizen of these United States feel that you have done your whole duty to the country you love if you permit the public schools to fall below the standards of what you consider a good school for your children?"

It is written: "Without vision the people perish."

YOUR NEIGHBOR'S CHILD

I couldn't seem to get my friend the lawyer to take the warm interest in the school budget that I expected of him. I declaimed against any reductions.

It meant shortage of teachers. It meant shutting down the swimming pools and shops. It meant cheaper supplies and less of them. It meant lessening the service to the children. I grew heated about it.

My friend sat stolidly through my harangue. Not a word from him. "What's the matter with you?" I broke out. "Haven't you any interest in the schools? Don't you care?"

"Oh, yes," he drawled: "I'm interested. I pay taxes for them. But you see I send my children to a private school. Naturally I don't take the same interest in the public school that you do or that the people whose children go to them do."

"Don't be so sure that your interest in the public school is so limited," I retorted. "You have two children. They are going to live in this neighborhood for the best years of their lives. You can't have a group of wild children in your neighborhood without affecting your own.

"That flat of yours isn't a convent. You can't close your children from the world. Your daughter will probably marry the boy down the block and

your son will likely marry the girl that lives around the corner.

"The probabilities are, my friend, that your daughter-in-law and son-in-law are sitting in the benches of the public school."

"Don't talk such rot," he growled.

"You are a public school boy yourself," I growled back, "and your wife attended the Select Young Ladies' School. How about that?"

He went home. I hope he wasn't offended, but I intended to disturb him.

That boy next door and the girl concerns every father and mother and every taxpayer.

You cannot have a bad child close to good children without effect. The poorly taught child has to repeat his grade. The taxpayer pays for him twice. Why not pay for the work in the first place and get what was paid for?

The child that is badly taught anywhere concerns you. He arrives in your town and your school one day and you have to make good for the discrepancies of the other town as well as for our own.

Cheap education is dear at any price.

"THESE CHILDREN"

Every parent should measure the school in terms of his own children. The school is good or bad as it serves his particular child. It may be good for one and not for another.

Have you measured your school that way?

A woman who had lived in this country a short time entered the school in one of the most congested districts of a big city.

"I want to register my children here," she said. "I have come to this country to give them an education.

"They cannot speak a word of English, but they are good children and bright. Please do what you can for them. I want to have them well educated. I live only for these children."

This school, like many of its kind, was overcrowded. The teacher had more than fifty children to teach at a time. This meant that often the slow child got no chance to recite during a lesson.

The longest lesson period cannot last over forty minutes. Try to spread those forty minutes over fifty children learning to read and you will understand what happens in the crowded classes.

Then picture the lot of the foreign-speaking child. He knows not a word that is spoken by those about him. He cannot make himself understood. The teacher has little time for his troubles. Pretty tight place for a child, now, isn't it?

After the foreign woman's children had been in the school about a year she visited the principal.

"You have been very good. The children like school and they have made good progress when you consider everything. But it is not good enough; it is not rich enough; it is too slow.

"I want my children to be leaders. I want them to have initiative. I want them to have a chance to reach out. They cannot have this in such a crowded school.

"I have gone into business. So far I have made good. The money I make I am going to use to send my children to good schools. I am sending my oldest one to-day. Next year I shall start the younger one. It costs money, but that is what I am earning it for."

True to her word, she took the younger one out the next year.

"They are going to a good school. Just think of it. There are only five children in a group. What cannot the teachers do for them? Your teachers are good, but they get no chance with such large classes."

The best school for the people's children is the best school that the best parents demand for their children.

Does your school measure up? Why not?

THE I. Q.

Parents are asking, "What is the Intelligence Quotient? What does it mean? If it is high, am I to be elated? If it is low, am I to cast down?"

I would say that, in either case, better be calm. The Intelligence Test and the Intelligence Quotient is a new way of putting something that you have been familiar with since childhood.

It is the old examination in a new form. Children are rated and graded upon it as you were rated and graded under the old examination system. But we hope that this new way is going to be more accurate and more impersonal. We are not sure about it yet. We are feeling our way. So be calm.

If the Intelligence Quotient is low, better go and see the teacher and find out what she thinks ought to be done to raise it. If it is high, call on her and ask in what way the child excels and plan out a course of instruction and training that will develop him fully and sanely.

Whatever you do, don't look upon an I. Q. as fixing your child's position in relation to his life work or to his mates. Nothing is ever fixed that concerns a child. I. Q.'s are but indications, sign posts to guide wise teachers and parents. They settle nothing.

This is the way we get an Intelligence Quotient: We accept as a standard certain experiences as common to all children of a certain age, just as you do when you say, "Any intelligent boy of seven knows

that snow will chill him and that heat will warm him."

The child is tested on such graded experiences and is allowed to go through the series until he can go no further. Say he is seven years old and that he travels through the tests until he completes the nine-year-old's standard. Then he indicates that he can do no more.

We say his Mental Age is nine and that his Chronological Age is seven. To find the Intelligence Quotient upon which we grade him, we express the relation of his Mental Age to his Chronological Age as 9:7, which results in the Intelligence Quotient of 1.29. In writing it and talking about it we say 129, omitting the decimal point.

If the child went through the test completing his own year, seven, of course he had an I. Q. of 100, or Normal.

If he completed the five-year standard and could go no further he had an I. Q. of 71, which means that he did 71 per cent of the standard work for his Chronological Age.

Don't worry because your children are being tested and graded. Welcome such a test. It is a fairly accurate measurement of the children's condition. It will point the way for intelligent instruction and guidance.

But remember to consult the teacher. The teacher's judgment is to be given consideration equal to that of any test. She lives with the child and she knows his purpose and his will power. No test has been devised to measure these. But the teacher knows.

AHEAD OF HIS CLASS

"I don't want to go to school any more," announced Herbert, thumping his books on the table.

"Why, Herbert, what's the trouble? You, of all children, saying you don't want to go to school! What ails you?"

"It's too poky. It's too stupid. I won't go any more. Send me to some other place."

"What's happened?"

"Nothing. Nothing ever happens. It's the same thing over and over until I get so sick of it I can't stand it. I've been all through my history book and I know every word of it, and I have to keep going over it for the whole term. I've got to wait until Fritz Freeder knows it before I can go ahead, and he'll never know it.

"To-day the teacher heard the class say the Peninsula Campaign and nobody knows it except a few. She said, 'Take out your books and study it. I won't let you go a step further until you know it, every one of you.'

"I know it by heart, and I turned over to the Declaration of Independence and was studying that, because Dad said he'd give me a dollar when I could say it. She came down the aisle and took my book away and made me write the Peninsula Campaign from memory, just to keep with the class. Why can't I do something else when I know the stuff the class is doing? Why do I have to wait for

Fritzie? He won't ever know it if she keeps him at it for a thousand years. Why can't I go on?"

"Why can't he?" asked his mother of the teacher the next day.

"Because I have a big class and they are not all learning at the same rate of speed. I cannot teach individual children."

"Is there no provision made for the quicker children?"

"No, they are all taught together."

This is the reason for the Educational Tests that you hear about nowadays. They sort children into groups that can come nearer to working evenly. No child should be kept going over and over the same ground. It dulls his mind and stops his growth.

By all means have the children tested and graded. It is economical for both children and teacher. Have no fear of such a test. It shows what your child is doing to-day and the rate he is doing it. Grade him accordingly. Give him a chance to grow at his own rate.

The danger lies in taking such a test as a finality. It is nothing of the sort. It simply says that at this day at this time your child was such a child, and it does not say that at another day at another time he will not be a different child.

Children should be tested and regrouped frequently, and no parent should feel unduly elated because his child was graded as fast and high, nor should another be cast down because his has been rated as slow and low. Diagnosis is not an end. Such tests are but a diagnosis.

LESSONS

"Dear Teacher:

"Kitty tells me that you took the class to the park to-day to see the squirrels. That was a terrible waste of good time. I don't know what is getting into you people. Last week one of you took a class to the docks and spent the whole afternoon there. Now, my oldest son tells me he is going to see the play about Julius Cæsar next week.

"Will you please remember that I send my children to be taught. They can waste time as good as the next without any help from the school. I'll thank you to keep the children at their lessons and I'll attend to their gallivanting."

Such, with a few adjustments in spelling and punctuation, was the letter Miss Jennie received the day after she had taken her class of fifty squirmers to the park to see the animals that the Course of Study suggested for their attention.

It is a time-worn point of view held by many parents. Keep the children at their books. What has the school to do with life outside its walls? Let it stay indoors and mind its own business—books.

It has done so too long and too well. It is time to go out into the park and look at the squirrels. High time that the boys and the girls of the city looked at the docks. Long past the time when they should have been taken to see Julius Cæsar played by the masters.

Words without experiences are useless to children. Books cannot educate. They are but the dry bones of the people who wrote them and, writing, passed on. To breathe into them the life that will touch and set fire to the soul of the child, the book experiences must be carried out into the world of living people. Only the living can impart life. Push the school out into the world and pull the world into the school.

Make the job practical. Try it out on the neighbors. The little chap who took his homework to the grocer was on the right track, although his motive might be open to doubt.

He had to make out a long bill for groceries and hand it in the next day. There were fractions of pounds and fractions of cents in that bill. He went to the clerk and read off his list item by item. The pile on the counter grew and the order seemed peculiar to the clerk, who had served the family many years.

"Are you sure that your mother wants that much salt?"

"It's on the slip," said the searcher after knowledge.

When the list was exhausted and the bill carefully itemized and totaled, the clerk said: "Twenty-seven dollars and sixty-three cents. Does your mother want us to charge it or are you to pay for it?"

"Nope. She don't want it. That's my homework for to-morrow," said he sidling towards the door.

At least he had carried his problem to the proper place, the shop. Lots of our teaching should be done in the shop, where the job is.

HANDS

"I do wish you school people wouldn't use greasy machinery and messy bottles and gummy wires and the rest of the grimy things. What's the idea? What good is it? It may be perfectly all right to give that sort of thing to boys who will earn their living with their hands, but my son is going into a profession. He won't need that work at all. And it might give him a distaste for his books."

It would be a fine thing if parents were to straighten out in their minds exactly what education means and how a child is educated. It would help wonderfully even to get this one point clear, the point about using one's hands.

Education does not lie in textbooks. A great part of it is to be found outside of them and can never be bound inside their covers. The great educational forces are people and experiences and the relations between them, and the best way for a child to master these forces is through his hands. Hands have lifted men from the foot-beaten trail to the high-powered motor road. Hands have given us all we have. Hands have made us secure of what little we know of this world.

The engineer can plan a wonderful machine in his mind, but the first step towards realization is to put the plan on paper. The idea must enter on the first stage of material existence through his hands. Then

skilled workers take the plan and create the structure with their hands.

There is a very close association between hands and minds. Study the hands of the people about you and you will see that the hands of the highly trained, keenly intelligent workers have the trained, intelligent look. Hands are alive with the minds behind them.

The engineer, the surgeon, the dentist, the artist, all have sensitive intelligent hands. You feel instinctively that these hands are strong and sure. They never fumble nor grope nor lie helpless. They are trained hands.

The more highly trained and skillful the hand, the more intelligent, powerful and successful is the mind behind it. That is one reason why the country boy is so often remarkably successful when he goes to the city to market himself. His hands are alive and his mind is alert because the one trained the other as he used them in the countless chores of the farm.

It is a mistake to grumble because your child gets an opportunity to work with his hands. Guard every chance jealously. Hands are the gateway toward a complete and rich education.

The reason the day laborer remained a laborer all his life was not because he got too much hand training, but because he did not get enough.

WHY SKIP HIM?

"I've come in to ask you to do something for my son. He lost a term because he was sick, and now I'd like him to make it up. He's a very bright child, and I'd help him outside of school if you would skip him."

"You say he is behind his grade? He lost a term?"

"Yes. He could not come. He was sick."

"And we have not tried to make up his time? We haven't given him a special program or extra lessons?"

"No. He hasn't any special program and no home lessons at all."

"That's strange. I wonder how we came to overlook him. What class is he in? How old is he?

"He's in the second class. He's seven."

By that time I had the child's record card. "Why he has not been left back. He was promoted on time and he is now in the next class. His record shows that he is a good scholar, doing the work of his grade, but no more."

"Yes, but you see, if I had entered him in the first class when he was six I could have saved the six months and now he would be a grade higher."

"What's the hurry?"

"I want him to get along fast. I want him to get into the 'Rapid Advance Classes' with all the bright children."

Often this situation arises in our schools. Many parents think that a quick mastery of the information side of the Course of Study means intellectual brilliance. Occasionally it does; more often it doesn't.

There is little use in teaching a child something that he masters with difficulty at seven that he could learn with ease and pleasure when he is nine. Very young children are hungry for knowledge of all sorts. Feed it to them, by all means, as long as they can take it with enjoyment and ask for more. But why push them into groups beyond them in power and experience?

This is the time to furnish the child with the tools of learning. He should read and read and read, and tell stories and listen to them.

This is the time to lay the foundations for a broad culture. Teach him the beauty of what lies in the life about him. Surround him with color and form and music that sink into his eager consciousness, and form tastes that make all the difference in life to him.

Give the child in the first four years of school a broad basis of culture and thorough mastery of the three R's. If there is any skipping to be done, adolescence is the place to do it. It can be done healthily if the primary work is not skimped. But that is exactly where the skipping and the skimping is done, to the detriment of the children and the confusion of the high school.

HOMEWORK

How much homework should a child have?

None. Some. A good deal.

The child under ten does not need book homework.

He begins to think of school along about seven thirty when his mother pulls him out of bed. It stays on his mind until four o'clock, when he gets home again and asks for an apple.

Give him the apple and hand him his skates or his bat. Turn him loose until dinner time. Shortly afterward drive him to bath and to bed. His day is complete.

Over ten he begins to do a few home lessons. They should be easy and take no longer than half an hour.

Home lessons should gradually increase from there on until they reach their limit of two hours in high school. The child is not so play-hungry then and the work instinct is strong.

Every parent has his own idea about these home lessons. Some parents cannot get enough of them. A few parents want none at all. Many complain that the work is burdensome.

Homework, like everything else in this world, is good until it is overdone. Then it is bad. Or underdone, and then it is worse.

Homework is a phase, although a minor one, of education.

The parent who demands a great quantity of it in

order to keep the children quiet is misusing it. Homework is useless unless it is carefully planned and corrected. The teacher can only correct a limited amount of it.

The parent who demands increased homework so that his child may make an extra grade and excel his neighbor's child is misusing both his child and the school.

The parent who asks for homework so as to get a line on the teacher's plan of work and check up his child's accomplishment is making a wise use of it.

The parent who asks for homework for the child who is failing in a subject or who has lost ground through absence is making a wise and intelligent use of it.

It all depends upon what idea lies behind the homework. Homework should be used to connect the home with the school. It should tie up the loose ends of the child's knowledge. It should give the child the feeling of a finished, well rounded day.

THE TEACHER KNOWS

It was a clear blue morning in November. Hoar frost trimmed the the fallen brown leaves and edged the fence rails and lay like a fairy robe over the brown heads of the roadside weeds. One tolerant lazy smile from the stay-a-bed sun, and the silvery magic was gone.

The Second Reader class trooped into their big sunny room. The janitor had "made a little heat to take the morning chill off." The room was comfortably warm, and the children peeled off their sweaters and caps and hung them in their places.

All but chubby, little Minnie. She walked to her seat wearing her rose-colored sweater. Her mother had knitted it for her, and she was very proud of it. Perhaps mother was, too, for when Miss Lavinia said, "Minnie, you forgot to take off your sweater," Minnie said, with an air of superior virtue, "Oh, no. Mother wants me to wear it!"

"Not in the classroom, I'm sure. You wear it on the way to school and home again, and in the yards, but not in the warm schoolroom."

"Yes. My mother said it was cool to-day, and I'd better wear my sweater all day. I told her you didn't let us wear them, and she said to tell you."

Miss Lavinia was very careful to respect the authority of the mothers, so she said no more, but gave Minnie a note at noon time. The reply came promptly. "Yes, I want Minnie to wear her sweater

in the classroom. I'm afraid she will take cold. She is subject to them. She is so delicate that I have to take extra precautions."

So Minnie wore her sweater and when the class went to the yards to play she had no extra wrap. The Second Year class played earnestly. When they answered the bell at the end of recess they were thoroughly warmed up. Minnie was very warm. She went home for lunch. All the afternoon she wore her sweater. She joined in the games of the afternoon recess as heartily as she had in the morning.

The second day was like the first and Minnie still wore her sweater. Miss Lavinia talked about wearing clothes for indoors and clothes for outdoors. Talked about the danger of being very warm and going into the open air without extra wraps. The Second Year class listened gravely and with an air of conscious virtue. "They took off their sweaters. Let those that didn't take heed."

Minnie was well aware of the situation. She knew perfectly well that there was a difference of opinion between the teacher and her mother and enjoyed it. Backed by one's mother one may dare much in the Second Reader, and Minnie played harder and hugged her sweater tighter.

The third day Minnie showed unmistakable signs of distress. Her eyes were closing and her nose had almost disappeared in a crease between two puffy cheeks. She laid her head down on the desk and gave away to tears. Miss Lavinia sent her home.

Better let the teacher have charge of the child while he is in the classroom. She is there and you are not. She knows what ought to be done and it is better that you let her do it.

THE GIFTED CHILD

Genius touches humanity but seldom. It is so precious that the school must be on the lookout for it. Genius is shy, and must be searched out, coaxed to show itself. To let it die of neglect is to court tragedy.

It is to the gifted ones that the nation must look for leadership in its higher life. Its art, its industry, its science depend upon the gifted ones. The loss of one is irreparable. The gain of one is immeasurable. Who can measure the immortals?

There came to a big school of the city a boy who could speak no word of English. His progress was very, very slow. His teacher appealed to the principal.

"This lad is never going to speak our language fluently. He is close to the age when he will leave the school. If we are to do him any real service we must do it now. So far we have done nothing. He can speak a few words when I call on him. Left to himself, he talks his own language, thinks his own language. I cannot reach him."

The principal went to see the boy as he worked in the classroom. He was sitting there; that was about all. He smiled pleasantly at the teacher when she spoke to him, said his few words, and relapsed into his gentle presence. That was all the classroom had of him—his gentle presence.

The principal talked to him in his own language

and learned that the boy loved clay. He longed to make things in the modeling room.

Once in the modeling room, he became alive, alert, eager. He seized a bit of clay and set to work feverishly. He made animals, birds, flowers, figures of the saints.

One morning he asked for "much clay." He would make a large piece. He would make Samson and the Lion. And he did. All term he worked on his group. The school could not open early enough for him. It always closed before he was through.

The instructor called the attention of one of the artists in the city to the boy, and he secured a scholarship for him in one of the great art schools. Now he is well on his way toward a career. America will be the richer for him.

Is your school equipped with teachers and shops to give the gifted child an opportunity? Is there a place to grow the leader in science, industry, and art in your school? Why not?

THE POOR STUDENT

"Another 'C.' Goodness! What's the use of sending a boy to school unless the teacher teaches him something? What's the use of her sending me a report card marked all over with red-inked deficiencies? I can't go to school and teach him. Why don't they do something with him?

"They" cannot do any more with him than you can. Not as much, probably. You cannot learn the boy's lessons for him, do his growing for him, any more than you can eat his food and have it nourish his body for him.

Neither can the teacher. Straighten out in your mind just what the teacher can do for your son and perhaps you will get along better. At least you will know what to do to help her.

All the teacher can do is to present the lesson to him. This she will do with all the skill at her command. She will try to interest the boy in his lesson. She will tell him how to set about getting the information he needs to have and tell him how to use it when he gets it.

She will help him measure his success when he has finished. She will praise him for the effort he has put into it and encourage his faith in himself. She will pass over his failures as lightly as possible and still not let him think them successes. That is about all she can do for him.

What can you do for him? You can see that he has good nourishing food and comfortable clothing.

You can see that he sleeps and eats and works regularly. You can send him to school with the idea that his teacher is his friend and is anxious to help him. You can praise him for his successes and grieve over his failures.

The biggest thing you can do for him is to teach him that neither you nor the teacher nor any one else in the world is responsible for his success or his failures. Teach him that the blame for a failure must lie on his own head. Teach him responsibility for his own actions.

The teacher may present the cup of water, but he can drink or not as he wills. The wise old man of our village used to say, "Hard work isn't easy." But hard work is the only thing that will get a boy through school or to anything else worth while.

Unless he learns this, unless he knows that his grumblings, his complaints about the difficulty of the lessons, the indifference of his teachers, the injustice of the marking system, are just so much clutter in the way of his own progress, he will not succeed.

Teach him to look at himself, to judge himself before any one else gets the chance to do it for him. Teach him to shoulder responsibility for himself. It is a bad sign when a boy does not know he is failing until the report card reaches home and informs him of it.

THE STORY TELLER

A tearful mother appealed to the principal.

"I don't know what to do. My son, who has never done such a thing before, has told me the most awful story. His teacher sent for me, and I'm ashamed to meet her."

"Why did the boy tell you a story? What did he tell you?"

"I'm sure I don't know why. He told me that he had been skipped. That the teacher had promoted him. He has been in the class less than a month.

"I was delighted to hear it, and so was his father. He told all our relatives and friends. Now to-day comes this letter from the teacher. She says that his work and conduct are very unsatisfactory. He has not been promoted at all. He is even in danger of being put back. Now, what do you thing of that?"

"I'm wondering why he did it."

"So am I wondering. I could hardly believe my eyes. And think of it! I have to tell his father and all his relations."

"Why tell his relations at all?"

"You see, my sister has a son just the same age. He is a very bright boy. He often makes two grades in a term, so he is away ahead of my son in school.

"Often I say to my son, 'Why don't you try? Why don't you try to skip like your cousin? Is he the only smart one in the family?' My sister and I often talk over the children, so they always know

when he is promoted or left back. Of course I told them when he said he had skipped. Now I must tell them it isn't true."

"And that is where the trouble came from," said the principal. "Your son wanted you to have something fine to tell next time. He was so anxious to have you feel proud of him, to make you think that he was just as good as his cousin, that first he wished it were true, then he imagined it was, and at last he told it as though it were true.

"You see he hasn't much judgment yet. He is a slow-growing boy and you want him to be quick. He wanted you to be pleased with him, and when he couldn't do what you wanted he told you the pleasant story.

"The worry of the wrong story has almost cost him his grade. Try to make him feel that you are satisfied to have him do the best he can, and never mind the quick-growing child. Yours will probably catch up and go ahead as fast as you wish later. But try to make your boy feel that you appreciate him. That is what he needs now."

ASTONISHING

"The third girl in the second row," whispered the nurse to the teacher. "See, she keeps her mouth open and lurches forward. She ought to go up to the doctor's office and be examined for adenoids."

"She's a nice little thing, but not at all bright," said the teacher. "I'll send her up."

The doctor gave the child a slip to take to her mother. Her mother read it. "Adenoids and hypertrophied tonsils. Ought to be taken out as soon as possible."

"Hm-m. Well, I'm not going to have anything done to you. Just tell the teacher and the nurse and any one else that asks you. They ought to mind their own business. You'll have no operation." And she squeezed the note into a ball and tossed it into a basket.

So Peggie went on to school and had "nothing done to her." A heavy rainstorm set in and she caught cold. It lasted for days and days. Her eyes were sore and her throat was sore. She breathed hard and coughed steadily. Of course, she was absent from school.

She returned after a time and tried to catch up with her class, but she felt tired and weak and the lessons were so hard. The teacher sent a note home.

"Peggie is falling behind the class. She needs extra help for the work she lost if she is to go ahead with her class. Her promotion is doubtful."

A teacher was called in and Peggie tried to catch up. She gained a little. Then another storm with a sharp, cold wind laid her up with tonsillitis.

"It's too bad you didn't have the child's tonsils removed," said the doctor. "She'll have this trouble right along. Her tonsils are diseased and will make trouble until they are taken out. I'll do what I can to fix her up now, but you must have this attended to as soon as possible."

Again Peggie recovered and again she returned to school. But she had fallen hopelessly behind in her work.

"I regret to inform you that Peggie has failed and must repeat the grade," read the report that arrived at the end of the term.

"Now what do you think of that?" asked the mother in disgust. "That's just spite. Just because I wouldn't have that child operated upon they wouldn't promote her. I'll have her transferred to another school. That's all the good it will do them."

Now, what do you think of that? Astonishing. And yet it happens in every school right along with pathetic regularity.

PRIZES

"I'm going to give you each three seeds to take home and plant in a flower pot," said the teacher. "The first week in June you may bring in your plants and the best one gets the first prize, the next best the second. There will be five prizes. See who gets them."

Victor carried his seeds home and looked about for a flower pot. Such things were scarce in the basement room he lived in, so he went to a dump near by and picked out a scarred saucepan. He filled this with soil and planted his seeds.

"I'm going to get a prize, mom."

"A prize? Who gives to my son a prize?"

"A man that likes us to plant seeds for flowers to come. I'm going to get the first one."

"Be not sure of that, my son. Prizes do not often come to those who want them."

But Victor had made the prize his own and talked of nothing else. The day his seeds broke through the soil he told the teacher the prize was won.

"I'm afraid you do not understand, Victor. The plants must grow and flowers must come before anybody can have a prize."

"Yes, I know. Mine is the prize."

"Dear me," sighed the troubled teacher. "What will happen if he shouldn't get it? I'd better see what the plants look like." So she went to the base-

ment room and Victor brought out his treasure. The teacher almost groaned.

"See how long and nice they are," said he, displaying the poor, starved, scraggly yellow vines. "Marcus says his are only so big," said he, showing what to his mind was a contemptible height for nasturtiums.

. . . . . .

"When you give out the prizes to-day," said the teacher to the flower man who had supplied the seeds, "give this one to Victor for his plant and say it is for the greatest success under the worst conditions." So Victor got his prize and the teacher's mind was eased.

"You see," she said afterward, "children do not really understand the psychology of prizes. I don't myself. They can never be just, because one can never know the real conditions. The children know more about that part of it than we do, so the general result is a mess."

"And I thought I was helping," said the flower man ruefully.

"But you couldn't help with a prize, you see, because you didn't know about Victor," said the teacher.

A MISUNDERSTANDING

"Will you please come to the school as soon as it is convenient? I would like to talk to you about your son, Charles. His work is poor and his conduct is rapidly becoming impossible," wrote the teacher.

Charles carried the note in his pocket until it was a dingy, gray rag. The teacher had grown so insistent that he knew the next day would bring decisive action. So he placed the note at his mother's plate as he went off to school in the morning.

His mother was greatly disturbed. She was the president of the Mothers' Club. She felt that if any child in the school had had the proper care, the correct methods of training, the most modern treatment of child problems, it was her son.

Now she was summoned to school for all the world as though she had been the most neglectful of mothers. It was stupid. The teacher simply did not understand an intelligent child brought up in the modern manner.

She told the principal that. He looked doubtful. "Your son's teacher is one of the best teachers we have," he said. "I think it would be well for you to interview her and try to find out what is the trouble."

"I know what the trouble is. The teacher does not understand boys. She is not a mother. She

has never been a boy. Both these experiences being foreign to her, she cannot understand."

"Then the best thing to do," said the principal, "is to place him with the teacher who has had one experience you speak of. I'll send him to the other class. That teacher has two sons. Perhaps she will meet the situation."

The new teacher stood Charles for a week. Then she went to the principal. "Charles is impossible. He does no work and allows no one else to work. I cannot get the class anywhere with him in the room."

His mother was sent for again. This time Charles's conduct was explained to her with a merciless wealth of incident and detail.

"And the last thing he did," said the principal in closing, "was to dip the end of Marcella's braid into the inkwell. The inky hair ruined her dress. When the teacher took him to task for that he said: 'My mother says you do not understand boys.' I shall have to ask you either to withdraw him or discipline him."

Mother went home, "stepping high." When Charles arrived she was feeling no calmer.

"How dare you disgrace us so? How dare you do such things, young man?"

"O mother, you don't understand boys."

SILENCE

I love silence. It may be that spending many years of my life amid the hurly burly of this noisy city has made me long for it.

The silence of the church is soothing and spiritually restful. One prays in the silence.

The silence of the churchyard, where the sleepers lie in that last great silence, is calm and sweet. It is the silence of repose. It is the atmosphere of the soul at peace. "Peace. My peace I give unto you."

But the silence of the schoolroom? That silence often makes me uneasy. Are those silent, immovable little souls in the silence of life or death? All happy growing things make some sort of noise. Children always make a noise if they are free.

Oh, yes they do. The little girl while she sews her doll's dress swings her legs and hums softly, or chatters to the silent doll.

Where two or three children are gathered, silence is not in the midst of them. Are you sure that the attitude of silence and immovability of the children in the classroom means active growth?

Are you sure that the child sitting "tall" on his little bench with his reader held just so in his carefully posed hands is actually reading? Or thinking about reading? Think back to the time when you sat so silently and held your book so carefully. What were you thinking about and what were you actually doing? So was I.

To really give the children a chance to grow actively in the classroom the classes will have to be made smaller. The furniture will have to be made for the socialized recitation and socialized study. Then the note of silence will change.

There is the silence of death and the silence of life. Out in the forest there is a silence that one feels and hears. Things are growing, living, fulfilling the law of their being. One feels and hears the hum of life in the teeming silence; feels the work and the workers and loves the silence. It is of God.

I would have it so in the classroom.

SKIMPING THE SCHOOL

The School Board were short of funds. There was no money to buy paint to freshen up the dirty, dingy walls of the schoolroom. The teacher got up an entertainment to raise the money to buy the paint. The fund was not large enough to buy the paint and pay the painter as well, so the teacher bought the paint and painted the room herself. The School Board commended the teacher.

So ran the account in a recent newspaper issue. "And the School Board commended the teacher." Much thanks is due that School Board. They were doing their duty hard. They stood manfully by the teacher and the children of their village.

They could get no money to buy paint for the school. The teacher took over the job. In her free time, when she should have been resting, she planned the entertainment. She taught the children the songs and "pieces" in addition to her day's work.

She wrote out the tickets herself. I can see her sitting, patiently doing them in her best hand. The "Board" might criticize them if they were not perfect specimens of penmanship.

She gave the tickets to the children to sell. They carried the money to her and she kept painful account of it. Daily she rehearsed the program after she had completed the regular work.

The day of the entertainment arrived. The program must be given in the evening so the men might

be able to attend. The room must be made ready. After the close of school the teacher and the children swept and dusted it.

They hung a flag over George Washington's picture. They put paper frills on the flower pots. Some one ran out and borrowed an extra flag to hide the bad spot on the side wall.

Chairs were placed on the platform for the Board. The lamps were cleaned and filled. The arrangements seemed complete. The teacher sent the children home to get ready. She had just about time to have a bath and a change of clothes before going back to school. She wanted nothing to eat. Her head ached and her hands were icy cold. Suppose something went wrong? Suppose the Board were not pleased?

She hurried to the little building, opened the windows, and lit the lamps. There must be no smell of kerosene when the visitors arrived. They came smiling and receptive. The teacher shook hands with each one and thanked them for coming.

It was a great success. There was just enough money to buy the paint. The teacher was very happy. And the School Board commended her.

THE TEACHER HE LIKED

Bob came home from school at the end of the first week with an air of depression unusual to his cheerful self. He placed his books carefully on the shelf, hung up his cap, changed his school clothes, washed his hands and face without being told.

His mother was troubled about him, but said nothing. She made a pan of his favorite biscuits, thinking they might lift his drooping spirits. But the biscuits failed, although he ate them heartily enough.

After dinner he seated himself in the corner with his Scout book. Father and mother exchanged puzzled glances. Friday night was free night and he should have been clamoring for permission to go to Pete's or have Pete come over.

"How's school?" asked father, opening his paper, casually as possible.

"Pretty good."

"Like your new teacher?"

"Rather have the old one."

"Why, I thought you said she was too fussy about your hair and your nails and your shoes and your clothes generally. I remember you storming because she made you come home for your tie."

"Yea. But she made everybody come to school clean. There weren't any fellows so piggy in class that you couldn't sit beside them."

"Oh!"

"And she made us behave, too. She wouldn't stand for anybody's breaking into a lesson. Anyway, nobody ever tried it."

"But you complained because she was so strict. I remember distinctly you grumbled because she 'called' you in study hour."

"Yea. I know. But she made everybody keep still so as you could get some work done and not have so much homework to do. And she kept still herself, too. I have a headache just on account of that teacher talking. Her voice is so loud it makes your ears tired. Maybe it's all right, but I don't like it."

"And I remember you said that the old teacher gave you hard lessons. You said they were harder than any other class got."

"Yea. But she knew all the lessons herself and could answer all the questions we asked."

"Can't this teacher?"

"I don't know. I never asked any. Nobody asks her any. Don't get a chance."

"You don't seem to like the teacher. What is the matter? If you don't like her you won't get on, you know."

"Aw. I don't know. It's different, that's all I know. Wish we had the old teacher."

The "old teacher" had cost more and the board had let her go and hired another one. And you can see she was "different."

PAY THE TEACHER

Why is it that people pay everybody but the school teacher? Why is it hard to persuade folks that a teacher earns his pay?

It may be a bit difficult for the doctor to extract his fees from some of his patients, but he makes up for any defections by a sliding scale of charges. Somebody has to pay him.

The lawyer gets his fees in advance. He sternly collects from his clients. He makes his charges fit living conditions and gets all the tariff will bear.

The butcher and the grocer calmly mark up their prices. They know we have to pay what they ask. The laborer calls upon his union and gets what he demands.

The gas company boosts its rates and the electric company gleefully follows its brilliant example. The landlord, like Abou Ben Adhem, leads all the rest.

But the teacher who teaches the children of the butcher and baker and grocer and lawyer and doctor and landlord finds at the end of the month that she owes her employers money. They have not allowed her sufficient money to pay their own claims against her for the privilege of daily living. Imagine that happening to any other worker! It simply couldn't.

Why is it?

Chiefly because the teacher is the most selfless of workers. The teacher becomes absorbed in the task of training America's children. She has no room

for thought of any other sort. The day's work consumes her stock of energy. She has no time to go to organization meetings, no strength left to debate the question of her living wage with the politician and taxpayers' representatives, whose mission in life it is to keep down the tax rate without hurting any of their contributors. It is easier to save money on the school budget than anywhere else. The children do not know enough about what is happening to them to complain. The teacher is too busy, too tired, too afraid to make her voice heard. She waits until she can get a better-paying position and then moves on.

Parents do not really understand what is happening to their children when the school budget is reduced and the teacher underpaid.

Whose job is it to see that the schools and the teachers and the children get what is due to them?

Yours!

OLD STYLE AND NEW

"He disobeyed me," said the teacher. "He disobeyed me and then when I corrected him for it, he talked back to me."

"I'm sorry he disobeyed you, but what can I do?"

"What can you do? Why, if you teach him to obey you at home he will have the habit of obedience and I will not have this trouble with him."

"But I tell him and tell him. The next time he does just the same. I tell him he must do what you say. He goes to school. I cannot see what he is doing. I cannot go with him. You must make him do what you say."

The teacher said the same things again. So did the mother. The situation was rapidly becoming strained. The atmosphere was full of "musts" and "obeys", when the drawing master came into the room. He was rattling the keys in his pocket and smiling at something that seemed to please him.

The dialogue became brisk. The mother would but could not. The teacher could not because the mother would not. The drawing master chuckled out loud. The mother turned to him with relief at the suggestion of a rift in the gloom.

"You are wrong, ladies. You are awfully old-fashioned. The word obey has been dropped from the service. It is not 'obey'. It is 'cherish'. Cherish. That's the word.

"Come, now, and I'll give you a lecture for nothing at all. Training children is like making a pic-

ture. My profession and yours are very much alike. All roads lead to teaching if they lead anywhere.

"Now if my brush and color do not bring out what I want, I don't say 'must' to the brush and the color. No, no. I cherish that brush and that color. I talk kindly to them. Are they not the children of my hand? Are they not doing what my mind directs?

"I make a daub. My mistake. I lift off the color tenderly lest I injure the canvas. I search the light. Is it good? Does it fall right? Have I the perspective? Have I the idea or do I merely wish I had it? Am I honest about the thing I want to lay upon that canvas? Am I limning truth, or am I pleasing my lazy soul?

"Is the product bad? I made it. I alone. The workmanship is poor? Mine was the hand that traced it. Shall I fall upon the material I work with? Condemn it? Stamp upon it?

"No, no. I shall cherish it. I shall dream again and more truly. I shall work again and more deftly. I shall cherish, cherish, cherish the work of my hands until I am the master and it is my own.

"Cherish is the word. I like it."

GRADUATION DAY

Throughout the country this month the boys and girls are leaving the elementary schools. They are graduating. Have you thought what it means?

To the boys and girls it means a release, mainly. They see themselves freed from the school routine. For a while this will be a joyous relief. Then what?

They must go to work. They must go to work, and scarcely one out of a thousand is prepared for work. Why should they go to work? Why should they not go to the high schools and be definitely trained for the work they can do best?

The child who graduates from the elementary school to-day is scarcely more than a baby. The complicated social structure is beyond his conception. He enters it blindly and gropes his way somehow to somewhere.

The tradition of graduation day in the elementary schools has become harmful. Parents and children believe that it is a breaking off place in their education.

The ceremonies, the ritual of graduation, have done this. When life in America was simple, when industry was not the gigantic force that it is to-day, when the elementary school was the only school possible for the average child in the country, this tradition was established.

It is time to change the tradition. Graduation from the elementary grades should be only the first

step on the road to education. Parents and children should be trained in the knowledge that without secondary education, without technical training, the child is not fitted for the struggle ahead and is going to be worsted early in the race.

The day when the boy could start at the bottom of the ladder, in his employer's office, and rise step by step to a partnership, has departed with the years. To-day he must have a definite, thorough training for his job. If he hasn't it there are a dozen youngsters who have. He will be smothered in the mass competition.

Graduation exercises with the pretty girls in white gowns, carrying their bouquets of bright blossoms, boys in immaculate blue serge with carnations in their buttonholes, are all very well. But the little roll of paper tied with the bow of ribbon must be looked upon as an entrance certificate and not the exit signal.

PART III

BUILDING THE CHILD'S CHARACTER

THREE WISHES

If you could have three wishes for your child granted you, what would they be?

Good health.

Fine character.

Money enough to pay his way.

These are not unreasonable wishes. But what are you doing to make these wishes come true?

Health. When you took your seven-year-old child to the movies and kept him out of bed until 11 o'clock and sent him to bed with his head filled with battle, murder, and sudden death with the promise of worse to come, you spoiled his night's rest. You shocked his nervous system. That took several points from his health score.

When you allowed him to eat candy until he could eat no supper when it was served, you lowered it several points more. When he neglected to wash the sugar from his teeth before going to bed he started the decay that will lower his health score still further. No one knows what decayed teeth will cost him in money and energy.

You have to be alert to make your health wish come true.

Fine character. When you told your friend over the telephone that you could not keep your engagement because you were not feeling well and then proceeded to play cards all evening, the youngster

knew that you had not told the truth. His character score went down then. He follows you.

When you did his examples for him and allowed him to give the work to the teacher as his own his character score lost again.

When you heard him promise his chum he would be over after tea to help clean the wheel and then allowed him to accept an invitation for a motor ride without excusing himself to his chum or asking his wishes in the matter you allowed him to lower his character score again. You should have insisted upon his going over to his chum and asking to be excused, or else keep his engagement.

Wishing alone won't make things come true. You have to work for them. It is not always pleasant to train a child in the way he should go.

Money. When you give him money he should be able to tell what he did with it. The time you handed him a dollar and never inquired what became of it you did him an injury.

He should be placed on an allowance and trained to live on it. In that way he will learn the value of money. The best way to teach him its true value is to let him earn it.

Nothing is worse for a growing boy than to be endowed. Money that is given him without effort on his part has no value. Its only value lies in the struggle to get it, the price we pay in terms of body and soul.

The child is entitled to this training if you want this wish to come true. Translate wishing into willing and the thing is done.

A GOOD CHILD?

Do you want your child to be a "good child"?

Be one yourself. Be assured that is the only way you will ever be able to teach him your idea. Live as you would have your child live.

You would have your child healthy?

Keep yourself fit. Do for yourself the grooming and exercising and dieting you would have your child do. It will do you little good to tell a child that he needs exercise, that he should not eat between meals, that he should not eat unless he is hungry, and then seat yourself in a rocker and read and devour a pound of chocolates.

You would have your child good mannered? Polish your manners until they are distinguished.

When you speak to those about you, speak in tones of courtesy and gentleness. When you feel obliged to refuse a request, do so with the grace of one bestowing a gift. Little will your mandates about manners do for your child when you speak to him in shrill, impatient tones, stamping your feet and beating your breast because he has not understood you or because he has followed your example and done the wrong thing. Gentleness is the essence of good breeding.

You would have your child a child of good taste and culture? Train your own tastes and discipline your own appetites.

When you have your choice between a "screaming farce" and a Barrie phantasy and you choose

the farce and, returning to the home circle, tell the children all about it; when your table is piled high with best sellers, and the masters of literature are strangers in your home; when you know Pickford better than you know Marlowe, you have settled the matter of taste and culture in your family.

You would have your child one of fine character? Show him one.

Show him one that you have spent a lifetime in making. Show him a character that you have forged in the fires of temptation and self-denial; one that has been tempered by the tears and pain of service and sacrifice; one that has been finished through hours of patient, grinding effort; one that is buttressed by a purpose and will and faith that will support it to the end.

Face it soon or late, the only way to have a "good child" is to be one. And when you go apart and think quietly the details of the ideal you have in mind for your child, the physical and mental and spiritual labor involved in its creation, you will be far more patient of his stumbling efforts and more tolerant of his failures. You will step softly before him and be most gentle in your criticism.

The guide knows the trail.

THE HARD ROAD

Perhaps it is all due to the Pilgrim Fathers. Some people think it is. They had so many virtuous vices that this one may be their legacy. Anyway, we have it present with us wherever children are.

Planted deep in the conscience of every one who has to do with children seems to be the idea that unless the thing is hard for the child to do it is not the proper task for him.

"The child must be trained to do his duty, and duty is always hard. Duty is hard. Duty is painful. Duty always entails self-sacrifice. Unless the work is unpleasant and 'hard' to do it cannot be duty."

Teachers have this notion. That is why the examples they give always have a fraction in the answer and never come out even. That is why they give sentences like:

> "The Lord my tender shepherd is
> And makes me down to lie,"

to the children to analyze. "Things must be made hard for the children or they will never learn what it means to struggle," they think.

Parents have the same idea, too. "What—through with your lessons already? They must be too easy for you."

"Why do you lie back in your chair like that? Sit up and strengthen your backbone. A child should never touch the back of his chair."

"No. You can't have warm water in your bath. Want to be a Mollie altogether? Cold water is the thing for boys. Brace up!"

That's the idea—make it hard for the children so they will appreciate the joy of striving.

The institutions that care for homeless children have the same conscientious idea. Once I visited one, and as I sat in the beautiful reception room watching the light of the dancing flames flicker over the beautifully polished floor and the shining fire-dogs, thinking what a lovely home this must be for the stray little girls, one of them staggered in lugging a big galvanized iron pail full of soapy water. It was so heavy for the child that the bottom of it scarcely escaped the floor, and the child's effort to drag it along had splashed her from head to foot.

"Why had the child such a pail?" I asked. "Couldn't she have had a little paper pail? They are so light and so pretty the children love to work with them. They are quite as durable, too."

The lady in charge seemed displeased. "When that child goes out into the world she won't find things made easy for her. She will have heavy loads to carry, and she'd better get used to it now."

I don't agree with any of them. Neither with the Pilgrim Fathers if they did it, nor with the teacher nor the parents, nor the institution lady.

The hard road is the bitter road and leaves bitter memories. The less bitterness touching the life of a child the better, I say.

LEADERSHIP

One of the dreams of childhood has to do with the day when the child will stand forth the center of the world and command the hosts.

The little girl dreams of the day when she will stand before the great throng and thrill them until they cheer and cheer and shout her name to high heaven. She may be singing to them, or acting, or saving the nation, or making a great sacrifice for honor or duty. Whatever the motive, the dream of leadership is there.

The boy dreams of the time when he shall lead men. It may be at the head of a great industry. It may be as an artist with a message. It may be as a soldier or a sailor or a great engineer. Perhaps he is dreaming of the invention that will revolutionize the life of men. Whatever the idea, the dream of the master is there.

That dream must come true as far as it is possible for that particular boy or girl. It is always possible to some extent. To its full extent sometimes.

Teachers and parents should be on the alert for the signs of the dream and make the way clearer. You see the little girl gathering her group about her and playing theater with them. Don't laugh. Stay in the background and if the group holds together help the idea along.

This particular dream that she has may not develop, but another will grow out of it all the richer

for this little experience. The group at her command means leadership. Encourage it.

When the boy organizes a club, encourage it. It is the sign of leadership. The clutter of boys about the place annoys you. Their noise bothers you. You have troubles enough with your own son without gathering in the neighbors' as well?

Be patient. Be glad that it is your son that is doing the gathering. He is leading. He is learning to carry responsibility. Help him along.

The lad who organizes and runs a baseball team to-day will organize and lead a bigger team another day. The experience he gets as a little fellow will help him when he is a big fellow. It all counts in training for leadership.

Encourage the children to plan and carry out a group scheme of some sort. The picnic that the little girl organizes; the flower drive for the hospital; the circus in the barn that the boy plans; such are the roads to leadership. While they may be rather troublesome to you, they are essential to the growth of the sort of child you want to raise.

FOLLOW THE LEADER

"Fred makes me so impatient I'd like to box his ears," snapped his mother, as she sat watching the children playing. "Look at him now, letting that Baxter boy boss him around like a ninny."

"They're playing *Treasure Island,*" said grandmother. "I've been watching them for a long time."

"Whatever they are playing, I can see that Fred is being ordered about and doesn't resent it. I'm going to call him away."

"I wouldn't," said grandma, placidly. "Let the children alone. They have had the sense to pick out a leader and follow him. That doesn't mean that the follower isn't doing as much as the leader."

"Of course, it doesn't. That's just it. Fred always does twice as much as the Baxter boy."

"Then he will have twice as much fun," returned grandma. "The Baxter boy assigned the parts. He is the one-legged man, Fred is the blind man, and the other child is the little boy in the inn. They are all having a fine time."

"Fred always has a fine time. The children all like to play with him because he does what they want him to do. He never makes them do what he wants. I don't want him to be a follower. I want him to be a leader."

"Exactly," said grandma. "But Fred was the one who decided that they would play *Treasure Island.* He picked the Baxter boy for leader him-

self. He knew what he was doing. He knew he'd have a better time following than leading this time. He learns to follow so he can learn to lead another day.

"His father was like that. He never fought for the first place. He gave it to some one else always, and yet he was the actual leader. When things came to a crisis it was he who took charge and did it so deftly that the other lads never felt it. Fred is like his father.

"The best man is the one who can follow as well as lead. A real leader has humility as well as pride.

"That's what this country needs to-day. A great many people think they are leaders when they are really fourth rate followers. They have never followed an idea to its end.

"I've heard at least ten men sit here this week and declare that they could run the President's job much better than he has done. And not one of them had made anything but a third rate job of his own office.

"Let Fred alone. He will have learned that there is a time to follow and a time to lead. Humility isn't so common in America's youth to-day that we need try to curb it."

IMAGINATION

It is dangerous to train all the imagination out of a child. It is, on the other hand, dangerous to let it run loose. Can't we find the middle of the road? Can't we train our children to use their imaginations to bring beauty and spiritual grace into the grayness of their honest-to-goodness world? We must.

Being able to place yourself in the other man's place is one of the basic principles of living. But if you haven't any imagination, of course, you can't think what you would like if you were the other fellow, and you blunder along.

Imagination is at the bottom of successful business. You cannot sell goods unless you have the ability to think how the other man is going to look at them. You cannot plan for his capture because you cannot follow his mind as it weighs and measures and decides—against you.

You will not be able to make goods that will sell because you haven't the power to imagine what people would like. You cannot see with another's eyes, hear with another's ears, and act in another's place. You have no imagination.

All creative work springs from a cultivated, trained imagination. Without it you can never write a story, paint a picture, or make a statue. You will never be able to write for the movies or be in them. And—I saved this to the last, for it is very important—you will never learn how to cook. Cooks

who had no imagination are responsible for more wrecked homes than any one dreams of.

Imagination is the very essence of worthwhile work, creative work. If you have none, you must be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water all your days, though you live in a palace and sup on strawberries, sugar, and cream.

Preserve the imagination of childhood. Guard it as a precious possession. Don't meet it with long faces and solemn reprimands. Use it. Teach it. Make room for it in the school and the home. Lead the child to be a creative worker if this essence of creation is in him.

When the small boy rides astride a stick and tells you he is charging upon the savage lion who lives under the table, be afraid of the lion.

When the little girl dresses up in the old-fashioned dresses she found in the attic and tells you she is Grandmother Bliss come to tea, serve tea for the lady.

When she makes new and fearful dishes, encourage her to keep on. She will learn by her failures. When the high school girl writes poetry, cheer her on. The effort will not be lost.

The imagination is at once the web and the woof and the glittering embroidery of life. Treasure it for the children's sake.

DUTY

Bob and Davey were planning a fishing trip. They talked about the bait and the hooks and the lines and the lunch. It was all in the future. They were going some day soon.

"Let's get the lines and things ready now," said Bob. "We may as well see if they are in order."

They went out to the shed and got out the tackle. Seating themselves on the floor, they went over it with loving care. When the last knot had been smoothed out and the lines wrapped about the winders and restored to the old tobacco box that held them, Davey sighed.

"Wish we could go to-morrow."

"Wish we could," said Bob.

"Well, why can't we go to-morrow?"

"Why, we haven't thought of going to-morrow. We haven't got ready."

"The lines are all ready and we can ask our mothers for lunch just as well for to-morrow as next Saturday," insisted Davey.

"I'll ask," and Bob darted into the house. "Mom, can I go fishing to-morrow instead of some other time?"

"To-morrow is the day you promised uncle to hoe his potato patch."

"Oh, the potato patch can wait."

"But you promised."

"I'll run over and ask him if next Saturday won't do and I'll bet he'll say, 'Yes'."

"Maybe he will. But I wouldn't ask him if I were you."

"Why not?"

"He always keeps his promises right on time. I think he might not respect a boy who ran from his promise and his duty."

"Wish I hadn't told him I'd do it. S'pose I got to now."

His mother said no more and Bob went out and told Davey he couldn't go.

"Won't your mother let you?" asked Davey.

"Oh, yes. She didn't say I couldn't go. But I had promised uncle that I would hoe the potatoes tomorrow and I almost forgot it. I couldn't break a promise, you know. Not even to go fishing."

"No?" asked Davey.

"So we'll go another day when I don't have to remember a promise."

That night Bob said as he was on his way to bed, "You know, mom, it's better to keep your word. It makes you feel cleaner—like when you put iodine on a cut."

"Very much the same feeling," laughed mother. "I've had it myself."

THE LIE

Jackie had been playing on the street. His mother met him as he turned into the yard.

"Home again? Had a good time?" asked mother, pleasantly.

"Yes, I played with the team in the lot."

"Had a catch with little Mat, didn't you?" she asked cheerfully.

"N—n—no," said Jackie.

Now, his mother had passed down the street and had seen him playing ball with Mat. There was no reason why he should not have played with Mat and there was no evident reason why he should have lied about it when his mother asked him.

"You didn't play with Mat?"

"No."

"You didn't? Why, Jackie, I saw you."

Jackie looked taken aback, but had nothing to say.

"Why did you tell me such a story? I was asking if you had had a good time. The afternoon was yours. You could play with any child you liked. I don't understand you."

But Jackie could not explain. It was as much a mystery to him as to his mother. But the answer was "fear."

Something made Jackie afraid to tell the truth. His instinctive lie was the gesture of self-defense. It was just as instinctive as the lift of his elbow to guard his face when a blow threatens.

None of us is responsible for the thoughts we think. They are born of age-old memories. Some of them are so hazy that we scarce recognize them as thoughts. Others are sharper and more insistent and prod us into action unless we stop them.

The oldest and fiercest of these old thoughts is fear. It is the most powerful. It is hidden so deep that we can scarcely find its roots. But we will always find it at the bottom of the lies we tell. When we deceive ourselves into thinking we are good on the whole, when we know we are wrong, it is because we are instinctively afraid of the thing we know is wrong.

When we lie to some one else, it is because we are afraid to have them know what we know to be the truth about ourselves. We are defending ourselves.

It was some hidden fear that made Jackie tell the untruth. He had been under restrictions of some sort, and when suddenly called upon to give an account of himself, although he was in the right, the hidden fear rose and he defended himself.

Courage will have to be trained over the fear. It is a long, slow process and needs all our patience and faith.

THE COVETOUS CHILD

"Mother, Isabelle has my doll and she won't give it to me."

"Why, Isabelle, you have your own doll."

"Mine hasn't nice hair," said Isabelle.

"There isn't a bit of difference between your doll and your sister's. I got them alike on purpose to prevent any wrangling. Now, give your sister her doll and don't take it any more."

"Here, telltale," said Isabelle, thrusting the doll at her sister and glaring at her.

The mother sighed and turned again to her work. In a few minutes came another wail of distress. "Mother, mo-ther, will you please make Isabelle give me my thing? She has it and she won't let me have it."

"What is it?"

"Isabelle has my thing. I laid it on the table and she picked it up and now she won't give it to me. She says she found it."

"Bring it here. What in the world is it? It looks like a piece of an old bolt."

"I don't know what it is, but I found it when we were out walking and I picked it up and brought it home, and now she says it's hers."

"The thing isn't worth talking about. I'm going to throw it out of the window. If you two little girls cannot get along any better, I'm going to separate you until you will be glad to see each other again."

But it was not long before another complaint came. "Mo-ther, Isabelle has my book and won't give it to me."

"Why have you your sister's book? You have your own."

"Mine hasn't such nice stories in it."

"All right. I'll change with you. Give me yours," said her sister.

Isabelle hesitated. Doubt settled on her stubborn little face. "No. You think mine's better than yours. I'll keep mine."

"No, you won't," said her thoroughly tried mother. "You'll bring it to me and have none at all. You want everything you see and you'll have to be cured of it, somehow."

Perhaps that was the best thing to do. I've known teachers to cure such children by making them a sort of Santa who gave everything to the children about them. One little boy used to gather all the pencils in reach and pocket them until the teacher gave him charge of a gross of them and he lost his covetous notion in distributing so many to so many children.

Sometimes stories of generous givers help. In some way the covetous child is to be led to see that it is better to give than to receive. But it requires a lot of time and patience. History is a record of the covetousness of mankind. Patient teaching and example will finally help a child to put it under.

"THE BOY BEHIND ME"

All parents and teachers know of the "boy behind me". He is responsible for all the bad conduct of the good little child who sits in front of him. The strange thing about it is that when one gets to the boy behind there is another boy behind him, too.

"Jackie, your teacher writes that you are talking a great deal too much in school. Your work is falling behind. What is the trouble?"

"Oh, I can't help it! There is a boy behind me and he talks to me all the time and the teacher thinks it's me and I'm the one that's blamed."

The parent, doubting, yet hoping, writes a note to the teacher. "Dear Miss Patience—Won't you please change Jackie's seat? He claims that all his troubles are due to the boy who sits behind him. He claims he talks to him all day. Won't you try what changing his seat will do?"

Isn't it strange that after centuries of experience we have not learned to shoulder our own responsibilities? That even to the last generation of us we still blame the "boy behind me"?

Thomas came home bruised and scratched and displaying a decorative effect about the eyes.

"What has happened to you, Thomas?"

"Aw, the fellow that lives down the street is always picking on me. To-day coming out of school he began with me and I hit him back."

Now, any experienced parent ought to know the

answer to that. Two boys have an argument, double their fists, their friends cheer, the battle is on, and somebody is going to get the worst of it.

There's really nothing to say but "Go and wash yourself and you'll find the witch hazel on the bathroom shelf. Some day you will grow up and stop this childish nonsense."

But the note or the hasty word goes to the parents of the "boy down the street" complaining about his annoying "my son".

Better teach son that there is a boy behind him. A boy behind everything he does or thinks or feels, and that boy is himself. Teach him that his brain and his body are his and under his control alone. That it is his pride, that it is his dignity of manhood, he affronts when he whines about the "boy behind him." He is his own master; he stands or falls by his own hand.

Usually that settles it. But whatever you do, don't write to the teacher and the neighbors complaining of that other boy. They know the story better than you do. They may be too polite to tell you what they think.

Away with the "boy behind me".

HOLD ON

Success in any undertaking depends largely upon knowing when to take hold, how to hold on, and when to let go. Holding on is the sign of the thoroughbred. Once he has taken hold he will hold on until he has finished his work or until it has finished him.

About his fifth birthday the boy begins considering what he will do when he is a man. His plan changes from day to day, from hour to hour. He is one sort of hero now, another again. Up to his adolescence he has as many rôles as a veteran actor.

Then he becomes serious about it. He begins wondering as to his chances of becoming President of the United States. He gives thought as to which great corporation he will head. He plans to reform the world. Sometimes he is a social reformer, at other times he is a political savior. He even gets as far as holding a couple of meetings with some of his chums. He is elected president and prepares elaborate programs of action which he tears up as soon as made.

Then one day he is elected manager of his school paper. No longer does he consume valuable time in planning and discussing. He is in earnest. He knows that this is a job he must carry through to the end if he is to be respected by his fellows.

He will need a word of praise and encouragement. Talk to him about his undertaking. Don't tell him

that he had enough to do without taking on any extra work and that you wonder how he will get his French lessons done at all now when he has to put in time on this scheme.

If he puts this job through, if he shows himself strong enough to carry responsibility for his group, you need have no fear of his lessons. He's coming into his own. Should he show signs of weakening, throw your weight on the right side. Teach him to put his teeth into the thing and hold on.

One of our high school lads went into the aviation department during the great war. He had shown this power of taking hold and of holding on. We had no doubt of his fitness and his ultimate success.

One day, when he was five thousand feet up, flames burst out about his control. They wrapped themselves about his hands, but he held on and began his descent. The fire bit his hands, but he instinctively tightened his hold and headed for the sea. Carefully he guided his plane to the water, settled her there, and then—let go.

When his hands were bandaged, he smiled and said: "My, I'm so glad I didn't let go. Wasn't it great that my hands held on?"

From little to big, train the children to hold on; hold on until it becomes instinctive, and they cannot let go until the end. It's the mark of the thoroughbred and our children must have it.

SPENDING MONEY

As soon as a child begins asking for money for his personal needs it is time to place him on an allowance. He should buy his own pencils and notebooks and pay his own carfares, pay for his school lunches and clubs.

In the beginning there should be but a slight margin over the actual amount needed to carry him through the week. But the margin must be there to allow the child to learn to save. An allowance without this element is not truly educational.

Teach him to keep his account book and be sure to go over it each week-end with scrupulous care. Not to scold him for unnecessary and unwise spending, but to counsel and advise. If you mistake the idea of this weekly examination and scold and nag, you will teach the child to deceive you. Praise him for wise spending and reward it by giving him a quarterly bonus to put into the bank with his own savings.

The bank account should be the outgrowth of the weekly allowance. To give him money and allow him to spend it all is to teach him to do the very thing you started out against. You meant to teach him to learn a sane notion of spending and saving; to teach him to know the place and the value of money in his life.

Allow him an opportunity for generosity. He may give too much to one appeal. Very well. It

will show in his quarterly deposit or it will embarrass him when the next appeal comes to him and he finds he is short.

He must not be allowed to borrow. No mortgaging of next week's allowance. You are trying to teach him to avoid one of our chief faults, living beyond our incomes. Make sure the younger generation gets this idea.

Encourage the youngster to add to his income by doing odd jobs for pay. Here, too, he will need your counsel and advice. He must learn early to distinguish between service for service's sake and the proper reward for labor well done.

For a boy to take money for a service rendered to one in need or to his friend is unthinkable, but on the other hand for a boy to deliver groceries all morning and refuse to take pay for it would be unutterably silly. There should be a business agreement before such work is undertaken and the agreement should be scrupulously observed.

Girls especially should be given strict training in accounting, for this is one of the main jobs of a girl's life. She will in all likelihood do the spending and saving for a family. Many a family goes on the rocks because the heads of the house had never been taught the art of saving and spending. Begin early with the child's spending money.

HOMEWORK

"I have four examples to do to-night, dad."

"All right, bring them along. Were they all right this morning?"

"All but the last one. You left out the decimal point."

"I left out the decimal point?"

"Well, anyway, the decimal point was left out. Maybe I copied it wrong."

"Seems to me that you ought to be able to do your homework without my help every night. Nobody helped me with mine. I had to get on or get out. Bring it along."

Dad helped him that night as he had done every other night. Dad did the examples while the boy looked on. When they were finished the boy copied them. He handed them to the teacher the next day. She corrected them and returned them to him. Everybody concerned had done something but the boy.

Homework is of no service to the teacher. She long ago got all the training she could get out of it. Dad had no need of it. He had passed that stage of growth years ago. Only the boy needed the experience and he didn't get it.

We are all lazy. None of us would do much of anything if we didn't have to. We'd rust out. Maybe that is why we have to. A growing boy hates above everything else to use his brains on a school

job. If he can get you or somebody else to do it for him, he will. He will maneuver for an hour to get somebody to relieve him of a bit of work, although it would take him no more than ten minutes to do it if he set about it.

I saw one the other evening. He was supposed to be doing his arithmetic for the next day. He was stretched out in a chair, feet wide apart resting on their heels, hands hanging limply, eyes off on the distant horizon, while he whistled faintly through his teeth.

"Thought you were doing your arithmetic?"

"So I am."

"Never should have guessed it."

"I'm waiting for Uncle Jack to come in."

"What for?"

"I can't go on till I know how many gallons to a cubic foot."

"Couldn't you look it up for yourself and go on?"

"Yes, but he knows it."

He was sitting in a roomful of books. All he had to do was to rise, cross the room, and lift a book. But he lapsed into a day dream and waited for Uncle Jack.

What do you think happens to the lads whose fathers and mothers are foreigners and who cannot help them with their school work? I can tell you. They help themselves and beat the others to a standstill over and again.

Let the children help themselves. Let them learn to search and to think and to do for themselves. It's not so much that you are spoiling the job in hand as it is that you're spoiling the boy's attitude toward all work. Teach him to earn his way. Your help but hinders.

THE GOOD SPORT

"If" is such a comfort to the lame and the lazy. It soothes them as no other word in the language can do. The children love it and cling to it as an anchor of hope until some flinty hearted adult frowns grimly and says: "Enough of that 'if' business. Show me."

Peter brings home his report card at the end of the first month of the term and explains:

"No; I didn't pass this month. But it isn't so bad. If I had just gotten two points more in algebra and one in history and a couple in science I'd 'a' passed. If only she had asked me the reviews, but she didn't—I'd 'a' had a fine mark if she had, though."

His hopeful mother scans the card in the light of the "if."

"Well, if you get those few points next month you'll be all right."

But next month it isn't all right. There's another "if" ready, though. "It's not my fault that I didn't get enough points. If she'd 'a' started at the right end of the alphabet to ask the test questions I'd 'a' got all the easy ones, but she began at the other end and I got all the hard ones that nobody knows."

"Seems to me that you are not doing very well in school. Seems to me you might do better. Bert is in your class and he got 'A' this month. If he can why can't you?"

"That's just what I'm telling you. His name begins with a little letter at the beginning of the alphabet and mine is a big one down at the end. Can I help it if his name begins with B and mine begins with S? If my name——"

That is too much for his father, who breaks in impatiently: "What in the world has your name got to do with it? Put your mind on your work and you'll get better ratings. You could if you half tried."

"Now, don't blame him. He couldn't help it if all the hard questions fell to the boys at the end of the alphabet, and his name begins with 'S'," says mother gently. "If the teacher hears the class the other way round next time he may have a better mark."

But the next month things are just about the same. Mother looks at the card and a frown gathers as her eyes fall on the ratings.

"Why, I expected a better card this month. I see no improvement. What is the trouble?"

" 'Tisn't my fault. If the teacher had only done what she did last month and asked us questions I'd 'a' had perfect. But she didn't. She gave us a written test and counted everything. She never does anything the way she did before and how can I tell? If she would I'd have some show."

"Some show," said father icily, as he thumbed the card. "Some show. You better forget about 'if' and learn what Dr. Holmes said: 'To brag a little, to show up well, to crow gently when in luck, to own up, to pay up, to shut up when beaten.' Try to be a good sport."

THE BAD LOSER

Bobbie was a bad loser. He loved to play quiet games like Old Maid and dominoes and checkers, but unless he was allowed to win, the games ended in an uproar.

He would follow the game intently, arguing and scolding and fussing until the last move. When he found that the game had gone against him he would fly into a temper, scatter the cards or counters across the room, throw himself on the floor or the couch and kick and howl until some one came along and quieted him.

"Now, be very careful," his mother would warn the other children. "He is the youngest and he doesn't understand. You must let him win once in a while just to encourage him."

But winning once in a while wouldn't do. Bobbie had to win all the time or he created a riot.

His mother gave up. "Bobbie, you have to learn to be beaten. If you cannot play as well as the others, they are going to beat you. If you want to win, you must learn to play better."

"I do play better," howled Bobbie. "I do, I do, I do. They won't let me beat them."

Bobbie grew to be nine years old and still clung to the idea that to be beaten was to suffer a great injustice. He owed a grudge to the person who outplayed him. No one wanted to play with him. Things were growing worse and worse, for every

time some one defeated him and plainly told him he was a whiner and a bad loser Bobbie resented it more keenly.

Then he went to a summer camp with a group of boys who were strangers to him. The first day on the playground the lads were racing. Bobbie could run well, but another lad could run better. The instructor recorded the fact. Bobbie flew into a temper, flung himself on the ground, and kicked like a thrown steer.

The boys laughed. So did the instructor. "Ha, ha," jeered one of the lads; "Bobbie feels bad. Bobbie was beaten in the race. Poor Bobbie!"

Bobbie's rage mounted and he kicked and cried harder. "That's it, Bobbie. Kick. You can't run, but you're the best little howler in the camp. Holler louder. You'll get a medal for something, anyway. You're the champion boob."

"It's time to go for our swim," said the instructor. "Come along, everybody. All out for a swim."

The crowd raced off and left Bobbie lying on the grass, having it out with himself.

Once or twice afterwards he showed the inclination to "bawl" when he lost, but the boys' watchful eyes recalled his performance of the first day and he let go quietly. Perhaps the best thing to do with the bad loser is to laugh at him and go ahead without him. He has to learn to lose gracefully, and the sooner he begins to learn it the better. Then he'll stop losing and begin winning.

A MERE TRIFLE

He was a handsome, well-groomed boy, with charming manners. He smiled upon the teachers and they smiled upon him. But a feeling of uneasiness took possession of the mathematics teacher as he became more and more acquainted with him.

There was the instance of the wrong process and the right answer. A problem arranged to look correct, but upon analysis betraying the fact that by no possible construction could it have brought the correct solution.

"So sorry," said Worthington when the teacher called his attention to it. "I must have copied it incorrectly."

After the charm of his presence and voice had been withdrawn the teacher remembered that there could have been no possibility of copying it. It was wrong—without rhyme or reason.

Then the grammar teacher noticed that he and Rosalie were having a sociable time during the test. They had to exchange rulers and erasers so frequently that she decided that they were having a bit of a flirtation and walked down the aisle to frown upon them.

Her eyes fell upon the ruler lying on Worthington's desk. Written in Rosalie's round, clear hand was the conjugation of the verb that the teacher had fondly hoped would sharpen the mental teeth of the class. Rosalie was an expert grammarian.

Glancing sharply towards Rosalie, the teacher saw that the eraser bore on its grubby face the subject and predicate of the sentence she had given for analysis. She was thoroughly convinced that they were "communicating" during a test. A school crime.

When the teacher called Worthington in conference he had nothing to say. He smiled his charming smile and said: "Really! What is the idea of the fuss? Suppose I did take help from my neighbor? I'd do as much for anybody."

When his mother called to see the teachers at their urgent invitation she was polite, but bored.

"Now, really, gentlemen, don't you think you are making a great to-do over a trifle? What of it? Didn't you do the same thing? I'm sure I did. The boy will be graduated next month and you will have him off your conscience, so why worry about it?"

She went away, leaving the teachers discouraged and depressed. Miss Lavinia said when they told her about it: "Well, we are only a few of his teachers. We cannot hope to win out against the others if they are not with us. His mother is his strongest teacher and she does not know that the boy's character is a thing apart from his polished outside. To her the things of the soul are mere trifles. The social observances are all powerful. She has him as she trained him."

But that does not help Worthington nor the teachers.

"I FORGOT"

"Robert, did you remember to take my message to Mrs. Kelsey this morning?"

There was an acidity in his mother's voice that made Robert conscious of the enormity of his offense. He had forgotten again.

"No, mother, I didn't. I forgot all about it."

"You forgot. You always forget. Will you ever remember? Just because you forgot, Mrs. Kelsey lost her day's pay. She needs every cent she can make for those children of hers. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am," said Robert meekly. "I'll go right over now and tell her it was all my fault."

"And that will pay her day's wages, I suppose," said mother bitingly, for she was thoroughly angry at Robert this time.

"I can tell her it was my fault and I can pay her a day's wages out my own money. That's all I can think of. What do you want me to do if you don't want me to do that?"

"I want you to remember. You forget everything you are told to do. It makes you look simple: Yesterday you forgot your homework paper. Another day you forgot your card and it was not signed on time. You forgot to take your shoes to the shoemaker's last night, and you left the chicken house door open again. What's the matter with you?

What are you thinking about? Do you ever remember anything?''

A whimsical smile broke over the boy's face. ''Yes, I do. I remember that I forget.''

What makes children forget? What can we do to teach them to remember?

First of all, don't give them directions when they are hurrying off, all sails set, on another mission.

The reason Robert forgot Mrs. Kelsey was, for one thing, because he was on his way to school and his mind was full of that. There was the time schedule. He must be on time or get a bad mark. There were the lessons he had to recite and the games he had to play—all the day's activities pulling hard at him.

For another thing, he didn't like Mrs. Kelsey. She had a habit of giving him letters to mail at most inconvenient times. She held a fellow up to deliver lengthy instructions about a trivial errand just when the game was about to be called. The idea of Mrs. Kelsey was shoved one side by the flood of ideas concerning school. Of course, he forgot her. That is what we have a forgetting place for—to poke all the unpleasant things into.

If we want children to remember things, we must present those things at the right time and in the right way. Don't try to give them directions when their minds are fully occupied. Give them clear instructions when they are attending to you. Interest them in the errand or the project by supplying enough of a background to appeal to the children's emotions and responsibility.

Had Robert's mother told him about Mrs. Kelsey before he was about to start off, had she told him

what she was needed for, how much she needed the work, Robert would have remembered.

Time to attend, interest, responsibility, will help any one to remember.

THE SHY CHILD

Madge was a very shy little girl. (Nobody knows the amount of suffering that shyness entails unless he has endured it himself.)

To ask for a piece of bread at the table was a triumph that made the hot and cold shivers run up and down her spine. To enter a room after every one else was seated there was impossible. Either she had to go in first and take her place in the shadow of some friendly bit of furniture or she had to wait out in the hall until some one else was going in and slip in behind him.

To be singled out for any reason, to have her name called out in class, to have her funny little mistakes told about and laughed over, was awful. Her face grew scarlet, her mouth became parched. She choked and swallowed down her embarrassment as much as possible, feeling all the while that the eyes of the world were upon her every miserable minute.

"Don't tease your sister, children," cautioned their mother. "She is very shy and it hurts her. Madge, you must really try to get over this. It's a very unfortunate failing. You surely are not afraid of your own people."

Yet Madge was no coward. She would go alone in the dark when the others wouldn't. She sat bravely in the dentist's chair when the other children fussed and cried. She would face danger

bravely when it threatened and did so when one of her brothers was in peril of his life. But ask her father for the carfare which he had forgotten to give her? Never.

When she entered high school the teacher tried to help her overcome her shyness. "You must make yourself face people. You must make yourself want to get over this. To-morrow you will recite in the chapel."

"To-morrow" found Madge with her back to the schoolhouse. She spent the morning in the woods. "I just couldn't get myself to go there this morning and face the teachers and the students," she explained. "I cannot talk before people."

She entered finishing school with her old handicap still strong. The head mistress sent for her one day and gave her a severe scolding. "What sort of idea is this you have? Do you imagine that the world is going to stand still to see you go by? My child, to make yourself seen or heard in this world you have to be armed with trumpet and drum.

"Nobody is looking at you. Nobody is thinking of you. Each one wants only to tell you and show you what he is doing. All he wants of you is to listen to him. Listen, then. Get over this selfishness, this egotism. Let the thought of yourself drop out of your mind. Think of the other people to whom you count not at all so long as you are not thinking of them.

"Now there is a visitor in the reception room. You must go in and speak to him. Take this book in your hand. That will help you. Lay it on the table and then turn to the gentleman and say, 'Good morning,' and he will do the rest."

It was hard, but the book carried her in and made

her entrance easier; laying it down gave her a chance to place herself in the room, and the rest was not so hard. But it took years of effort and training to overcome the old habit completely.

Try such a plan with your shy child. Always put something in his hand. It helps one over the hardest place. The contact and the idea of some definite action give him the start. Then keep at it, kindly and patiently. Shyness is real suffering to those who are afflicted by it.

STUBBORNNESS

Grandmother entered the house beaming. She was wearing her new hat and it was very becoming. The weather was beautiful and she was out for a great day. She was going to take her grandson Phil to the circus. Philip did not know it, and that was part of the fun.

She pulled off her gloves and told her errand to her daughter, ending with a chuckle, and, "You can do something you want to do to-day without having to think about him."

"I'm awfully sorry, mother, but I don't believe Phil can go."

"Not go? Why not? He isn't sick?"

"No. He's worse than sick. He's stubborn." The mother's voice was choked with tears.

Grandmother fidgeted in her chair. She had felt her patience strained on several occasions when her daughter had tried to establish discipline. Now to-day of all days there must be this struggle.

"What's the trouble now?" she said.

"He refused to eat his porridge this morning. I told him that he could have nothing to eat until he ate that porridge and that he could not leave his room until he had eaten it.

"He is just as stubborn as he can be. I went to see if he had eaten it, and he was laying out his good suit on the bed. I asked him what he was doing, and he said he was laying out his clothes to

be buried in. He said he was going to starve to death, because he never would eat that porridge."

Grandmother threw back her head and laughed.

"The funny monkey," she said. "Good thing he has his clothes ready. They'll be just the thing to wear to the circus.

"And let me tell you something. Don't ever match your will against a child's. Never make it possible for the child to take the position that Phil has taken to-day. If he tells you he does not want to do what you say he should do, hold to your point if it is worth while, but do it so that there is no clash of wills.

"To force a child, to 'break his will', as it was called in my day, does harm that can never be undone. Always leave a way out for the child and yourself. I'm your way out to-day, but don't tempt Providence again."

When Phil saw Grandma and heard about the circus he gobbled the porridge and hustled into his clothes. He forgot all about his difference with his mother, who judiciously remained in the background until the porridge had disappeared. He waved her a gleeful "good by" and went to the circus.

CRUELTY IN CHILDREN

Sometimes people say that children are cruel. This is very rarely true. The things that children do that seem so callous, so devoid of all human feeling, are largely prompted by their instinctive curiosity.

A child put the kitten's paws on the hot stove. The little creature screamed and sputtered and scampered away to a corner to nurse its hurt.

"Why did you do such a dreadful thing? Why did you want to hurt the poor kitty?"

"I didn't want to hurt her. I only wanted to see what she would do. I only wanted to know what would happen."

"And what happened?"

"She bit me and she scratched me. But I'm sorry if I hurted her."

A little boy pulled the wings off a fly. Then he watched it crawl along the table. He poked it now and then when it remained quiet. His teacher discovered what he had done and was shocked.

"But I didn't know it would hurt the fly. He didn't act as if it hurt him. I wanted to know what he had legs for when he had wings. I wanted to know if he could get around if he had no wings. He can walk, but he can't fly."

"And what else were you about to find out?"

"I wanted to know why he had six legs and if he

could get around on two like me. But I won't if you say I hurt him."

Another child was found clutching a frog by the throat and exploring the gaping mouth of his victim with a button hook.

"What in this world are you doing? How dare you do such a wicked, cruel thing? Let the poor thing go and tell me what you meant this minute."

When the small boy mustered sufficient courage to speak to his indignant questioner, he said:

"I wasn't going to hurt him. I was trying to fish out the music box that he has in his throat. The teacher told me he had one in his throat and that was how he could make the noise. I only wanted to get it out and look at it."

Most of the children's cruel actions are this sort of investigation. They are not signs of cruelty. The instinct to research must be trained like every other instinct. We must tell the children that they are not to touch any little creature that way. If they have a question to ask about them, ask parent or teacher, and he will show them the road to the answer. Little folk must not hurt other little folk.

Only the subnormal child fails to respond to this training. He is the only sort of child that is really cruel. Take him to the child expert for examination and treatment. Train the others.

UNSELFISHNESS

Every child should be given a chance to be unselfish. Many mothers train their children to selfishness. They do not intend to do this; they would feel hurt if you suggested that they did. But it is true. They do.

Mollie is sitting near the fire toasting her toes and eating an apple. Her mother comes into the room chilled after a ride in the sharp air of a fall evening.

Mollie jumps up to give her mother the chair in the cozy corner. But mother will not have it so. "Sit still, child, I'm all right here." And mother sits in a less comfortable chair and Mollie falls back in hers, conscience clear, for had she not offered her chair?

This is as mother would have it. She does want the child to be comfortable and she really does not care at all what chair she sits in. True! But she should care for Mollie's sake. If Mollie learns to think that it makes no difference what chair her mother has, she will forget to think about her mother's comfort at all. If mother does not count, who does? Rather bad for Mollie.

Any day in the cars you can see a tired mother enter with a child clinging to her. A man rises and gives her his seat. She smiles her thanks and seats the sturdy child and stands.

Couldn't she sit down and let that child stand be-

side her, resting against her knee? Why teach him that he may sit while his mother stands? Bad training for the little boy. If mother does not count, who does?

Mother has gone without a new gown so that her daughter may have the party dress her heart is set upon. Mother has gone without so long that buying a new dress would be like breaking a commandment. Did it do the daughter any good?

Mother really deprived the child of a good opportunity for character building. She might have taught her daughter to share the pleasure of pretty clothes with her mother. She didn't. She taught her that mother did not matter. Who does matter, if mother does not?

Unselfish mothers make selfish children. It is not that the mothers will be happier with the attentions of the children. Not at all. Mothers are happier when they are sacrificing for their children. But in their very unselfishness they are selfish because they please themselves by doing without and deprive the children of the spiritual growth they might gain through unselfish thoughtfulness.

THE FAT AND THE LEAN

"Father Pete is very thin," said Ryan thoughtfully.

"He is," said Phillips genially, "and thank his lucky stars for it."

"Now, what do you mean by that?" demanded Ryan. "Why should Father Pete have the flesh worn off his bones?"

"For the good of his soul, like you and me. Whenever you see a priest or a teacher taking on flesh there is something wrong. It means that life is too easy for him, and that means that he is not living up to his job."

"You'll have to prove it to me," said Ryan.

"If you are to do a good job you need a fine instrument. The finer the instrument the harder the grinding.

"Take us. We have been ground down to a fine edge. There are the parents, and the press, and the Board of Education, and the teachers, and the children all grinding away.

"Remember when we began? We had thick enough husks. I know mine was in layers so thick that I couldn't feel the children or the parents either. I sensed only the day's routine. Then the grinding began.

"There is one woman in this district that I owe more than I could ever repay, only she doesn't know it."

"Why not tell her?" chuckled Ryan.

" 'Twouldn't be good for her soul. She had eight children pass through my school and she took pounds off me for each one.

"Still, I've learned to be thankful to the grinders who rasped off some of my husk and let my soul peep through. There's lots to come off yet, but I have enemies enough left to do the job.

"Same with Father Pete. He doesn't mind. He's at work in a big field. He has a church and a school —two flocks—and I imagine they press pretty hard at times.

"It is the same with the children. They need a little grinding, too, as they go along. Not too much in one place; just enough to trim their edges.

"It's good for them to meet a teacher who holds them steadily to a task. It does them good not to have everything they ask for; expensive balls and bats and fine clothes.

"A little pressure of poverty is good for them. Just enough to make them earn their way through the world. Protect them in the early years, yes. But don't endow them. That's a great misfortune. Keep them slim by judicious grinding."

TELL TALE

"Tell Tale Tit,
Ought to have his tongue slit;
All the little dogs in town
Shall have a little bit,"

chanted the children from the sitting room.

"Mother," whined Sara from the doorway, "make them stop calling me names."

"Tell Tale Tit," chanted the chorus derisively.

"Mother, do you hear them?"

"Yes, but why are you telling tales?"

"I'm not. They're always teasing me. Make them stop, mo-ther."

"I think you'd better go upstairs and play by yourself for a while. Then they cannot tease you."

"No-o. I don't want to go upstairs. I want to stay down here."

"And quarrel and whine all the time? No. You'll have to go by yourself and stop telling tales. Your brothers and sisters don't like it and you must stop it. It's a very bad habit for anybody to get into. I don't like any of my children to have it."

Sara went slowly up the stairs and peace reigned until tea time. At the table everything moved along serenely until dessert was served. "Mother," piped Sara. "Helen took two cookies. Oo-oo! She just kicked me, too. Can't you make her stop?"

"Sara, I've told you not to tell tales. Helen, you

should not kick your sister. People do not generally kick one another. Put that cookie back. Now both of you please try to eat your meal in peace."

Helen replaced the cookie, all the time glowering at Sara, who sat by well pleased that she had succeeded in forcing her sister to put back the extra cookie. Helen moved her lips in the old familiar taunt, "Tell Tale Tit."

"Mother," called Sara, "she's calling me names again. She's saying it again under her breath so you can't hear her. She is."

"Sara," said her mother, now thoroughly out of patience, "take your plate and go to your own room. I cannot have this constant tale bearing. Helen, do the same thing. You should not have teased her."

Quiet restored at last, the family finished the meal in uncomfortable silence. That evening mother said to father: "I'm going to put a stop to their wrangling. Sara has a dreadful habit of telling tales and the others tease her dreadfully.

"I'm going to separate them for a week. Sara will go to school all by herself and eat by herself and sleep by herself until she understands what she is missing. The rest of them will miss her and learn to live with her peaceably."

Before the week was out they had all begged each other off. Sara had begged to be allowed to play with the others and they had begged to have her back. Whenever she started to say "moth-er", somebody said "Tell Tale Tit", and she subsided. Both sides had learned something.

PERSISTENCE

"Mom, can I get up on the roof? My ball is up there."

"No. Don't you ever think of such a thing. You'd fall off as sure as fate. Let the ball go."

"I could get it if I had a long thing and pushed it off, out of the window."

"No. Now, do you hear me? Don't attempt to get that ball. It's not worth risking your bones for."

"Aw—mom. I won't get hurt. I want——"

"Now, you heard me. I tell you, no. Don't speak another word about it."

In a little while he came back.

"Mom, I can get Hen's ladder and he'll hold it so I can climb up and get it. Can we?"

"You can not. I don't see why you can't understand a plain 'No' when you hear it. I said you could not go up on the roof for that ball. If you mention it to me again I'll send you to bed until your father comes home."

He went off silenced, but by no means hopeless. He wanted that ball. He not only wanted the ball, but he wanted the adventure. Climbing along the hip of the roof would be a thrilling experience.

His mother went to the store. She had forgotten about the ball. "I'll be back in a minute. Stay inside your own yard until I get back."

He did. He waited until she was well on her way. Then he took a thick rope that hung in the cellarway.

The painters had used it for swinging a scaffold; the loops and knots were still in it.

He cut off a piece that he judged would be the right length. He fastened it by a slip knot about his waist, went upstairs, and tied the loose end to the newel post.

Opening the window and stepping out on the shingled roof were easy. Keeping his step along the hip of the roof was not so easy, but he managed to reach the ball. On his way his foot slipped and he slid the full length of the rope and hung like a scrambling kitten just over the edge.

His mother came in view of the house at exactly that minute. For an instant she stood fixed to the spot. Then she raced towards the house like a whirlwind.

But the lad found his footing and climbed back in safety. He was closing the window behind him when his mother reached his side.

"You ought to be—— I don't know what ought to happen to such a disobedient boy as you. Now you shall go to bed until your father comes home."

All day she worried about the lad's disobedience, defiance, wilfulness. I don't say she hadn't good reason to worry. But one gleam of light should have pierced the cloud of despair that settled upon her.

Her son had the wonderful persistency that takes hold, holds on, and never lets go even in the face of seeming destruction. That's a gift from the gods. Trained to usefulness, nothing can beat it.

"I CAN'T FIND IT"

"I can't find it." Over and over the smallest boy in the family said it. He said it so often that nobody expected him to find anything. Even when the thing he was looking for was in plain sight, he would stand before it and chant forlornly, "I can't find it." Then some one would spring to the rescue and hand it to him.

Sudden illness visited the family and the smallest boy had to go to stay with his aunt. Now, aunts don't spoil children as often as mothers do. This aunt did not believe in spoiling them at all.

"Your sweater is in the hall closet. You had better get it, because it will be cold in the evening when we are coming home."

The little lad went to the closet, opened the door and called back to his waiting aunt, "I can't find it."

"That's funny. I hung it there myself this morning when I unpacked it. Why, there it is in front of you. Why didn't you find it?"

"I didn't see it. I can't find things at home, either."

"Who finds them for you when you don't?"

"Somebody. Sometimes mother, sometimes somebody else."

"What will you do now, when they are not here?"

"Find them myself, maybe."

But he didn't. He stood helplessly chanting, "I

can't find it." It was useless to send him for anything. It was useless to tell him to think where he placed it and go and take it again. He couldn't "find it."

Over and over his aunt went with him and showed him the thing he wanted close at his hand. Then she decided that he must be trained to see things, to look for things, and to find them. She planned a lesson for him.

That evening, when he came to the table for dinner, he found his place bare. His aunt seated herself and unfolded her napkin calmly. Her place was in order. Silver, service plate, bread and butter plate, roll, water glass, complete. His place showed a clean stretch of white linen.

"Your knife and fork are in the silver drawer. So are the spoons." He opened the drawer and was about to call out "I can't find them," thought better of it, and selected the silver he needed and laid it on the table.

"Your glass of water is on the serving table."

He found it promptly.

"Your service plate and bread and butter plate are out in the pantry."

He returned promptly with them.

"Your roll is sitting out on the kitchen table. Take your plate and bring it in."

He found that, too. He hurried a little, for his aunt had already buttered her roll and his appetite was good.

"That's pretty good for the first lesson in finding things. Now we'll serve your dinner. But if you can't find things to-morrow I'll have to give you another exercise in looking for things you need."

It was remarkable how soon he learned to find anything he was sent for. "Wouldn't it have been dreadful if he had grown up not being able to 'find it'?" said his aunt.

REAL DISCIPLINE

Too often we think of a disciplined child as one who obeys instantly when a command is given. Instant obedience and silence are likely to be one ideal of good discipline—an outside force applied to a child by his teacher or his parents, by an employer to his employee, by an officer to his subordinate.

One stormy day Miss Trumpeter could not get to school on time. The class had to wait for her. The children put away their wraps, took their seats, folded their hands, and gazed ahead at the blackboards. They sat in absolute silence and stillness, like so many monuments to patience.

"That's discipline!" Miss Trumpeter said, in talking about it to her fellow teachers. "Make them afraid to do anything save what they are told. That's the secret."

But it wasn't discipline. Not real discipline. Discipline is real only when the control is exercised by the person concerned. Real discipline is purely a personal matter, an ordering of one's self by one's self.

The commonly accepted forms of discipline are exterior things. They are sets of inhibitions—"Thou shalt not, for if you do, I'll do something else." The disciplined one has given over his will to another. He does no thinking, no willing. He acts on the thoughts and according to the will of his master. Without orders he dare not move. He cannot

move. He is weak and fearful, dependent, and resourceless.

Real discipline is a growth of self. It consists mainly of doing. It is dynamic. It is initiated by the person concerned. The planning, the judging, the deciding, the doing are his. He is a responsible, self-directing, self-sustaining individual. He starts, he takes hold, he goes on to the end. He measures his work. He gains power for the next duty. He is truly self-disciplined.

Whenever you find that you have to say to a child, "Don't do that," it is time to stop and consider what sort of discipline you are establishing. Beware whenever you find yourself saying, "Don't make any noise, Don't waste time, Don't answer back, Don't tell me a story, Don't use my things, Don't play with John." You are likely to be wrong. "Don't" is generally a very bad substitute for "Do". Children never get anywhere on "Don'ts".

Whenever you find yourself saying "Fine. Go ahead. Do some more. That's good," you can feel assured that for that time at least you and the child are going towards the right road. Doing things encourages a child to clarify his ideas, leads him to organize them and to test the value of his thinking. He is disciplining himself for the problem of living.

Encourage self-discipline. The self-disciplined child becomes the self-disciplined man.

Discipline means "Do" much oftener than it means "Don't".

RESPECT FOR ELDERS

The United States is one of the greatest nations of the earth. Her people are respected by all the peoples of the earth.

Yet the United States has no nobility and no titles. Our President is called "Mister". The man in the street is called "Mister". We are proud that we are a "common people". Proud that we have learned to value humanity.

Teach this and its meaning to the children. Young folks are so likely to think that fine dress and fine manners and white hands are the marks of fine people. We older ones know that the real man lies beyond all these.

When Count Tolstoy lived he was fond of going about in the dress of a peasant: Once he came to a great house at nightfall. The children of the palace met him and escorted him, with the greatest respect, to where their parents sat. Then they were told who their visitor was. They bowed again, but they could show no greater respect to the Count than they had shown the old peasant.

Once in a while one sees children following and jeering and hooting some old person or some unfortunate who has attracted their attention.

Such children have not learned to respect mankind. The poorest and meanest of us is one of the family. If we fail to respect him we fail to respect ourselves.

Teach the children to respect old people, the toil-marked people, the broken workers they meet. Each of them has a story to tell. Teach the children to listen. These folk speak with authority. There is no authority like that of age and experience. No one understands a thing as well as he who has done it.

Teach the children reverence for the gray head and the gray beard. Teach them the gray is but the silver sand from Father Time's hour glass which must fall upon us all as his benediction as we pass on.

Teach the children to stand aside for age, to listen to the voice of experience, to respect all people.

Robert Burns meant something like this when he said, "A man's a man for a' that."

Lincoln was teaching this when he said, "God must have loved common people—He made so many of them."

It was what God meant when He said, "Man is made in the image and likeness of God."

"HOLD YOUR HEAD UP"

"You have a beautiful carriage, Miss Lavinia," said the youngest teacher to the oldest one. "I wish I could carry my head that way and have such a fine line down my back. But I can't."

Miss Lavinia looked pleased. "I hope I have," she said. "And if I have it is because my mother kept at me day after day until I was quite grown up. Every morning when I started for school she would go with me to the door and watch me go to the gate. When I reached the gate she would say, 'Hold your head up.'

"You know that has meant a lot to me. By and by I listened for that little speech. I waited for it. Carried it away with me to last through the day.

"When I was grown up and had started to teach, things were not easy for me," and Miss Lavinia smiled at the youngest teacher. "The children were hard to manage, the supervisor was exacting. I was often very tired and discouraged and on the point of giving up.

"But in the morning my mother would come with me to the door and wait until I reached the gate and say, 'Hold your head up.' And I'd go on for another day.

"I lost her years ago, but I've never lost that bit of teaching. Whenever things are going against me, I can hear her just as distinctly as ever: 'Hold your head up.'

"You know, lifting your head and carrying it high, like a prancing horse on parade, gives you a wonderful lift. Acts like a tonic. You can't go down into the depths if you hold your head up.

"It did more for me than give me a straight back and a good carriage. I'm grateful for them, of course, but I'm more grateful for the lift it has given my life. I'm always going to hold my head up." And Miss Lavinia smiled again and patted the hand of the youngest teacher.

Do you try to give your child a good-day message that will help him carry through the day? It is only a little thing for you to do, but it means a great deal to a child.

If you haven't such a message, try Miss Lavinia's "Hold your head up". The world looks better when one looks up. There's the arch of the sky that speaks of the immeasurable heights, and the sunshine that makes for gladness, and the clouds that drift by and whisper day dreams. All above us.

"Hold your head up." It will strengthen your child's backbone and broaden his horizon.

THE HOLE IN THE HEDGE

"I saw your boy starting off early this morning, Phillips. Where was he going?"

"I don't know," said Phillips meditatively, with a calculating look at a clump of larkspur.

"You don't know? Man, do you mean to tell me that you let that boy go off for all day without telling you where he was going?"

"Just that," and Phillips thrust his spade close to the clump of larkspur.

"You're clean crazy sometimes," snapped the professor.

"Maybe yes, and maybe no. You see I left a gap in the hedge for him: I let him go off to spend this day exactly as he wished without asking him anything about it. It is a wise thing to do sometimes.

"See that sweep of evergreens? I planted them there to keep off the storms. But you notice I have left it open on the side toward the sun.

"Now this larkspur is asking for the open. It has been too closely shut in. It needs the break in the hedge. It must see out. If it wants to wander off into the byways it will do so, you know. It will send out its roots and its seeds. I'll be left with the dead plant. I'm moving it to the break in the hedge.

"Children are just like plants. We hedge them in against the storm, but we must leave the break in the hedge so they can wander out into the open

towards the sunny side. Keep the break toward the sunny side. Sometimes their fancies stray outside the hedge and they want to see what lies outside. Keep the hedge open for them. It spells freedom."

"Yes. But perhaps they will be caught in the storm that you tried to protect them against. They will be beaten and broken by the winds and there will be no sheltering hedge," argued the professor.

"Tossed a bit," assented Phillips. "But they will make for the friendly hedge when they feel the storm. Look here," and he led the way to the sunny side of the hedge. Snuggled serenely under it lay a host of dainty wildflowers.

"You see they found the break in their hedge and went out into the world to see what they could see. And they snuggled into the shelter of the friendly hedge. No harm came to them. They were true children of their fathers, true to their training.

"Just the same with children. Hedge them against the storm but don't forget to leave the gap wide enough for them to get into the open. Protection isn't incarceration, you know. Keep the way open towards the sunny side," and he lifted the clump of larkspur and set it over against the sun.

PART IV

MORAL TRAINING

BOOK MORALITY

"What the children need is moral training." "Put the Bible in the schools." "Teach right ideals, clear thinking, right living." From all sides comes the demand, "Teach morality."

Often the plea arises from a fear not quite defined. Sometimes it is a plea from a mother whose child is going wrong. At times it is the cry of the propagandist or the insinuation of the faddist. But repeatedly it comes from the earnest teacher, who feels that the children are not getting an essential quality of their education.

"We are here primarily to teach for character building. The results are not the best. Give us something that will feed the starving souls of our children."

"You may read a short selection from the Bible every morning, but of course make no comment upon it."

"Emphasize the great and good men whose lives are examples for youth. Emulation is the thing."

"Here is a code of morality. We have worked it down to the finest point. There are ninety-two points to be checked up. Let the children rate themselves on this standard."

But the thoughtful teacher is merely dismayed at this array of moral mechanics. She knows that the way does not lie there. She says sadly, "Book morality does not seem to get down very deep."

Book morality never did. Man's salvation lies in his hands. To make an idea real, to make it part of a child's being, it must go in by way of his ten fingers. Character was never formed by talking. It is always made through doing something.

If you would teach a little child to love and protect the birds, you may tell him all the beautiful stories your mind will hold. That will interest him mildly, but it won't make him alive to the bird question.

But after you have told him about the bluebird and have him all worked up about his beauty and his usefulness and his daily danger of death in the form of cats or sparrows or what not, just let him crystallize that emotion in the building of a house for the bird of his heart, and see what happens.

When he has sawed and hammered and nailed and pulled apart and put together again; when he has hammered his thumb and blistered his hands and skinned his knees in the doing of it; when at last he sees his tenants move in and occupy the house of his labors, bird protection has become a clear notion for him. He has "seen it plain".

You can't teach morality by preaching. The child has to do something about it. Every clean-cut job he executes is a fine lesson in morality, whether it is building a bird house or sharpening a pencil. "Do it and do it right" will teach more morality in an hour than a lifetime of talking. Put it in through his hands.

THE BIBLE

"I'm anxious to have my children love good literature. They have too much comic supplement and not enough better reading. Which book of all the books would you say the children should have as a standard?"

The Bible. When you ask for but one book for the children there is but one book that will answer —The Book. There is none other that will serve the children better, last longer, and enrich their minds and souls more than will this old Bible.

I don't mean that the children should be taught to approach it with bated breath and in austere reverence and only on Sunday afternoons. It is that sort of thing that drives children away from the Bible.

Many an adult shudders at the memory of the long afternoons of suffering he endured in the shadowed room while some solemn-faced grown-up read long psalms in a dull, expressionless voice and told him it was for his soul's sake.

I would like to give the children a great big old-fashioned Bible, the sort that used to lie on the center table in the parlor. It has very large print and many brightly colored pictures. The children like to take a book like that and lie down on the floor with it and turn its pages over and over. Occasionally they will ask you to read to them about the picture, and you do so, just as you would read any

beautiful story, and let it go at that. You don't try to amplify the story. You can't do it because they are perfect.

The children will immerse themselves in the poetry and the pageantry and literature of the Bible. They will love the stories like those about the Flood and Isaac and Jacob and Joseph and his brothers.

When they read the story of the Flood they will love best the building of the boat and the long procession of animals marching in two by two, and they will glow with the exclusiveness of it all. No sympathy for those left behind enters their minds. This sort of interest troubles you. It need not. To-day, they think of the animals marching two by two in the way they themselves love to march. They think of the rain pouring down and pouring down and pouring down, and they chuckle with glee at the thought of their friends safe and snug inside. But in the to-morrow you would provide for they will remember that "Noah walked with God."

Children taught to use the Bible in this way will form a taste for fine literature, beautiful language, heroic living (there were giants on the earth in those days) that will stand the assaults of the comics and the movies. These may have their place, but they will not sink far into minds that have been founded upon the Word of God.

HONOR THY FATHER

The commandment was given to the children, but their obedience to it was made dependent upon the parents. Unless fathers and mothers are the sort that children can honor, what are the children to do? Many a child has struggled manfully to honor those to whom no honor was due, only to fail in the trying.

Children watch and listen. Most of what they see and hear sinks deep into their minds, and although they have no words for them, the ideas are safely planted. They but wait until experience catches up with impression, when they are all made clear. Eighteen understands what uncomprehending eight took in with avid curiosity and little appreciation.

"Yes, I know I told you that I would take you next time, but I can't. You'll have to wait until later."

That child remembers that you did not keep your word. Do you think he will honor you?

"You have a bad cold. You must get into bed at once. No, I can't stay with you because I have tickets for the show to-night. You'll get along all right. Just ring that bell if you want anything."

Some day this child will remember that you never put aside your pleasure for his needs, even when he was little and very sick and dependent upon you. Think he will honor you?

"Put up that thing. I don't care whether you have to practice or not. Put it up, I tell you. If you make another sound on it, I'll slap you well."

You had no right to disregard the child in that way at all. He should have been allowed to practice on his horn. You could have sent him to a room by himself. You had no right to slap him for such a thing. It was pure bullying. You felt stronger than he, that was all. Think he will honor you?

"Guess you can buy your car now, lady. I made a killing to-day."

"Oh, is that so? How did you ever do it, you old dear?"

"Caught old Tonks off guard. Home sick. I gobbled up one of his orders. He'll be furious when he comes back and finds it out."

"Well, his misfortune is our good luck. I'll go after the car to-morrow."

The little pitcher at the side of the table listening with wide ears watched your faces and stored the memory away. He'll remember all about that car. Think he'll honor you?

For the commandment was given to the children, but the obedience was laid on their parents. Children honor only those to whom honor is due. Grown folk may shower their honors upon the mighty who may return them, but the children hold to the honorable side and bestow theirs only where they have been earned.

Pity? Love? Yes. Upon the just and the unjust. But honor? No. That they bestow only upon the honorable.

GOD'S NAME

The boys were playing ball in the playground, and now and again one of them would swear. Their voices reached the school master, and a look of pain crossed his face. Then he closed the windows that opened on the green.

"The old man closed his windows. He heard us swearing, I'll bet. We'd better cut it out, anyway. It's raw," said one, and the others agreed in silence.

When they filed into chapel the next day the master held them after the exercises and said:

"I want to tell you a story. It is a story about yourselves.

"Once this world you live on was a mass of molten metal fresh from the forge of God. There was no visible life upon it or in it, but it was there, for God was there, and God is life.

"Swathed in steaming mists, drenched with torrents of water, the great mass cooled slowly and, like a thin veil, a scum gathered on the face of the earth. Life had begun to evolve.

"The struggle for existence became a terrific struggle. Plants grew until they outgrew their size and strength, and then they died and returned into the ground. Monstrous animals grew and attained their full growth and power, and returned to their place in the ground.

"In the midst of the sweating, grinding, straining struggle for a place in this world, a tiny creature

appeared, creeping his way about on the floor of the earth. He had neither wings nor talons nor teeth nor claws nor armor to defend himself against the attack of the wild creatures around him. He was the weakest, the most helpless of all God's creatures physically. This was Man.

"But God gave him advantage over the beasts. He gave him a pair of hands and a brain to lift himself off the earth, out of the slime. He breathed His spirit into him and made him a part of the Infinite, so that, when he had outgrown his body and bones and they went back to the earth the spirit of him should return to the Infinite, back to God who gave it.

"To-day, as on the first day, you lie cradled in the hand of God. Helpless, absolutely dependent upon the shelter of the divine hand. Yet you can utter His name in vain? You use the name of the Father of all men as a byword? Do not do this, for it is written in the experiences of the ages, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.' "

BAD LANGUAGE

When a child uses what his playmates call "language", the best thing to do is ignore him, especially if he is a little fellow just learning to talk. Send him off to the other side of the room to find something you discover you must have immediately. Change his work. Change his idea. Say nothing about the "bad word".

When you make a "to-do" about the thing, he remembers it longer. Talking, especially the emphatic talking one does when one is excited about such a thing, strengthens the phrase in the child's mind. You have surrounded it with the dramatic atmosphere that preserves it and keeps it alive. Silence and a change of activity go a long way towards eliminating the expression from his mind.

But if he is older? You have a more difficult task on your hands.

The older boy who uses "language" has in all probability heard it used daily. He hears his own people using strong words and he naturally adopts them. He uses the tongue of his people; thinks as they think, does as they do, speaks as they speak.

A boy raised in a family where courtesy of word and deed is the rule will not use rude speech. He will make slips now and again and a gentle admonition will suffice. There is no danger of his having a set habit of bad language.

The older boy who uses the objectionable words

is generally following somebody's example. The remedy is simple. Change the example and he will change his ways.

Sometimes the heads of the house differ on matters like these. Father indulges in strong language and thinks that his son won't pay attention to it. "He is but a child and children should do what they are told to do and never mind what their parents do. A man cannot always watch his words and weigh his speech, and all that sort of thing."

Mother implores him to be careful. She tells him that the child hears him and that he does remember, and that she is trying to teach him not to use such language.

"I cannot teach him that his father is wrong. Do be more careful of what you say and do."

Divided thought in the management of the children is bad for them. It is easier to teach a child bad language than it is to unteach it once he has learned it. There should be but one idea of this, just one standard.

The best way to teach a child good language is to allow him to hear it constantly. Brought up on clean, fine language, he will use it. Language is mainly a matter of imitation.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Three-year-old Billie did what all three-year-old Billies have done since Adam was a boy. He slipped unostentatiously into the pantry and lapped up the contents of a glass of jam.

His mother saw the smeared hands and face and clothes and said: "Why did you take the jam without asking?"

"If I asked you, you'd say, 'No'," said Billie, "so I didn't ask."

"But that was very wrong. You know that if it were right for you to have the jam I would not say 'No'. I'd say 'Yes'.

"Besides that, you went in by the side door so that I could not see you, so you must have known that you were doing wrong."

"Yes," sighed the culprit dolefully.

"Billie, you must remember that when you do wrong you cannot hide it. If I do not see you, God sees you. You can never hide from Him."

A few days later Billie's mother heard a sound in the pantry. Billie should have been in the garden. Then who could be in the pantry? She stepped lightly to the window and peeped through the shutters. There stood Billie, the jam jar on the chair, dipping his fingers in and licking them clean as he drew them out dripping with sweetness.

After two or three good dips he went to the open door and looked searchingly towards the sky. Seem-

ingly satisfied he smiled and returned to his jam pot. "Didn't see me that time," said he cheerily.

His mother called, "Billie, come here."

With a hasty last dip and lick and an inclusive wipe over face and clothes, he answered, "I'm coming."

He marched around the house and stood before his mother smeared from ear to ear, from head to foot, with sticky red jam. He held his sticky fingers wide apart and licked around his mouth to loosen its fast setting stiffness.

"Billie, you have been at the jam again."

"Who told you? God couldn't, because I watched the whole time and He wasn't looking."

"But you don't have to see Him. He sees you. See, the jam jar is empty. That's because you ate the jam. The jam can't be there and in your stomach, too.

"When it rains you get wet. When it snows it chills you. When you play with the sharp knives in the drawer they cut you. When you eat the jam is smears you. That's what I mean when I say you can't hide from what you do. God sees and won't let you."

"Oh," said Billie dejectedly.

Children are irreverent. They don't understand. Be patient and teach them.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

"Where are you going, Peter?"

"To Sunday school."

"So'm I. Wish I wasn't."

"Why don't you stay home, then?"

"Can't. Got to go."

"Who makes you?"

"My father and mother. Don't yours?"

"Nope. They said I could go if I wanted to. I don't have to."

"Wish somebody'd say I didn't have to go. Bet I wouldn't."

"Tell your folks you don't want to. Maybe they'll let you stay out."

So George told his father and mother that Peter's father and mother didn't make him go to Sunday school, but he went anyhow, and he wished they'd say he didn't have to go if he didn't want to—and although that sounds very much mixed up, George's parents understood.

"You wouldn't go at all if we didn't make you go?" asked his mother.

"No, I'd never go."

"Very well. You needn't go," said his mother calmly, and buried herself in her newspaper.

George gazed unbelievingly at the back of the newspaper, but as nothing more was said, he went out and called: "Hey, Pete. I don't have to go

any more, either. Mom says I don't have to go to Sunday school if I don't want to."

"Huh," said Pete, struggling with a shoestring, "what of it?"

The next Sunday George watched his sister getting ready for Sunday school. He made elaborate preparations for staying at home. Nobody noticed him except to say "good-by" pleasantly as each left the house to go to the church.

He read for a few minutes, but the silent house made him restless. He went into the garden and pulled a couple of weeds. Then he went to the gate and looked down the silent street toward the church.

"Suppose they're singing now and soon Bud will be taking up the collection we made for those Chinese kids. And I have the most money. But I'll send it in. I'm glad I'm not going any more."

Then he yawned. He looked up and down the street. No, there were none of his friends to play with. He yawned again. Sunday was a dull day. A very dull day. Still, this was better than going to Sunday school. Oh, yes. Lots better.

Next Sunday George got his papers and books together and went to Sunday school. He caught up to Peter on the way.

"Oh, hullo. Thought you weren't coming any more?"

"Oh, I'm going to go once in a while. I don't have to go, you know." And George strutted along in the pride of his free will.

YOUR CHILD'S SUNDAY SCHOOL

"Come, Robert, it's time for you to get ready for Sunday school."

"Oh, pshaw!" growled Robert. "I'm not going to Sunday school any more."

"What? Of course you are. I am amazed to hear you talk like that. Get ready this minute."

Robert grunted and grumbled to himself and finally started off ten minutes late.

"Now don't let me have to tell you about this any more. I want you to get ready for Sunday school as regularly as you do for day school. And be on time."

Robert called back good-by and strolled down the street in the direction of the church. Mother turned to the newspaper, saying, "I don't see why that child does not like to go to Sunday school. I always went."

Funny how you forget all the times you didn't like to go to Sunday school, isn't it? For Sunday school is just about the same to-day as it was when you got out of going every time you could.

If mother had followed Robert to Sunday school she would have learned exactly why he didn't care to go.

He entered the Sunday school room and straggled with the other late-comers into his corner. Five other boys sat on the yellow, cane bottom chairs, painfully dressed and well behaved.

The superintendent gave out the hymn. The organist began to play but nobody got ready to sing. The superintendent looked about in embarrassment.

"Could somebody start the hymn? Sister Wisely isn't here yet."

The organist began again. Somebody struck in feebly on the second phrase, another took it up and another and they dragged through the first hymn.

The reading of the lesson by the superintendent followed, then another sorry hymn, and he said, "Classes will form."

There was a shuffling of chairs and the scattered groups snuggled a little closer together. Most of the classes were without teachers. The pastor had the Bible class. They were young ladies and gentlemen and seemed interested in the lesson.

The superintendent went from group to group, asking, "Isn't your teacher here yet? Well, she'll be in soon." But she wasn't.

Then the superintendent went to the Bible class and coaxed an unwilling student to go to a class and teach it, "just for to-day". We'll let the teaching pass by. We have all been through it.

What I want to know is, if the church really wants to teach its children, why not train the teachers for the job?

CREEDS

Minnie and Jean Marie were friends. Every morning for three years Minnie had stopped before Jean Marie's gate and "You-hooed", and Jean Marie had come racing out to greet her. Then the two, with arms entwined, started off to school.

At recess they shared their apples and jawbreakers and secrets. If Minnie were kept in, which happened quite often, Jean Marie took up her patient watch at the front entrance, and never left until Minnie came out and they went home as they had come, together.

But something threatened the joy and good comradeship. Confirmation was coming on. Minnie was to be confirmed in her church and Jean Marie in hers. The one in the Episcopalian Church on the hill and the other in the Catholic Church close by the school. For the first time in their friendship they had to be separated.

For church was different. You couldn't share church. If you were a Catholic, that was something different from a Protestant. As the corner you had to turn toward your own church.

There was something new and strange and significant about it. It couldn't be explained, and it couldn't be shared. It meant that you were in some way alone. Lessons and apples and punishments and treats and clothes you could share, and you didn't have to explain. No; this was different.

The shadow lay between the two little girls as they started down the street one afternoon to go to their confirmation classes. They were silent. Their feet slowed up as they neared the corner that marked the parting of the way.

All day Minnie had kept a little paper bag with a dozen lemon drops in it, hidden in her school bag. She wanted to share them with Jean Marie. But the shadow would not let her. It lay darkly upon the cherished sweetmeats. Perhaps it was an ancestral shadow that forbade the breaking of bread with one not of your household. Whatever the reason, Minnie could not eat the sweets alone, and she could not share them.

Standing on the corner chatting pleasantly stood Father Pete and the Rector. A paper bag stuck out of Father Pete's pocket. As they talked his hand stole in and out. The Rector's hand did the same thing, finding its way to Father Pete's pocket with the ease of long practice.

Minnie took out her bag and opened it, and Jean Marie said, "Oh, goodie." They took turns, just as Father Pete and the Rector did.

When Father Pete tossed out the crumpled bag, he raised his hand in salute to the Rector, who raised his in reply, and one went across the street towards his church and the other went up the hill towards his.

And neither knew that he had lifted a load from a little child's heart.

CHRISTMAS

The silence of night on the plains. The deep dusky blue of the sky. A group of shepherds and their huddled sheep. A burst of music—and a star. Three camels stalking through the silence bearing three wise men who carry gifts to a Child. And it was the first Christmas.

Nearly two thousand years and yet the world has not forgotten. Rather, it remembers more keenly than ever the story that picture tells. "Peace on earth and good will to all men."

Down through the sorrow-drenched years, years of blood and agony and tears and despair that have followed that first Christmas, the world has remembered. Still rings the angels' chorus. Still shines the star. Still the wise men travel bearing their gifts to the Child. Still humanity clings to hope.

Then a "Merry Christmas to you!" Away with the dreads and the worries and the doubts. This is Christmas. "Merry Christmas!" The day of all days when the gray of your hair is forgotten, when the lines on your face are so filled with smiles that you beam in gladness, when the child in you dances out of your heart and leaves the door open behind him.

Bring in the holly and evergreen branches. Gather to you and yours the sounds and the sights and the smells of glad Christmas. Get ready the feast and bring out the old china and silver. This is the day

of the family, the gathering of children's children.

Drench it with memories glorious and golden. Fill it with laughter and music. Serve this mass with a feeling and reverence that will live long after you have lighted your last Christmas candle.

"Merry Christmas!" Set up the Christmas tree and deck it from the base to the top growth. Make it glitter and jingle and twinkle. It's your message of love, ever green, ever full, ever lighted.

At its top gleams the star. At its foot the picture of that first Christmas, the shepherds, the kneeling animals, the Child and the manger. Crude little toys that go straight to the hearts of childhood and keep alive the story of Christmas.

Load down its branches with gifts for all those about you. Oh, it isn't the price of them that is going to touch the hearts of those who receive them. No. They hung under the star and were guarded by shepherds. Each little bundle, nubbly and homely and speaking, carries the message choired by the angels, "Peace on earth and good will to all men."

"Merry Christmas! God save it to you!"

PART V

BOYS

OUTDOORS FOR THE BOYS

Boys belong out of doors. No one who has had the slightest experience with boys doubts that for a moment. Sometimes we forget that the outdoors is their natural place of habitation and scold and fuss when they remind us of it. We grow impatient when they become restless and uneasy in the house and wrathfully inquire what is the matter with them.

"Why can't you be quiet for a little while?"

"Why don't you find something to do until it clears up?"

"Why did you bring that dirty mess into the house? Why don't you leave it outside where it belongs?"

You knew the answer before you asked the question. He was closed in and he wanted to be outside. He could find nothing to do inside the house because there was nothing for him to do there. All his activities were staged out of doors. You had made no provision for the rainy day.

To begin with there is no reason to be so heedful of the weather. The boy can have clothes suitable for all sorts of weather. It is a very bad day indeed that keeps a real boy indoors. He can have a raincoat and hat and rubbers. Don't afflict him with an umbrella. Let him go to school, or do the errands, or, if he is lucky enough to have a garden, do some rainy day work in it.

If the house will permit he should have a place

in which to work any time he chooses to go there. The woodshed, the cellar, the attic, the space under the porch, a side or back porch—any of these places are possibilities for the boy's workroom. If there is a barn loft for him, he need not "call the king his cousin". Only give him a place for himself and connect it with the outdoors as far as possible.

Then make sure that you know what he is doing. How does he fill his outdoor time, or his shop time? Be sure of one thing. He is growing and his growth has an element of permanence in it that is serious. It makes for his type of manhood. It is a structural, fundamental growth. Watch it. Test it. Begin with the nine-year-old-boy. You are likely to overlook him.

Can he run a hundred yards in good time?

Can he tie a bowtie, lace his shoes and tie a double knot?

Can he recognize and name three trees, three wild flowers, five wild animals?

Can he chin himself once? Can he be captain of at least three games?

The outdoors boy is the real boy. He loves the feel of the rain and the mists in his hair and on his eyelids while he laughs rosy-cheeked. He loves the smell of the rain-soaked earth and the wood smoke and the pines. He loves the sun, and the warmth of it floods his healthy body and glows in his happy soul.

KEEPING THE BOY AT HOME

"What can I do to keep my boy at home? He seems to want to be anywhere but there. I never know where to find him. I'm worried to death."

When a boy or a girl wants to be some place other than home, isn't it plain that the other place holds more attraction for him? Why? Find the answer to that and you will know what to do to keep the boy at home.

One lad played baseball all the spare time he had. He tossed his books on the porch and raced off before any one could stop him. As the vacant lots were widely scattered and he might be playing ball on any one of them, his mother did not know where to look for him at meal time. He would play on until darkness overtook him.

Next door to his home there was a vacant lot. His father hired a couple of men to clear it and turned it over to his son to make into a baseball diamond. After that there was no trouble about finding him.

Another boy was a great trial to his mother. He did many things and did them in quick succession. Keeping up with him for a day gave one much the sensation of having purchased and used a season's ticket on the merry-go-round.

"It's bad enough to get him started for school in the morning and seeing that he gets something done towards his lessons in the evening. But his free time is driving me to despair," said his tired mother.

"He must have freedom, I know, but I am in mortal terror of his being taken to the police station and my having to go and get him. He isn't still a minute, and he never does the same thing for more than twenty minutes at a time. He went and hired himself to the butcher to deliver meat. He delivered the meat and then drove all about the town in the butcher cart.

"The butcher thought he had been hurt, that the horse had run away, and notified the police. They found him and took him to the butcher and he called me up and gave me a frightful scolding. I don't know what to do. He has to be outdoors. He cannot live in the house. What can I do?"

"You say he likes to be out of doors. Would he like to have a garden and raise plants and rabbits and things like that?"

His mother gave him a garden and he lived in it. It grew big enough to grow plants and shelter toads and rabbits and snakes the second year. When he worked it up to horse size he had the fun of driving him while he plowed. It was things that lived and moved and grew that he wanted.

If the child finds the thing that interests him in his home he is a fixture.

BOYS' CLUBS

"Aren't children ever any comfort to their parents?" asked the worried mother of her nearest neighbor at the mothers' meeting.

"Yes," chuckled the jolly matron, "mine are fifty-fifty at present. They are asleep for twelve hours and they are a pleasure. They are awake for the other twelve hours and they are a pain."

"You are the teacher," challenged the troubled mother. "Tell us what can we do to be sure we are right in the training of these children. Take my Billy. He's the dirtiest child alive. I have bathed him every night of his life yet he won't wash himself until he is driven to it."

"That's nothing to worry about. He is grubby because he is at the grub stage. When he is seventeen you will have a 'dandy' on your hands."

"Why doesn't he have any manners? I teach and try to practice them, but he remains a savage."

"And I wouldn't worry about that. I'd just keep on teaching. By and by the teaching tells. Some day he will be going about with that lassie next door and his manners will be painfully correct."

"But there's worse than that," and the mother's voice dropped to a whisper. "Yesterday he played truant. He deceived me. Think of it! He went off with some of the boys of his class and helped them dig out a cave in the vacant lot. I found it out by accident. When I asked him why he did such

a thing he said: 'Why mother, I want to be in the gang. If I did no work on the hut the fellows wouldn't let me belong. You wouldn't let me go with them after school, so I had to go in school time.' ''

''All boys have that experience sooner or later,'' comforted the teacher. ''Better to have it sooner. If you don't like the form it takes, change the form. Get him interested in some club that has plenty of fun and action in it. The trouble with the children's clubs is that grown people cannot keep their hands off them. Children dislike interference of that sort.

''All that is really necessary is the meeting place. It may be in the barn, the attic, the back yard or the cellar. Above all else, it must be a place where boys can make noise and clutter.

''Little fellows' clubs are generally very long on talk and very short on action. Just let them alone. Stay in the background and supply assistance and encouragement when they need them.

''Accept the 'crowd' or the 'club' or the 'gang.' It is the social instinct and must be dealt with wisely.''

A BOY AND A DOG

Harry presented himself at the kitchen door. He had his arms clasped about a struggling bundle buttoned under his jacket. A moist black snoot protruded just under his chin and a curly black tail wagged wildly just below it.

"Mother, I know where there is a dog. He's a clean dog, mother. He's an awful good dog. He doesn't bite nor anything. And he's an awful nice dog, too, mother."

His mother tried not to see the pleading eyes and the wistful mouth of the boy begging for the stray he held under his coat.

"A dog, Harry? We don't want a dog. They are a great deal of trouble, scratching things up and maybe biting people. They have to be fed, too, and looked after just like children. No, son, we don't want a dog."

Harry made another effort. "But he's such a kind dog, mother. And I know where to get him and he hasn't anything to eat."

"Well, you might take him a bone or a piece of bread, but don't bring him home."

Harry turned towards the gate and slowly made his way to the street, where he set his prisoner free. He jumped and frisked joyously about the boy, who went down the street with him.

"Not such a bad-looking dog," said Harry's mother, peeping through the curtain. "But I can't

have him bringing all the animals he finds home. I'd soon have a menagerie."

That evening Harry was very sober and went to bed early. The house was still and everybody asleep when there came a barking and a scratching at the back door. Harry tumbled out of bed and went downstairs and held a conversation with the dog.

"I'm awful sorry, but you have to go and sleep in the barrel over in Bink's yard. You're my dog, but you have to sleep over in Bink's. Now, run back and go to sleep. That's a good dog. Go to bed now."

The door closed and Harry went back to bed. When this had happened the third time his mother called, "Harry, perhaps you'd better put that dog in the old basket and let him sleep in your room to-night so you can get some sleep."

No sooner said than done, and quiet settled once more over the disturbed household. In the morning, when Harry's mother went into his room to call him, he lay fast asleep with his arm over a curly black bunch that lay snuggled against him. It stirred and wagged a tail when she came closer to look.

"Well, I suppose you'll have to stay. But you'll have to have a bath if you are going to sleep in the bed."

"Whatever you say, madam," wagged the curly black tail. "It shall be just as you say."

YOUR BOY'S BEST COMPANIONS

The best companions in the world for a boy are a book and a dog and another boy. He usually gets the other boy with ease and nonchalance. Sometimes he gets the dog. The streets yield a rich harvest of both. But books are different.

Books lie out of a boy's beaten path. They are still, quiet things that must be hunted out of silent corners. They are generally associated with clean hands and hushed rooms. All this is foreign to the normal boy. Books must be trained into him as one trains toothbrushes, and hooks for hats, and door mats.

If you don't provide the training, some one, or something else, will. The flaring, screaming billboards give him daily lessons in reading. The writing is large and the pictures are arresting and he can read while he gallops by. He would have to be blind not to.

There are the movies. A boy can read a whole story and keep going at full speed all the time. The room is *not* light and airy, and the light does *not* fall over his left shoulder, and no one says a word about clean hands. He is thrilled. He is amused. He has only to sit and look and the thing has come and gone like a vision. And all so easy.

One of his chums discovers a story, almost as good as the movies, in a cheap book. He passes it on and your boy has begun to form his taste in books—

unless you have been alert and kept ahead of the billboards and the movies, and the cheap book.

When he is little there are the picture books. They can form part of his day even when he is creeping about. Feed him books and his appetite for them will grow. If you start him on Mother Goose, and follow up with Field and Stevenson, he will read the right sort of book.

Sometimes he will make a mistake and pick the wrong book. He made just such a mistake in picking out his friends and his dogs. But if his taste has been directed he will drop the bad book as he dropped the bad boy and the miserable dog.

Every boy should read the Bible. It will give him good taste, good style, and soul culture.

He should know *Robinson Crusoe* and *Pilgrim's Progress.* He will like the *Arabian Nights* and Lamb's *Tales of Shakespeare.* He should have a short history of his country and a copy of the Scout's Book. One thing he will like immensely, and one that he ought to have, a set of cartoons. They will teach him what a really funny picture is.

Leave him in peace to read. It may be that he seeks the seclusion of the hayloft, or the top of a tree, or the easy chair in the corner. Let him alone. He is forming his lifelong friendships.

THE INFORMER

In a town full of good people who lived in good houses and had good children whom they sent to a good school, a storm broke that threatened to set all the good people by the ears and shatter their good school.

It seems that a teacher in the school had aroused the antagonism of a group of boys, and to even things up with him one of their number drew a caricature of him on the wall of the school. The drawing was made with a crayon that required a chemical preparation to remove. The obnoxious drawing had to stay on the walls of the school for a whole day while the janitor went to a neighboring town and purchased the wash that would remove it.

The teacher was very angry. The principal was annoyed. Now he must look up the boys who had done this and see that they were properly punished. That took his time and used his energy. The more he thought of it the crosser he grew.

Who could have done it? Who had that sort of crayon? Investigation proved that there was but one boy who had such crayon in the school. But further investigation disclosed that he had loaned his crayons to a friend some days before the occurrence and had not yet received them from him.

The principal sent for the boy and asked him for the name of the boy who had borrowed his crayons. The boy refused to tell him.

"Don't you see that it is your duty to help me run down the culprit and punish him? Don't you think you owe anything to the school? Are you not a part of it? What affects the school affects you. You share in the disgrace that has come upon us all through this unmannerly conduct."

"Yes, but I think if the fellow who did it won't tell you, there is no reason why I should. I can't tell on another fellow. He must do his own telling."

There the matter stood when the principal called in the boy's father.

"And if he does not tell us who used his crayons we will expel him."

"You will?" demanded the father. "You will expel my boy for being decent because you can't find the boy who was indecent? Not if I know it."

And those perfectly good people with this perfectly good school took sides and fought bitterly, all because the principal had asked a boy to do something he should never have asked him to do. For no boy must be called upon to inform upon his neighbor. That's playing the rôle of informer, and it is un-American through and through.

It is a violation of the boy's code. An adolescent boy has no standard above that of his group. It is not a bad one. Better stick to it until age and experience teach him when to speak and when to keep still. Better the boyish code of honor than the hypocritical code of the boy informer.

FASHIONS FOR BOYS

"Bobby, you are forgetting your hat."

"No, mother, I'm not wearing any."

"What is the matter with you? This is a cold morning."

"Not so cold. I'm not wearing a hat these days."

"Why?"

"Oh, just for fun. Some of the fellows made it up not to."

"Nonsense. You'll catch cold."

"No, I won't. I haven't caught cold so far, and I haven't worn a hat this winter." And he raced off to school.

"That's the latest fashion, I suppose," groaned his mother. "He'll catch cold and get an earache and bring all sorts of trouble on himself."

"Don't worry," comforted the father. "As he points out, he hasn't caught cold yet. Lots of people never had a hat."

"They don't live in this country."

"Yes, they do. Don't fuss yourself about his hats. Boys are like that. He'll have another style soon, and maybe want to wear his hat to bed. Cheer up, I tell you. He'll soon have another notion."

True to the prophecy, Bobby soon had another style. He rolled his stockings down below the knee. His mother was horrified.

"Why have you wadded your stockings like that? Where are your garters?"

"Don't wear any. I roll my stockings like this and I don't have to use any garters. Fine scheme. All the fellows are doing it. I made up with Scotty to wear mine like this this afternoon."

"It's disgusting. I don't believe the teacher will allow it. Don't be surprised when she sends you out to dress properly."

"Oh, mother, you're behind the times. You ought to see the girls. They have short stockings and bare knees. They don't look bad, really."

"All I have to say is that I don't like the style."

In a few days the stockings went back to their places and Bobby said, "Mom, will you please buy me a new cap? It's the school cap, with our colors and initials. All the fellows are wearing them."

Styles in boyland change swiftly. They are usually harmless and meaningless, except to the boy. For him to be out of style is to be out of the world. The only time he can be comfortable and out of style is when he feels superior to it. And boys are sensible in that they rarely feel superior.

Whenever possible, let him follow the style of the hour. It makes him happy and does no harm. In fact, it prevents him from doing more harmful things.

CHUMMING IT WITH SON

My neighbor and I were chatting in his quiet study one evening when the door burst open and his twelve-year-old son rushed breathlessly into the room and demanded, "What did you do with the wrench, dad?"

His cap hung on the back of his head. He swung to and fro, holding on to both sides of the white enameled doorway with two very grimy hands. He was soiled with mud, and smelled of rubber and gasolene. It was plain that he was fixing the car.

"In the box in the outer shed," said his father.

Away rushed son, leaving the study door and the outer screen door open behind him. His father sighed and closed both doors.

"That is what I mean," he said. "The present generation has no manners. Perhaps it is our fault. I made up my mind that my son should not be afraid of me, as I was of my father.

"My father was a very dignified man. He kept me at a distance. I did not feel free with him. I had to wait his permission to speak. I had to be careful to address him as sir. He was always very kind, but formal. I stood in awe of him. I want to be a companion to my son. I've tried to be. Still, sometimes I wonder if I have been wise."

When one's friends are talking about their children it is best to listen and say as little as possible. I nodded.

"Last Saturday," he went on, "the lad wanted to

go on a hike. I thought it would be chummy of me to go along." He smiled at the recollection. "We headed into the country. By and by I began to feel tired. Son was well up in front with his friends. I tagged along in the rear.

"By the time we reached the end I was tired. But the boy was still going strong. I made myself comfortable upon a pile of extra sweaters and coats while the youngsters played ball.

"We had luncheon. The boy ate his sandwiches and enjoyed them. I ate mine and shuddered.

"After luncheon they were ready for another game. I suggested that it was already late and that it might be well to start for home.

" 'Oh, that's all right,' they said. 'Don't let us keep you if you are tired. Trot right along. We'll follow you.'

"I wouldn't leave them and stayed the game out. I wondered if I had been right in thinking I could be a companion to a twelve-year-old child. Sometimes I feel that we have both lost something worth while by my attempting it.

"Chums must share and share alike. Forty-five and twelve cannot always do this."

IN EMBRYO

The lovely spring day was drawing to a close. Aunt Betty had returned from her bug-hunting expedition and was sitting on the porch sorting things out. Mother came out and stood looking on, fearful yet interested.

The sound of boys laughing and scuffling made them look towards the street. Mother gasped and subsided into a rocker. Bobbie was leading the ball team towards home and dinner. He was a picture.

His hair showed in damp locks in the wrong places. His cap flapped its dilapidated peak hither and yon as he tramped along thumping his bat at each step. His knickers were ripped from knee to waist and swung about his legs like scant kilts. He was of an even mud color from cap to heel.

"Hullo, mom. Lo, Aunt Betty. Some fun! Some game! We licked them off the lot."

"Good enough," said Aunt Betty, digging down into her tin case for a muddy little plant. " 'Twas a fine afternoon for being out of doors."

"I'll say it was," returned Bob, cheerfully.

"Bob," said his mother, trying to be calm, "did you walk up the street like that?"

"Like how?"

"Like a ragamuffin, like a vagabond, like a boy who has nobody to look after him, like a—a—I don't know what."

"Oh, I'm only a little bit dirty. The field was wet

—spring, you know. These are old pants, anyway."

"Oh, please go upstairs and make yourself presentable. You've disgraced me."

Bob went upstairs and mother turned to Aunt Betty. "Isn't it awful? No more care for decency than a pup. What sort of a man will he be? It isn't that I haven't tried. I've done my best to teach him."

Aunt Betty laughed and dipped her muddy hand into her case again. She opened her hand and showed a mass of muddy grass and wet stalks in the middle of which clung an ugly, squatty, hungry looking "bug."

"Remember the lovely dragonfly that came into our room last summer? You wanted to keep him because he was a blazing splash of color?"

"Yes. He was the loveliest thing I ever saw on wings."

"This is the gentleman. This is how he looks in the 'boy' stage. By and by he will put on his wings and dress up in the rainbow and fly off. Just now he likes the mud."

Queer about boys. You never can tell what they may turn out to be. But there is one thing positive about them. Keep them healthy and happy and love them greatly and they will turn into men.

WHOSE KITE?

Henry was flying his kite. It was one of those gay, birdlike ones that need no tail and dip and loop-the-loop like a real airplane. Beany was standing up on the bank, watching his more fortunate neighbor enjoy the antics of his kite and the admiration of the rather envious spectator.

Suddenly the wind shifted and the kite veered towards the oak tree. Not the sort of oak tree that encouraged reckless kite flying. It had low-spreading branches, each of them thick with scraggly twigs. It was a grim tree for kite-fliers.

"Let her out, let her out, can't you? Now, there, see what you did! Stupid!" stamped Beany in wrath, as the kite fluttered once or twice and settled submissively among a tangle of twigs well up in the tree.

"Whose kite is it?" demanded Henry insolently. "I can get another. My father will give me the money for another one." And he turned and strutted off towards the group of boys on the other lot.

Beany contemplated his retreating back with an air of disgust. Then he took a survey of the tree. It was not hard to get up into, but it was going to be the very mischief to climb through, and the kite was hanging well out on the end of a particularly scraggly limb.

Beany scrambled up. He stretched his pudgy

arms and legs and grew blue in the face holding his breath in the effort to hold his gains on the way towards the stranded kite. The twigs flapped and switched his face. They ran up his sleeves and scratched his arms viciously. But he scrambled his way to the prize. He carefully disentangled it and dropped it from the tree. Then he dropped to the ground beside it.

"Not a scratch. I call that luck. Didn't think I'd ever own a bird kite. Won't ma be surprised when I show her!"

But Henry had spied him and came on the double quick. "Here you, Beany. That's my kite. Now, you give it to me. That's my kite," and seeing his father in the near distance howled. "That's my kite. Now, you give me it."

"For the love of——" gasped Beany.

"That's my kite. Now, you give it to me."

A tenseness settled under Beany's freckles. "Where did you leave your kite?"

"Hanging in the tree," declared the grieving Henry.

"Then that's where it ought to be," answered Beany, and with wonderful accuracy he shot the kite back up into the tree and walked away.

"Dad, did you see Beany throw my kite back into the tree?" whined Henry.

"Yes, I saw the whole business," said dad. "I'd rather be Beany than you."

And Henry understood.

FALSE EDUCATION

There was a boy who played the violin very well, so well that his teacher hoped he would become a master. One day a friend of his father's asked that the boy be allowed to play a selection at a public gathering.

"Please, no," begged his teacher. "It is not well for learners to appear in public. Better wait until his talent is matured."

But his father's friend prevailed and the boy played. He went up on the platform a shy, earnest lad who, above all else, desired to play with all the power within him. He played his way straight into the hearts of his audience. They cheered and stamped and clapped their hands, but the shy little boy would not go back to play again and his teacher was glad when he said, "I've played all I can tonight. I'm afraid of all those people. Let us go home and be quiet."

Soon he was asked to play again, and again the teacher begged that his father refuse the invitation. But the boy played again. This time he was not so shy.

Another invitation came and another and another. By this time the lad had forgotten his shyness, forgotten all sense of unfitness, lost all his fine humility, and blossomed out a swaggering, self-conscious stage artist.

His playing lost its tender appeal. It was hard,

unfeeling, cold. It was not even technically perfect. The invitations dropped off. He was brushed aside —finished.

"He is ruined," moaned his teacher. "It will take years of effort to overcome this. He should never have appeared until he was a master. Now he must learn to forget himself, he that was so unconscious of a self. He must learn now to live for his art, he who knew no other object in living."

Any sort of training that leads a child to think more of the product than of the idea he is working out is bad teaching, false education. Any training that leads to a feeling of superiority in a child, anything that leads a child towards egotism, is false education.

Parents are guilty of this oftener than teachers are. Perhaps parental pride drives them to it. They would see their children praised and petted by admiring friends. Whatever the cause, it is bad for the children.

Praise the child for a fine performance. Give him every encouragement to excel, but don't if you value his growth, seize upon some pretty phase of it and exhibit it in the market place. That road leads to disaster.

BOYS AND STUDY

Bob sat in the library studying his lessons for the next day. He had been sent there three times in the half hour. He seemed willing, anxious to do anything but study.

His aunt had to look for her book and Bob kindly went to help her. Having found it, he did not return to his lessons until she discovered him walking about the room and sent him back to his books.

The professor had taken down his pipe and Bob had shot out of his chair to get a match, light it, blow it out carefully, and throw it into a selected spot in the fireplace. All this took several minutes and would have taken longer only his mother came to see if he was working.

"I must have left my paper in my overcoat pocket," said his uncle.

"I'll get it," said Bob, and was off before you could wink. He returned with the paper. He opened it, found the financial page and folded it carefully and handed it to his uncle. Then he busied himself with the sporting page of his father's paper until he was discovered again.

He had been studying for a few minutes when the door bell rang. "That must be the artist," said his mother. Bob was half way to the door before he could be stopped.

"Take your books and go to your room and stay there until you have finished your lessons. Then take your bath and go to bed."

"Oh, mom! I never saw that artist. Can't I stay and see what she is like?"

"Quick," said his mother in the tone that meant, "It is settled." He went upstairs as slowly as he could, hoping to get a glimpse of the visitor, but she had been shown in another door and he was forced to go on his way.

Soon voices floated upstairs. The visitor was in the living room talking to the professor about the new art school she was going to open. Bob got as near the top of the stairs as was safe and listened.

They talked of the great artists and of their struggles to gain a place in their field. The woman had made her way in spite of obstacles that might have daunted a weaker soul. Bob forgot all about his French lesson as he listened.

"I have a photograph of a bit of work one of my boys has done," said the professor. "I'm hoping that you may be able to help him to a scholarship. What did I do with that photograph?"

"I know where it is, dad," and Bob slid down the stairs like a moonbeam, found the picture, and slipped himself behind his mother's chair and sat and listened until the visitor left.

"Perhaps Bob isn't going to be a book boy," sighed the professor. "He seems to be so much more interested in other things."

There isn't a boy alive who isn't more interested in people and life than he is in books. He has to get book knowledge and book training. But isn't five hours enough of it? He gets very little else in school. Is he asking too much when he begs for live people and live action outside of it? A little home study ought to be enough.

THE HERO

"Just the same, I can't see why people should let such a child loose. He shouldn't be where other children are." Estelle's pretty mother shut her mouth hard and passed the sugar.

"He doesn't do any harm," said daddy gently. "Estelle seems to like him. The lad couldn't help being born wrong."

"Of course not. That's just the reason," said mother, answering both statements. "I don't like to have the creature about Estelle. He shambles and giggles and glares. Oh, he's awful, I think! His people ought to keep him away from the beach."

"But, my dear, those people have to take care of their son exactly as we have to take care of Estelle. We wouldn't like this if it was our child, you know. I'm awfully sorry for them. Think if—if——"

Mother nodded in surrender and father strolled down to the beach to see how the little ones were getting along with the rows of wells. Each was as busy as a child with a pail and shovel and the ocean beach to deal with ought to be.

Estelle was as busy as any. A dainty, fairy-like child, with all the beauty of her mother and the gentle kindliness of her father, she was loved by all the children of the beach colony.

Paul was not as other children. He hovered about the edge of the group as though longing for a friendly word or a hint to join in the fun. Poor child, he

could not play when they tried him, and after the careless fashion of childhood they left him alone and ceased to notice him except when he got in their way. All but Estelle. She always had a word and a smile for him.

He stayed as near her as he could get. He watched until she had filled her pail with damp sand, then he sprang forward and carried it to where she wanted it dumped.

"Poor little fellow," said daddy as he walked toward the cottage. "Poor, harmless child. It's too bad."

It was after tea time. The children had gone to the shore for the last game before bedtime. Mother was about to go down after Estelle when she rushed into the room. She was a dirty bundle of what seemed to be mud and soot. Behind her stood Paul, smiling in a pale, helpless fashion.

"I'm all right, mother," panted Estelle, "but fix Paul. I fell into the bonfire the big boys had made and Paul pulled me out and his hands are burned."

"I'm all burned—my hands and my legs," he announced cheerfully, "but she's all right."

Next day everybody along the beach was calling him a hero. But he stayed on the edge of the group, bandaged and smiling. He was content if Estelle was pleased. He wished his hands were better so he could dump her pail.

HARE AND TORTOISE

Clarence was a "lump of a boy". His hands and feet flapped and dangled at the ends of his long arms and legs. His nose, what there was of it, was pug, and richly seasoned with freckles. His eyes were neutral gray, and his eyebrows could be discerned only after sharp scrutiny.

He did not shine in the classroom. Report-card day brought storms of reproach about his head. At these times he wore a slightly troubled expression. At all others, a sort of friendly cheerfulness enveloped him.

Beatrice, his sister, was a fairy. She had the classic blue eyes and curly hair of the fairy tales She was bright and quick and stood at the head of the class. Report-card day held no terrors for her. Everybody praised her.

Father was annoyed. He could not see why Clarence was not as bright about things as Beatrice. Hadn't they the same parents? Hadn't they the same teachers and the same opportunities? What was the matter with the boy? He was a disgrace. The girl, of course, was no more than the family expected her to be, but the boy was far from it.

The teacher once told him that all children were not alike. That often little girls appeared to be brighter than their slower growing brothers, but all of a sudden one day the boy woke up and surged ahead and left the girl behind him.

"No. Clarence could never equal his sister. To be sure he might wake up to his advantages some day. Let us say no more about it," father said sharply.

The Easter recess came. "Father, can we do what we like with this week's holiday?" asked Beatrice.

Father looked doubtful. Mother said: "Yes, why not? Let them do just as they please for a week and report to us what they accomplished on Saturday night. That will be a good experience for them."

Clarence looked pleased. He disappeared shortly after this permission was given. He returned looking more pleased. Every morning he rose early and got his own breakfast and packed his lunch. He returned in the evening in time for dinner, dirty and tired, and content. The family wondered, worried a little, hoped for the best, and waited for Saturday night.

"Oh," said Beatrice, "I had a fine time. Visited and went to the movies and cleaned my room and prepared my work for Monday."

"I earned these thirty-two dollars to go toward my spring clothes," said Clarence. "I saw an ad in the paper asking for a man for a small carpentry job. I went to the place, and the lady said she would risk me, seeing as I looked honest and labor was scarce. I built her a chicken coop and a runway. She says it's first rate. But I'd be glad, dad, if you'd go over and take a look at the roof I put on."

TWO BROTHERS

Georgie and Billie were brothers. They had the same father and mother, but there the similarity seemed to end.

Billie was square, freckled faced, stubby haired, pug-nosed, aggressive. Georgie was slender, fair, gentle, retiring.

Fourth of July was coming. The boys in the village were planning to buy fireworks. That meant that money was needed badly.

"Father," said Billie, "will you lend me ten cents?"

"What for?"

"I want to make some money."

"How?"

"I can buy flags for two for a cent from Dutchie. I can sell them at a cent apiece. You lend me a dime. I can soon make it and pay it back. I'm going to sell a lot of flags and get a lot of fireworks."

"All right," said father. "Here's your dime. Do you want one too, Georgie?"

"Yes, if Billie does. I'll do what Billie does."

Father gave each his dime and the two went off to invest. In a short while Georgie returned and handed his father the 10 cents.

"Thanks," he said. "I sold all mine."

"Good. Where is Billie?"

"Oh, he's selling more. He is going to sell a lot. I don't want to sell any more."

"What did you do with your money?"

"What money?"

"The money you got for the flags."

"I gave it to you."

"No. I mean the money you made for yourself."

"I didn't have any more money. I bought my flags for ten cents and I sold them again for ten cents."

"But, Georgie, didn't you buy them two for a cent and sell them for a cent apiece?"

"Oh, no! I bought them two for a cent and I sold them two for a cent. I couldn't take a cent for them when I only paid half a cent for them, could I?"

Father was stumped. "But you went out to make some money."

"Oh, no!" said Georgie. "I only went out to sell some flags. 'Twas lots of fun. I sold mine quicker than anybody. But the boys said I was spoiling their business, so I came in."

By and by Bill reported home for tea. "How's business?" asked father.

"Great! Sold a lot. Here's your ten cents. I made 50 cents, all told. That's a quarter for me and a quarter for Georgie. He's no business man. But that doesn't matter as long as I'm on the job."

PAYING HIS SHARE

The boys were playing hand ball against the wall of the schoolhouse and, after the manner of balls, this one went through the nearest window, the end one, into Miss Lavinia's room.

"There, now, we'll all have to club together and buy a new pane of glass. Old Michael said that we'd have to pay for the next one we broke."

"How much it is?" asked Billy anxiously.

"He said the last one cost a dollar and a half and there are six of us. How much will that be for each of us?" asked Binks, the captain, who was no mathematician, and admitted it.

"Twenty-five cents," said Billy, sorrowfully. "My mother won't like it."

"Mine, neither," said Binks, cheerfully. "She'll make me take it out of my own money and I was saving up for a new mit. No luck."

That evening Billy told his mother about the broken glass and the agreement among the boys to replace it.

"Did you break the glass?" asked his mother.

"No. But I was playing when it happened, just as the others were. It was one of the others that threw the ball, but that doesn't matter."

"Well, I think it does. Let the boy who broke the pane pay for it. You had nothing to do with it, and I won't have you blamed for it, and I won't have you paying for some other boy's mischief."

"But, mother, it wasn't mischief, and we were all

playing. I have to pay my share. When I play with the boys, I must pay with them."

"Well, I say you won't, and that settles it."

Billy was dejected. How was he to face the boys in the morning without his quarter? How was he going to tell the boys that his mother wouldn't give him the quarter to pay his share? He worried all night about it. The next morning on the way to school he met Miss Lavinia. She immediately scented trouble.

"Tell me about it, Billy. I can usually see a way out for boys when they are in trouble."

He poured out his story. "And I don't see how I can tell the boys, and I don't see how I can get the money."

Miss Lavinia knew Billy's mother well and knew how to get her to see that she was doing to the boy exactly what she thought she was saving him from—placing him at the mercy of his mates and teaching them contempt for him and for her.

"Well, Billy, you see you owe the school this money. All you have to do is just to say that on a piece of paper. Give me your note for twenty-five cents. Put it in an envelope and when the boys come to pay me, you hand me your envelope. I'll take your note for the twenty-five cents. I'll explain to your mother about collecting the note."

That afternoon Miss Lavinia called on Billy's mother. "Little boys are queer things," said Billy's mother when the teacher was departing, "and sometimes their own mothers don't understand, never having been boys. But I'm ever so much obliged to you, Miss Lavinia, for as you say he is the best child in the world and I'd hate to have anything go wrong with him."

THE TROUBLE MAKER

"Jimmie is a terror. He breaks up every game when he arrives. He leaves a string of threatening, crying children behind him every time he leaves the playground. He generally leaves in a hurry. He makes the teacher wish she was twins, one of whom could watch Jimmie while the other taught the class.

"He's a fine-looking lad, with a shapely head that turns on his neck as though it were on ball bearings. He can see all four sides with no effort worth mentioning. His hands and feet move like lightning. He talks but little while in action, which is most of the time. He's a terror."

So ran the note attached to his record card. The principal sighed as he laid it down. True, all true, every word of it. Jimmie lived so hard and so earnestly that he got in his own way and that of all the other children.

"Give him plenty of work," he said to the despairing teacher.

"I do. He has it all done before I get through giving the general orders. I correct it and give him some more until I dare not ask him to do more. The minute he lays his book or pencil down it's all over with the rest of the class. He's pinching somebody or spilling his ink or crawling under the desk to pinch somebody's legs. I simply cannot have him in the room with forty others. He needs a teacher all to

himself, and the rest of the class need the refreshing influence of his absence."

"True, all true," said the principal. "Yet this boy has to be taught. Some way has to be found to harness this surplus energy and direct it towards usefulness. Jimmie is a bright, sensitive boy, but he is going to seed fast. Something must be done."

The principal's eye fell on the manuscript of the play the school was about to put on for Christmas. A smile came to his eye and he said to the teacher, "I think we can fix him. Can you live with him for a few days more?"

"I've stood him for three months; I can stand him for three days, especially if I have hope to cheer me on," she said laughingly. "But, really, he's almost impossible."

The principal called the dramatic teacher into conference. "I want him cured of his impishness. Now, my idea is that you cast him for the chief of imps. Let him be the imp of imps. But pitch the play so the event goes against him and leaves him out in the cold world of the children's disapproval. Make them dislike the imp of imps. We'll give him a dose of dramatics that will settle his dramatic instinct for impishness for all time."

It worked. It always does. A child who is always raising the michief and making life miserable for those about him is dramatizing his impish spirit. Let him have it out to his soul's content. When he is satisfied, he will direct his steps towards another end. For until the craving is satisfied there is no rest for Jimmie or anybody that has to do with Jimmie.

THE CADDIE

Fritz sat on the doorstep of the barn, his hands clutched in his hair, a pucker between his eyes, so still that Budge grew uneasy and whined and tried to lick his face. Fritz hunched him aside without a word. These were signs of deep thought, unusually deep.

Pete came across and sat beside him. After a decent interval be said, "What's the matter, Fritz?"

"I'm making up my mind."

"What about?" asked Pete, anxiously. Pete hated to have people make up their minds. It generally meant something disagreeable for some one who did not travel in line with the mind made up.

"I'm going to caddie again this season."

"So 'm I. What of it?"

"I'm making up my mind not to caddie for the grouch I followed all over the links last year."

"But," said the anxious Pete, "if you draw him, you have to. If he's next off, what can you do. The caddie master 'll make you go out."

"That's what I'm making up my mind about. I'm going over to ask Dr. Mason if I can caddie for him this season. If I ask him, I guess he'll say yes, and then he will fix it up with the caddie master."

'What'll you say when he asks you why?"

"I'll tell him how that man treated me all last summer. Almost every day I drew him and he never treated me decently once. Do you know what he'd

do? He'd take every club he owned in his bag every time he went out.

"He had three drivers and he made me carry all three. Do you get that? He'd stand over his ball and swing and swing a couple of times and then he'd say, 'Boy, hand me the driver.'

"I'd hand him the driver and he'd say, 'Not that one, you fool. Can't they get any boys around here that know something?'

"Then he'd whack the ball and slice it or pull it or something and then he'd swear at me something awful.

"Next time he teed up he'd stand over the ball and swing and swing and then all of a sudden he'd turn round and holler at me, 'Boy, what do you mean by breathing like that when I'm about to drive off?' and me not breathing at all.

"I've made up my mind not to caddie for him this season. I'm going right over now and ask Dr. Mason. Say, Pete, you come along with me."

"Sure. Then you come along with me and I'll ask the Colonel if I can be his caddie. He always goes out with the doctor and we can have more fun that way."

Golf is a gentleman's game. The little fellows who follow the gentlemen about, carrying their sticks and tracing their balls, are only children. They look up to the gentlemen. Sometimes the gentlemen forget.

MINE OWN

The boy who lives in our house is a bad penman. That may be the reason that he is a bad correspondent. Whatever the reason he never writes a note or a letter until he is driven to it.

A kindly admirer gave him a Scout knife. He gloated over it. He went up and down the house trying to find things that needed to be cut. He made each member of the family watch how it shaved the edge of a sheet of paper until everybody's teeth were on edge. At night he placed the beloved object on his bedside table. "You never can tell when you may need a knife in the night," said he impressively. Did he write an enthusiastic note of thanks to the friend who had given him all this pleasure? He did nothing of the sort. Not at all. When he unwrapped it and the first joyous rapture had subsided his mother told him he must write a note of thanks at once.

"Do it right away and then you won't forget it. It would be dreadful to be late in thanking a friend who had given you such a fine gift."

"All right. I will. I wonder if it will cut cedar boughs. I'll need it to cut cedar boughs in the country," And he went out to the kitchen to take a splinter off the egg box.

"I'd go and write that note if I were you," said grandma. "It would be bad to forget it."

"Huh, huh. I'll write, Gram. Isn't she sharp though. Cut a hair."

Several nights afterwards his mother thought of the note. "Did you write that note for your knife?"

"Oh, gee, no! I forgot."

"You forgot! Go this minute and write that note and bring it to me. This minute. That is disgraceful. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Then, as is the way in all families, each in succession and all in concert told him what a lazy discourteous, ungrateful child he was. He fled to write his note. By and by he returned to the room and laid two sheets of paper before his mother. "I wrote my note for the knife and the other is an answer for an advertisement for ink powder. It paints anything and the color won't come off. It's blue, all shades. You send a stamp and you get a sample. It paints houses, dyes clothes, does everything."

The powder came and he mixed and stirred and messed. He announced that it made ink. You could write with it, too, and he showed a sample of it. To be sure, it made a gray mark that seemed to be retiring modestly into the background, but to him it left nothing to be desired. It was his. He had made it.

Then he wrote. He wrote another letter for the knife, twice as long as the first. He wrote to his cousin, to his chum who lived down the block, to his grandmother in the same room. He wrote, wrote, wrote.

The joy of the creator was his. He had made ink.

"A poor thing, my lord, but mine own."

OWNING HIM

Gerald was seventeen years old and in the last year of high school. He was what everybody calls a fine boy—so obliging, so willing, so pleasant to everybody. Stood well in school, too. His mother loved him to insanity and was so proud of him that she made a grave mistake. She thought she owned him.

"Gerald, I told Mrs. Hunter that you would be glad to take charge of the tickets at the door next Wednesday night. It's the oyster supper, you know, given for the benefit of the public library. Don't forget, dear—Wednesday evening. Be there promptly at seven thirty."

"Very well, mother."

Soon again: "Oh, Gerald, I promised Granny Heathe that you would go over and fix the cords on her window shades. They don't seem to work. She seemed so pleased. Be sure to do it early Saturday morning."

"Yes, I'll remember," he said cheerfully.

Graduation time came. Gerald stood at the head of his class. He was to make the oration of the evening. Mother was beside herself with pride and joy. Gerald took it all quietly, as his father did. He would do his very best and never say a word about how hard he had tried in the doing.

The school auditorium was small and there were only five tickets for each graduate. Gerald gave his

five to his mother, saying, "I should like to have one of them for a friend of mine."

"Oh, I promised them all, Gerald. You have so many friends and five tickets are so few." And mother never saw the look of dismay that Gerald turned upon her and the appeal that his eyes made to his father.

"I want it for my girl, dad. She's simply got to be there. I can't tell mother about it, because she has given them all away. I never thought that she would do that without leaving one for me."

"I'll have to try to get you one," said father. "I'll explain."

But mother had given them all away to her friends; "Gerald's friends", she said.

With much embarrassment Gerald told his teacher what had happened. "That's a shame," said the teacher. "Tell you what, I'll go round and get her and bring her in my car and take her in on my pass. Doesn't your mother know about your girl?"

"I don't know. I tell her, but she doesn't seem to take her seriously."

"That woman ought to have a good talking to," muttered the schoolmaster to himself as he started after the girl that night. "Thinks she owns her son. Gives him away generously. Never consults him at all. Gives away his time, his work, his energy. His girl's ticket to his graduation goes with the rest. She needs a good talking to."

You don't own your children. You cannot own them. Don't try it. If you do, somebody is bound to suffer.

TO EACH HIS GIFT

"It's certainly too bad, Louise. But then, he's yours and you'll have to make the best of him. Still, he doesn't take after any of us. Too bad he's so queer. Now, my five boys——"

"Yes, yes, Mary," Jimmie's mother broke in hastily to forestall the recital of the virtues of her sister's boys. "Yes, indeed. You have fine boys. None better. But I find no fault with Jimmie. He'll come out all right."

"That's just it. You should find fault with him. He's no boy at all. Helping you around the house and playing with rags, just like a girl. It's not right."

That was what everybody said about Jimmie. The boys called him "Lizzie", and the girls turned up their noses at him. But Jimmie kept serenely on his way, his "queer way".

He liked to handle lovely materials like velvet and silk and chiffon. He collected and traded with them as other lads did for what they liked. He sorted and re-sorted his collection, and gloated over a new piece like an old and confirmed collector.

When his mother went to the dry goods shop Jimmie begged to go with her, and she secretly relied upon his taste and judgment. He had a voice in selecting her dresses and hats. He had a fine eye for a hat.

His mother was troubled. Scissors and thread

and needles were all right for a girl; but a boy? Was it right? Yes, she thought it must be, for Jimmie was a good boy, healthy and fun-loving, with all his queerness. She would let him have his pleasure about the bits of goods and his work with them.

His teachers were troubled. This boy did his lessons well, but he took little interest in the things the other boys did. He did not like to play their games, and he did not share their interests.

"He shows no taste for any one thing?" asked his mother.

"Well," said the embarrassed instructor, "he would like to stay in the millinery room with the girls if I'd let him."

An idea occurred to his mother. "Why not let him stay?"

"Because he is a boy. He ought to be trained like a boy."

"I don't believe that is much of a reason," said the mother, inwardly quaking, though keeping a brave front. "Send him there, please."

On her way home she said to herself, "I've done it now. At least, I will make sure about this one thing. It may be his work, and I believe it is, for he is a good boy."

Now he makes hats and signs his name in their bands, for which people are glad to pay anything he asks. He is an artist, happy in his work.

"I knew he would be all right," said his mother.

"I never would have believed it," said his aunt. "My boys are so different."

WHICH?

Doctor, lawyer, merchant, plumber,
Chauffeur, engineer, broker, drummer?

What was the boy going to be? Of course you had an idea of what you would like him to be. You sent him to the school where you thought they would train him for it. Then he went to college.

The first year things weren't so bad, but they might have been better. A vague notion stirred within you that perhaps the instructors hadn't understood the boy. Certainly they hadn't done very much for him.

The boys in college liked him. They elected him to their fraternities. The best people in the town invited him to their homes. He was a social success. His college record wasn't so bad, but it raised a doubt in your mind.

At the end of the year he came home for his vacation. He announced that he didn't want to go back to college. He didn't care about the things they did there. One got nowhere.

Just where did "one" want to go? you inquired gently. Trouble dwelt in your soul that night.

Why, there was nothing doing in the college. There was no job a fellow could lay his hands to. One wanted to use one's hands. Now, in a machine shop there was something to be done. Engines to take apart and put together. That was something.

Could he take a job in the automobile factory for the summer? A factory had an opening for him and he would like to take it.

You thought of his mother and his sisters. The family were all college trained. Mother and father and grandfathers. Now this one, the only son of the house, would break the tradition and go out into the world without his college degree. What would the family say?

You looked at the boy and liked the looks of him, the clean-cut, manly bearing of him. He didn't say he wouldn't go back. He might have. He said, "I don't want to go back, if you please." Something whispered to you that it would be well for you to let him have his way.

You smiled at him and said, "You will get very dirty."

"I've been very dirty often, and it has always washed off," he smiled back. "Will you tell mother?"

You said you would, for you knew that if the buttons of fate did not forecast *"doctor, merchant, chief,"* it was futile for you to try to shift them.

And perhaps? Who knows?

PART VI

ADOLESCENCE

THE ADOLESCENT BOY

Have you an adolescent boy?

Will you please let him alone?

"But he is constantly doing something he ought not to do."

I know it. He will do a great many things in the wrong way for a long time to come. Your nagging him about them will not help at all. It will drive him into hysterics.

The growing boy is an unbalanced, lumbering creature, trying to feel his way about through a world littered with obstacles. It is difficult at best for him to get about the house without crashing into the furniture; much less can he make the delicate distinctions and decisions of society.

His nerves are raw. His body is pulling four ways to the middle and back again. His hands are too big and so are his feet. He is impelled by heroic emotions one instant and reduced to tears and babyhood the next.

"But I find him very trying."

Not any more so than he finds you, I assure you. You are constantly urging him to conform when he is least fitted to conform. Nothing about him conforms. Not even the clothes that fitted him so well last week. This week they looked as though he had borrowed them from some enemy bent upon strangling him.

The situation that so annoys you to-day will by to-

morrow have passed into the limbo of the forgotten things and a perfectly new one, quite as annoying, will have arisen in its place. A new mood envelopes him. Then why say so much about such fleeting things?

"One must live with him. He cannot grow up all sixes and sevens. He is almost impossible."

Be calm. Think of the millions of boys who have grown up safely. They were all "trying" at one time. They outgrew it. Many of them have bitter memories of their boyhood. Many of them will carry to their graves the soul scars that were inflicted in these trying days. Ask the men you know about what happened to them. Ask them if they were happy, and why. They will help you to understand.

Sit down and think the boy over. What does he do that annoys you most? Make a list of his errors. Now cross out the ones that you are sure he will outgrow in time.

Speak to him privately about the ones that are important and cannot wait for to-morrow. The fact that the admonition is private will make it the more impressive. Try to cure one fault at a time.

But whatever you do, make sure that the family do not pick on him.

THE BOY AND THE GIRL

If you want to arouse curiosity in adolescents just whisper. The thing that you whisper takes on an alluring mystery. A mystery to the high school child is sauce to his pudding.

If you want to kill mystery and prying curiosity speak out loud. Treat the subject under discussion as a commonplace. Fit it into the niche reserved for the colorless things of life and it becomes of little moment.

There was a school teacher once who had more cases of boy and girl troubles than all the other teachers in the school. If you had told him that he created them he would have denied it apoplectically. He? Never! Why, he was about the only one in the school that took a proper interest in the morals of the boys and the girls. The rest of us were lax to the point of recklessness.

Poor man. His was a dreary life. The young rascals used valuable time that might have been put to really useful purposes to fold curiously contrived cocked hat notes and pass them across the room when he was looking.

All work was immediately suspended. The culprits were sternly ordered to stand and deliver the evidence of their guilt. They led him on to storm and rave about their depravity, their idleness, their waste of valuable time. The class sat in smiling en-

joyment of the little farce all planned out in the cloak room the day before.

Nothing cured him. Not even when the notes proved to be blank. At dismissal time he insisted that the boys leave by one exit and the girls by another. Woe to the boy or the girl who was found on the wrong staircase! That meant another investigation—and more fun.

He made a deep impression. The thing became a nuisance to all of us. One day a new principal came to preside over the school. One of his first orders was to remove the fence between the boys' yard and the girls'. Open all entrances and exits alike for boys and girls. Take for granted that they were going about their legitimate business unless there was obvious proof to the contrary. Make no remarks about their relations or associations in whispers. Say anything that had to be said about them out loud and make it very brief.

Children who reached the high school were generally normal, healthy children, and all normal, healthy children tend to right conduct.

The defender of our morals shook his head sadly and then shook the dust of our school from off his feet. He could not be a party to such negligence.

And there fell a great calm on that place.

LOAFING

Children entering upon adolescence are prone to loafing. Often it worries their parents to the point of exasperation.

"What's the matter with you? Why do you sit there doing nothing? I have watched you for the past half-hour and you've made about two marks on that piece of paper. When do you intend to get down to work?

"Don't you ever intend to do anything until you are driven to it? There are the shoes I have told you to take to the cobbler's every day this week. There they lie. How do you expect to have shoes to put on when you need them?

"When do you intend to grow up? My goodness, I can't be at your heels picking up after you all the days of your life, reminding you that you are alive. Wake up and do something.

"You forgot! Do you ever remember? I never saw such a child, never. All you do is nothing."

All true, every bit of it. It is too bad that one forgets the troubles of youth once he has left them behind in the difficulties of middle age. Think back a few years and see if you cannot remember yourself sitting or standing still and doing nothing at all, just breathing.

You had a hazy notion that just around the corner there was plenty to be done and somebody who would come along soon and demand a reckoning. Didn't

you ever go round by the barn or crouch along under cover of the wind break of cedars to escape some hawk-eyed guardian?

Didn't you ever lie on your back and listen to the people calling you and lazily determine about how much longer it would be safe for you to delay putting in appearance?

You loafed then, just as the boy or girl is loafing now. It was the time for loafing. It is their time now. It may be necessary for proper growth that this period of quiescence be granted them. At least, allow for a reasonable amount of it.

I'd try to see that the lazy one did a reasonable amount of work for a day. The fiber must not become so slack that it will have to be hauled in with such violence as to jar things.

During a season of idleness be sure that it is really willful neglect of duty before upbraiding him. The adolescent child can stand a wonderful amount of letting alone.

Get in the background of industry when the child is very young. It will return again then full speed when the period of quiescence has passed. To each day its bit of duty done, but——

> A little fun to match the sorrow of each day's growing
> And so good morrow.

WORK

Work, persistent, sustained effort, is one of the best experiences for the adolescent child. It is an essential experience. There is a strong tendency on the part of the fathers and mothers to save the children any possible fatigue or unpleasantness.

That is but natural, and sometimes very wise. But why should work always be associated with fatigue and unpleasantness? Work is a grind only when it is beyond our power, or when it is carried on for too long at a time, or lies without our interests.

When it is the solution of an idea of our own, a means to some desired end, it is no hardship. It becomes a joy.

Sometimes work is the only thing that saves the child's mind and body from destruction. Idleness dulls the intellect, makes the body soggy, the spirit weak, the will flabby. Idleness begets fools. The hotel lobbies are haunted by such as these. Give the children a chance to work.

What sort of work? The sort they want to do and are fitted for. Every child wants to do something. He may want to work with a hammer and a box of nails. He may want to build. He may want to dig. He may want to sweep or clean things generally. He may want to sell things. Let him.

Set aside a room that is known as his workroom or studio, and tell him that it is for him and keep

your word about it. Get the tools he needs and encourage him to make others.

The musician needs an instrument. The modeler needs clay. The writer needs paper and a typewriter and an audience. The painter needs colors and brushes and an exhibit. The costumer needs material and a machine. All of the young workers need books and teachers and encouragement.

There is this to remember: In every job one undertakes, whether he be sixteen or sixty, the time comes when he wishes he had never thought of the idea. He wishes he could drown it, bury it, burn it, run away from it.

Then the worker needs a wise counsellor and guide. He needs to be helped over the brow of the hill that he may reach the heights and look afar to the new fields opening before him.

This is the time when you are likely to say, "Oh, don't bother with it. Give it up and run out to play. It isn't worth working and worrying over."

But it is. Work and worry over the thing until the idea wrapped within it comes forth in its beauty. It is so one weaves the fabric of his soul.

SHARING THE LOAD

An adolescent boy or girl ought to have sufficient intelligence to grasp the conditions of the home and take some slight share in its responsibilities and aims. I'm thinking of the home where there are several children to be reared and educated on a small income, a condition common in the American home.

A lot of heartache could be saved in such homes if the children were taken into confidence and given a share in the home company. The children often appear selfish and unappreciative when they are really ignorant of the actual conditions about them.

A little girl wants clothes as pretty and as expensive as those of another girl whose parents are richer or perhaps less sensible than her own. She is told merely that she cannot have them. Her feelings are hurt. She thinks her parents do not love her as much as that other girl's do and she sulks.

If, from the beginning, her mother had told her that she could not have all the pretty things she saw, that many of them were silly and most of them did not matter, and the few that were necessary had to be simple and inexpensive because money was scarce and had to be spent wisely; if she had told her that father was working very hard and that mother was working and saving with him so that the children might have a good home and a good education, the girl would have had a basis for appreciation. She would have learned to take her end of the load smil-

ingly and helpfully. And it would have been for her own great good.

The same thing holds true of the boy, only in a greater degree, for a boy is born with the sense of responsibility for the home. He learns early to carry responsibility of that sort if given a little helpful advice and training. He will follow the example set by his parents and become all the more self-directing and self-sustaining by the experience.

The boy soon learns to save his pocket money and to add to it, especially when his parents encourage him by praising his efforts and by their own example.

"I can't spend any more money than I possibly can help," said such a lad. "You see, father is under a pretty heavy load just now, and, besides, we have to save for my college expenses. You know, I'd like to be with you in this, but I can't."

It won't hurt the children to share the home responsibilities as soon as they get a glimpse of them. It is far the better way. Keeping secrets from them, letting them live beyond their means, is no kindness. It leads to weakness. Sharing the home interests keeps the children close to the parents and strengthens the family all around.

GROWING PAINS

The different stages of growth in children are a great trial to their parents. More than half the trouble children cause their parents is due to the peculiar stage of development of the youngsters at the time. Once the guardians recognize the conditions as symptoms of growth, they lose all sense of irritation.

When the little girl gets in her mother's way as she wields the broom and begs to hold the handle too and sweep with mother, she does not mean to be a nuisance. She does not dream that she is. She is actually trying to find out what the broom means and what it does. She is trying to make growth by first-hand experience. If mother gets her a little broom and lets her try it out she will be quite content and do her own sweeping.

"I'm having a terrible time with Willie lately. He keeps climbing up on everything and tumbles down. No matter how many times he falls he climbs up again. It's terrible."

The little fellow is just trying to find his back and his legs. They are calling on him to strengthen and stretch them. Besides, he has a fierce curiosity that drives him on to find what things are and what they mean and how they look from "high up." Remember that he sees things from a lower level than his parents do.

Let him do as much of this searching as possible.

If that curiosity is killed, something dies within him that can never be replaced. His eager desire for living, his joy in it, may be taken from him forever. Don't rob him of his search even if it means scratches on the furniture and bumps on his head. He'll survive the bumps and you can easily mend the scratches.

The adolescent child suffers most of the growing pains. He has so many budding interests and qualities and so few people understand and can help.

Suddenly he takes an unholy interest in jumping, wiggly, crawly things. Frogs and turtles lead hectic lives for a while. The frogs get out of their pans and hop around the house. The turtle appears in the living room when you are entertaining your most nervous friend, the immaculate housekeeper.

Soon he will have forgotten the frogs and the turtles and will descend upon the family with an array of wires and batteries and bells. The house is a mess with his ladders and pulleys and ropes.

He clutters the halls and the bathroom. Each windowsill carries its quota of trays and bottles. Vile smells float from his workroom. You parents hope that he will not set fire to the house nor break his bones.

If parents will try to understand that a symptom of growth, a stage of development in the growth of a child, is a matter for guidance and not a breach of family discipline half the troubles of bringing up the family will be adjusted.

PART VII

VACATION TIME

VACATION AHEAD

The schools are closing. Vacation lies just ahead. The children are happy in the thought of the freedom the summer days hold. But the fathers and mothers are troubled by the thought of the long and empty hours stretching before them. How shall the children be kept busy and happy?

The fortunate few will go off to camp for the season. Their days will be programed and their work and play planned for them by experts. They will walk and swim and play games. They will get close to the great outdoors. Fortunate children.

But for those who must stay at home? The parents must do the planning and most of the teaching, too. If the children are to be kept well and happy they must have a regular program. If you watch carefully you will notice that the children are never so well the first week after school closes as a few weeks later.

This is because they have broken their routine. They have broken the physical and mental habits of the past ten months. New habits have to be established, new rhythm of body and mind, and it upsets the children.

It is not good for children to lie abed in the morning. It is far better for them to rise at the usual time, have their breakfast as they have been in the habit of doing, and begin the activities of the day.

It is not necessary that they do the same work

that they have been doing. Arithmetic and geography of the textbooks are wearisome things. The ordinary course of study is not a warm weather pastime.

In the vacation schools they may have a different set of occupations. They may study a little, just enough to keep them alert. They can use their hands in making things. They can weave and paint and model the ideas that they have gathered during the school year. They can read the books that belong to the school interests or that give them pleasure in other fields. They can sing and dance and play in a clean place under the care and advice of trained teachers. Isn't that better than turning them loose on the streets or permitting them to yawn and idle and fritter away their days?

If there is no vacation school in your neighborhood perhaps there is an Excursion Teacher who takes children on long trips, all-day trips. She visits museums and gardens or camps out for week-ends.

Surely there is some way to keep the children busy and happy during their vacation. For a child, "change of work is play".

SUMMER CAMP

Are you sending your children to the summer camp for the season? No better plan was ever devised for taking care of the children while the schools are closed.

No child should be taken to a hotel or to a boarding place. The atmosphere there is hostile to them in the first place. Grown people do not like to have other people's children about. No one appreciates the good points of your children as you do. And no one is so sensitive to their faults as you are when they are brought out by the heartless critics of summer hotels and boarding places. Children deteriorate rapidly in that sort of atmosphere.

The scheme of these places does not take the children into consideration. The meals are planned for the adults. It is impossible for you to regulate the diet of your children in a hotel. If you restrict it some one else will enrich it.

In the camp the meals are planned for the children. There are no rich desserts and no servants to smuggle goodies to the youngsters. They eat what is placed before them and think no more about it.

The amusements of the hotel and boarding houses are set for adults. Children should have no part in them. Cards and smoking and all-day motoring and fishing trips are not for growing children.

In the camp the hikes and the trips are planned

for the groups. The counselor knows exactly how much they can stand and how much is good for them.

The manners and gossip of the ordinary summer stopping place are poison to the children. Better stay at home in the city than expose them to the stupidities of the veranda.

Taps blows early in camp. The lights go out and the children fall asleep in the clean silences of the open. Their tents are open to the cool, clear evening sky and the stars shine in upon them. The sounds that float to their sleepy ears are the whispers of the night birds, the good-night croaks of Grandfather Frog down in the valley, the evening song of the sparrow.

In the hotel they lie in their close rooms tossing in restless sleep as the dishes clash, the servants clatter, and the band smashes out its awful clamor. Here is no rest for the body or soul of a child.

Children belong with the clean growing things: the grass and the flowers and the pine trees and the birds. They belong with the limitless things: the stars and the sky and the everlasting hills.

PICKING OUT THE CAMP

How can you tell the good camp for your children?

Go and look at it personally. Take nobody's word for it. Nothing can excuse your sending your child to a place you have not visited. No matter how well you know the man or woman who is directing the camp, go and see for yourself.

No two people see things the same way. The camp that looks like a fairyland for children may not seem at all desirable to you. Every man thinks his possessions, his ideas, his way the best in the world. Rarely will other people agree with him.

The good camp should be off the main highway and not too far away from it. You want the summer hotel life shut out and the camp life shut in. Had you wanted your children to be in the way of the summering public you could easily have taken them with you to the hotel or boarding house.

The camp should be near enough to the lake to offer the joys of swimming and boating and fishing and dreaming. Nothing quite equals the refreshment of body and mind that comes from quiet contemplation of the blue waters of the mountain lake cupped in the gracious hollows of the hills.

The children's quarters should be clean, roomy, and well screened. Be sure about these screens. Mosquito netting is a poor and treacherous substitute. Imagine yourself trying to sleep exposed to the onslaughts of the mosquitoes that ride in on the

evening breeze. Mosquitoes make for infection. Look to the screens.

The site has to be well drained. The floors of the buildings should be well off the ground, and the slope should be away from the children's quarters, never toward it.

Be sure that the children have ample sleeping room and that they are not huddled ten in a dormitory without privacy. That sort of thing is vulgar. Why allow a condition in the camp that you would not tolerate in your own home?

Check up these points with the director:

Have the children privacy in their sleeping quarters?

Have they plenty of warm water and soap for baths?

Are the counselors careful about the physical inspection of the children?

What sort of sewage disposal plant is in operation? Take no one's word for this. Inspect it with your glasses on and your nose sharpened. Study it with relation to the bathing beach.

Inquire about the milk supply. What precautions are taken to see that it is perfectly clean?

Who is the doctor? Who is the nurse? Isolation quarters?

Who is the director? What are his qualifications? His responsibilities are heavy. He is taking over the care of your children.

GIRLS TO CAMP

The camp catalogues are out and families are deep in discussions as to camp, or no camp, or which camp, for the boys. As usual, the boys are to the front. Boys can go to camp because they are boys. Girls cannot go, usually, because they are girls.

Parents make all sorts of excuses to keep the girls at home: "It is so far away"; "Suppose they should be sick"; "Girls ought to stay with their mothers"; "My daughter and I are such chums"; "We have never been separated even for a night since she was born"; "She never would be contented——"

"Athletics are dangerous for girls"; "I am afraid she might be drowned in the lake"; "She's been brought up in the city and wouldn't care for the country"; "She'd be homesick"; "I'd rather have her where I could keep an eye on her."

Nevertheless, the girl should go to camp for exactly the same reasons as the boys should go. The child who cannot leave his parents for eight weeks to live in the mountain camp with a group of youngsters his own age and interests is a rare child.

Of course, girls love their mothers. So do boys. When a mother says that she and her daughter are inseparable chums, I am sorry for both of them. The mother is deceiving herself and the daughter is losing the growth and happiness that comes through

association with her mates. It is selfish to keep a girl home for such a reason.

Girls need the growth that comes from outdoor life. Their bodies are in greater need of strengthening and training than their brothers'. Boys take physical freedom for granted and girls generally have to have it thrust upon them.

Let the girls go. Let them go to the mountains and stretch their bodies and minds. Let them have a glimpse of what it means to get close to the earth and know the "mother" feel of it.

Let them get the smells of the forest in their nostrils. There is nothing sweeter, nothing cleaner, nothing that will store up finer memories than the smell of moss crushed under foot, the whiff of pine as it brushes the cheeks, the perfume of young hemlock warming in the sun, the bitter-clean smell of ferns kneedeep beside the trail, the wood smoke of the evening fire curling towards the stars as the happily tired children roll themselves in their blankets to sleep on the bed of pine needles Mother Nature has been spreading for just this occasion these last hundred years.

Don't you know that Education is a flowering of memories? The choicest of them are to be found in the woods with friends and youth. The summer in a good camp will repay its dollar cost a thousand times by its priceless joy. Let the girl go to camp.

FIRST NIGHT AT CAMP

The boys reached camp about middle day. They were feeling queer. Their legs were singing and didn't seem to care to leave off their tune long enough to carry on their usual business. Sleeping cars and motor trucks make one feel like that.

They washed up and got a bite of lunch. They weren't very hungry. Some sturdy ones wandered down to the beach and looked at the canoes lying on their faces waiting for the campers to turn them over. To-morrow would do for that. A couple of lazy looking tennis players walked about the courts. But to-morrow would do for that, too.

Suppertime came and the campers ate a bite or two, talking in subdued murmurs. To-morrow it would be impossible to distinguish one's own voice in the general din, but to-night they were tired. Besides the weariness was the feeling of loneliness that steals over all children at the twilight hour. Home pulls hardest then.

"Taps will sound early, boys. No campfire gathering to-night. Dismiss to your tents."

The bugle sounded over the quiet hills. The last, long-drawn-out note floated across the lake, touched the top of old "Peaked", and drifted back again. The lights in the rows of tents winked out. The first night of camp had settled over the children.

It was Bob's first experience in camp. Not for the world would he have said he was afraid. He wasn't. There wasn't anything to be afraid of.

Hark! What was that! A crash against the netting, then silence. Bob was sitting bolt upright.

"That's only a bat," said Teddy. "Lie down and don't mind him. He's blind and can't see the netting. He does that a million times a night. Go to sleep."

Bob lay down and tried to sleep. He closed his eyes, but his ears were strained and listening. He heard the cows on the opposite shore of the lake. A man shouted at them, a dog barked, their bells jangled. Bob smiled. He knew all those sounds. They were familiar and friendly. He opened his eyes to the dark blue of the sky shining down on his tent. The stars twinkled and flickering little shadows from the swaying branches of the trees danced across the screen. His eyes closed sleepily.

"Hoo-hoo-hoo-oo-oo-oo-oo. Hoooo-oo-oo-oo-oo," sobbed a soul in sore distress. It came from the pines close by the tent. Bob sat up in a sweat of fear.

"Teddy, Teddy, do you hear that? Isn't that awful? Some one's in trouble; what shall we do?"

"Oh, go to sleep. Can't you shut up? That's nothing but an old hoot owl. Go out and chase him if you want to, but for goodness' sake let me sleep. Old Limpy'll ring us up early, too. Anything you hear is just some bug or bird or bat or something and it doesn't mean anything. Go to sleep."

And the next thing he knew Teddy was pulling his hair and the sun was shining into the tent.

CAMPING OUT

"This summer I'm going to put the boys out in the tent a good distance from the house," said mother. "It is time they began to learn to live in the open."

"They'll be afraid," said Aunt Louise.

"They'll get over it," said mother, calmly. "They have to begin some time, and nine years is old enough, I'm sure."

The tent was put up within sight and hearing of the house, but far enough to create a feeling of distance. The tent platform was raised from the ground and the tent opening screened.

Two cots and a tiny table were all the furniture allowed. The lantern was hung from a hook in the ridge pole, and the clothes were supposed to be put in a bag and laid on the table when the boys took them off at night.

"Are we going to sleep in here?" asked the youngsters.

"I'm thinking about letting you sleep in here once in a while if you are very good."

"Let's sleep here to-night. We'll be good."

"I'll have to see about it. Only real outdoor boys can sleep in a tent, you know."

"We're outdoor boys. We can sleep outdoors. Lots of the fellows sleep out all summer. Can't we? We're just as good sports as the Burns boys."

"You ought to be. But suppose it rains. What would you do?"

"Aw. Rain won't bother us. What if it does rain?"

"Sometimes it thunders and lightens." The younger lad was afraid of thunderstorms.

"Huh," he said. "Lightning can't strike you in a tent. I'm not going to be afraid of the thunder and the lightning any more, anyway."

"You must remember that if you sleep in a tent you have to take care of it all by yourselves. You will have to make your own beds and sweep the floor and keep the grounds about the tent in order."

"We can do that. Can we begin to-night, mother?"

So, as a great treat, the little lads were allowed to take possession of the tent. Mother had searched the sky for signs of thunder. She did not want to try the new courage too severely. "I hope it will be a fine night," she said as she watched the light in the tent go out.

The stars came and the moonlight streamed across the lake. The little boys could look out and see the friendly night and hear the sounds from the house. Soon they turned over and were fast asleep.

"Best to break them in early and easy," said father, as he and their mother stood peeking in at the sleeping youngsters. "If they don't learn young they may not learn at all, and I'd hate to have them lose it."

"They won't," said mother, fastening a loose end of netting. "They won't ever be afraid after to-night."

EXCURSIONS

Children love to go on little trips. Just the getting ready and going out with father and mother is great fun. Have you taken the children to the museums? They are wonderful places for the children and for you.

There are many interesting things happening on the way, too. The children will point them out and ask about them. You will see that you have passed buildings and statues that you have never noticed. The streets will take on a new interest. You can teach and learn as you go.

Then there is the big building at last. The uniformed men standing about come to tell you things and answer your questions. The children are delighted. Children love collections. They like to see rows of things, arrays of boxes, shelves full of objects all labeled and waiting for inspection.

They spy a bug or a stone that they have been told about in school. Instantly they call out, pull you toward it and tell you all they know about it. The guard is interested and comes to add his bit of knowledge. The youngsters' eyes shine. It is a great day.

Perhaps you go to the Art Gallery? Pictures hang all about. The walls are hidden under them. There are pictures of beautiful women and proud men. There are pictures of soldiers and sailors. There are landscapes that make you hold your breath at their

beauty. Pictures of the sea that make you long for its clean, salt smell.

There are pictures of every people in the world. There will be some from the land of your forefathers. They will stir memories that you are delighted to have revived. You will tell them to the children, you will pass on the pride of your ancestors to your boys and girls. They will listen with shining eyes and glowing cheeks.

The children need the best the world has to offer. That is why we send our agents to the uttermost ends of the earth—through the dangerous ice floes of the Arctic, through the sweltering heat of the jungle, to the tops of mountains, and the depths of the seas. We crave their treasures for the children.

Fathers and mothers should teach them. They can give and take at the same time. They can store the children's minds with fine memories of great deeds, great people, and great art. Such teaching lays the foundation for rich manhood and womanhood.

SUMMER DANGERS

This is the time of year when drowning accidents are frequent. Every one is sure that such a thing could not happen to him. That is what an accident is—the thing that couldn't happen, and did.

The person who rocks the boat is an unmitigated idiot, and should be treated accordingly. No matter how safe he knows the boat to be, no matter how well he can swim or how well he knows the shore, he risks his life and the lives of those about him. He is a fool and should be guarded.

Children should never be allowed to go into the water unless a life guard is on duty. Some responsible adult should be on hand in a boat to pick up the child that gets into trouble.

Teach the children that it is dangerous to go out on a fishing trip alone. Two children should be the party for such a trip, and three is better. And by children here we mean boys and girls of sixteen and over. Younger children must have an adult in charge of their trips.

If there is no one to go out with these younger children, better let them stay home. It is better to lose a trip occasionally than to lose a life.

Of course, no child is allowed to go out in a canoe until he has proved that he can swim well, upset a canoe and right it again and climb in. That is the rule about canoeing. But the rule is broken to the sorrow of somebody every summer.

The best canoe to have about is the sort that are called non-sinkable. Then be sure that it is secured from the clutches of the adventurous small boy. A canoe hauled up on the beach, with paddle lying to hand, is a strong invitation to trouble.

Rafts are a source of danger. Boys love to make them. They take logs and tie them fast; sometimes they spike them together. When no one is looking they launch their tipsy craft, drift about for a while, and all of a sudden upset themselves and slide into the water.

Sometimes the raft parts in the middle when the party is in midstream. The good swimmers and cool-headed ones escape with their lives. The others don't.

The best place for a raft is the woodpile. If there must be one, anchor it sure and hard. Even then it is not safe, because it breaks loose and drifts off.

Try to teach the children that it is neither bright nor brave to risk their lives and the life of the one who must try to rescue them, needlessly. Only a fool does that. Teach them that life is not theirs. Trifling with death is the cheap gesture of the ignorant.

THE PLAY

"Oh, mother, I want something to do. Staying in the country with nothing to do isn't any fun," complained Lillian. "Can't you tell us something to do?"

"I should think it would be fun to have a play," said her mother. "You and the children about here might have a fairy play."

"There wouldn't be any stage or costumes," said Lillian.

"Outdoors would be the best stage, and costumes are not so hard if you use your head a little. Some flowers and twigs and fancy paper, and you have a fairy."

"How'll I begin?"

"Go outdoors and study the rocks and trees and flowers, and see if they suggest a story. You know you could piece a story together if the one you thought of wouldn't quite fit."

Lillian went out thoughtfully. There was a hill sloping down to the lake. There were rocks fringed with vines and set about with ferns. Dotted about were clumps of ground hemlock and juniper. In the background stood the forest of pines and birches. But fairies?

"Fairies, fairies. Don't see a thing that says fairies. Rocks and trees and water. Oh, maybe it could be a water fairy. I'll ask the girls if they know anything about water fairies."

Soon the little group was chatting under the pine trees.

"Don't you think we could play the water spirit? Old Charlie says there is a water spirit that lives in the lake. He says she comes out every moonlight night and all the fairies that live in the brooks and springs come down and dance on the beach. He says he sees them often.

"See. Little brown fairies could come out of the ground in that clump of cedar. And we could have little green fairies coming out of the spring on the hill and more could come out of the juniper bush."

"And they could all dance down to the sandy beach."

"And we could borrow the hotel music."

"And we could get the man to light up the hill and the beach with colored lanterns."

"And we could have a big group picture of all the dancing fairies and the water spirit. A pageant."

Everybody talked at once. Then they raced off to their mothers and begged for help. The cottagers and the hotel guests and the "natives" joined in the fun, and held a great water carnival with lights and fairies and music.

There is always a way out. Keep the children busy—with something worth while.

THE STRAY CIRCUS

Silence hung over our hillside. Great, soft billows of cloud floated about the sky and cast deep shadows over the mountains that march along the horizon on the opposite side of the lake.

Sometimes old Peaked Hill seemed very near. He seemed to be drawing close to us at last. He had drawn a scarf of gray-blue cloud about his shoulders and cuddled a scrap of a white one in his lap, and he loomed across at us until we could see the scars on his stern old face and glimpse the tasselled pines that made his mantle.

But a breath from the Blue Ridge sent the clouds scuttling off, and the dour old mountain settled back in space further away and more inscrutable than ever.

I rolled over on my rug and with a bit of dry grass tickled the ears of the boy who lives in the house. He grunted and rubbed his ears, but did not turn over. It was the laziest, stillest of afternoons.

Suddenly came a shower of sharp barks, yelps, a jangle of bells and harness, laughter and singing, and gay voices. The click of horses' feet on the new State road.

The boy sat up as if electrified. "The circus!" he shouted, and was off and away before I could think. His feet whirled out of the gate as I watched, and his red sweater was lost in the distance.

Along about teatime he came home. He was dirtier than usual. He had a fresh rip in the tattered sweater. One leg of his overalls flapped openly and his blouse was scarcely distinguishable.

He beamed upon us. "Some time, I've had."

"So glad, I'm sure," said his mother, who had an idea that she might have been consulted about the expedition.

"Yes, great. And I'm going to-morrow. That is, if I may——" catching the look in his mother's eye.

"There's a boy with them. He can do everything. He can walk on a wire. No matter how high it is he can walk on it. And he can ride a horse, sitting or standing or lying down."

"And falling off," I suggested.

"Yes," he chuckled; "it was me that fell off. You ought to see me. Some of the things he could do I could do, but most of them I couldn't. I could walk on the wire if he held my hand, but when he let go I fell off."

"My goodness!" gasped his mother.

"Didn't hurt me," he hurried on. "When I grow up I'm going to be a circus man. Can I take the boy some berries and some cakes? I'll give him mine."

He wheedled a basket of goodies from his mother and went down the hill, tattered and dirty, just as he was. For days and days after, the boy looked up and down the road and listened for the noise that meant circus. But they only come down your road once in a lifetime.

THE ORGAN MAN

It was a warm, wet day in the mountains. The guests of the quiet hotel far back in the hill were closed in. The children were shut in too. They perched on the edges of chairs or sat about on the floor and got in the way regularly. Everybody was cross.

Now and again somebody would try to lift the gloom by playing a lively tune on the piano. Somebody would try a song. But they always succumbed to the damp atmosphere. Their eyes would travel off to the hills still shrouded in veils of gray mist.

"A wet day in the city is bad enough. Up here it is unbearable," said a lady taking desperate stitches in her embroidery. "The children are all we can stand when they are out of doors. Closed in like this they are impossible. If it doesn't clear off tonight, I'm going home."

A quiet old gentleman, who had made no protest about the weather, but sat contentedly reading by the window, rose and left the room. When he returned he said: "Get your hats, children, and come down to the barn, I've got something to show you."

There was a mad scramble of feet, rugs flew, and doors slammed. The children trooped after the old gentleman. In the doorway of the empty hay barn stood an organ grinder and a monkey.

The monkey chattered and bowed and danced with delight at the sight of the children, and the grinder

struck up his liveliest tune. Such fun! They danced and shouted and sang, and the monkey played as hard as the rest.

The sounds of revelry reached the shut-ins in the living room. One by one they ventured down to see what was going on and stayed to dance. They caught hands and danced "Ring Around a-Rosy" and "East Side, West Side" as though their lives depended upon it.

The indefatigable grinder turned and turned, and the children and the grown-ups never said "Enough."

The dinner bell, that oasis in a weary day, rang, and nobody heeded it. The smiling host had to go to the barn and invite his guests to come to dinner.

"Please stay to dinner," they begged the organ grinder.

"And please let the monkey stay too," begged the children.

The man bowed and smiled and the monkey tipped his hat and said as plainly as a monkey could speak, "Thank you; I'd be pleased to do so."

MIDSUMMER

Country children know all about the riches of midsummer. They begin to reap them when the wild strawberries hang like crimson jewels on a lady's headdress, and send out fragrance that tempts boy and bee alike.

Did you ever gather wild strawberries on the west slope of a pasture? Ever stoop to gather a cluster of them in the tall grass and daisies, and feel the soft wind on your face and through your hair?

Remember raspberry time? First came a spell of warm weather. Then rains, gentle, steady, silvery rains that hung jeweled chains on all the grasses and flowers in the meadow. The robins whistled and the warbler made music that rippled over the valley and made you lay aside your book and wonder if the raspberries along the old mill road weren't ready for gathering.

Next morning you took your lunch and a tin pail and started out. The sky was so blue that all the little ponds looked like huge forget-me-not gardens. The world was teeming with flowers—daisies and black-eyed-susans and chickory and mulleins lined the old fence lines. The road borders were tangles of beauty. Why can't one make a border that looks like a road border?

Cat briar and elderberry, white and orange daisies, clover and vetch, and tangles of wild roses. The smell of it, the beauty of it, rose to you as you

pushed your way among them to the brambles loaded with the red fruit.

Remember the smell of the ripe berries with the sunshine on them? Will you ever forget the bees that disputed with you for the possession of the ripest and best? The smell, the sweetness, the color of raspberry time.

Summer hurried along, and the last of the fruit of its sunshiny days was still to be gathered. It was blackberry time. One must have blackberry pie and blackberry pudding. You took your pail and started out.

The berries love to grow in out-of-the-way corners. They have thorns that pierce and tear. Never mind. There are berries beside the thorns. Remember how you found the bush of beauties growing along the rail fence in old man Brown's woodlot? You were picking for dear life, for the sun was bending over the hill.

On the other side of the fence, just out of your reach, grew a beautiful clump. You reached for it. Too far. You pressed against the brambles and struggled nearer.

You clutched the spray and the nose of the little brown bear that had come down the hill for his evening meal of berries. You screamed so loud that they heard you down at the farmhouse and ran out to see what had happened to you.

And you threw the pail so high and so far that you never found it again. And you ran down the hill and the little brown bear ran up the hill, and you had to go and tell and be laughed at.

These are the memories that make childhood glorious and old age golden. Don't let the children miss them.

PART VIII

PARENTS

THE BOYS

The boys. Faces that a moment ago were care-lined and weary light up at the sight of those words. Smiles shine through the wrinkles at the thoughts those words call up. "The Boys".

All the joyous mischief is done by the boys. Little girls are always "good". The naughty things are always done by the boys. All the funny pranks and joyous stunts are done by the boys.

And life is so much the more cheerful.

All the little services that look so small and are really so great are done by the boys. A boy brings the milk in the morning. A boy delivers the papers. A boy delivers the bread. It is a boy who delivers the telegrams. It is a boy who rushes off on his wheel for the doctor. Boys are the hands and feet of the family.

And life is so much the more comfortable.

All our faith and hope and courage are bound up in the boys. All the things we dreamed of doing and could not do, these the boys shall do. We will help them to the doing. The ideals we have held and struggle so weakly, so blindly, to fulfill, they shall fulfill. They shall have all our strength, our experience, our money to help them.

And life is so much the richer.

The hope of the race is in the boys. They carry on the family. They carry on our ideals. They carry on our best traditions. It is the boys who

experiment. It is the boys who are carrying the stodgy old world forward on their young shoulders. Theirs is the quest.

And life is so much the more meaningful.

Does your boy know that you care the least bit about him? Does he know that it is for him that you plan and work and sacrifice? That he holds about all that is dear in life for you under his little jacket?

So many times we are quick to scold and so slow to praise. The words of reproof come so easily, but the words of commendation and love stick in our throats.

This is Boys' Week. Make it so in your house. Take your boy to some place he has been longing to see. Give him a treat. Give him a dinner party and invite his best friend, even if you don't like him. Set the table as though you expected the President.

Let him hear in your voice and see in your eye the full pride in your heart as you say, "This is my son."

ARE THEY SURE OF YOU?

Are the children sure of you?

I ask because to-day Jean Marie and Genevieve fell on their way to school. They were running a race and the road men had just oiled the road. Of course, it was the gooiest place of all they selected. They dripped into Miss Jennie to "show her".

"My, my!" said Miss Jennie, as she scraped and rubbed and scraped again. "What will your mother say, Jean Marie?"

"She'll say, 'You poor thing. How did you get that way?' " giggled Jean Marie.

"And what will your mother say, Genevieve?"

"Oh, I don't know!" No smile lighted the clouded face. "Maybe she'll be nice about it and maybe she'll be mad and slap me. Just depends." And the small body sighed dolefully.

It must be fine to have a mother like Jean Marie's. One's mind can be at rest at least. One can count upon what one has to face. How about the poor little Genevieves?

There are some folks whom the children trust the minute they meet them. They are sure of them. Blessed be all such people!

A new teacher came to our school. He was standing in the corridor that led to the assembly hall when a wee lad wandered down the passage just as the high school class was about to enter it. The tall teacher bent down to whisper to him and take him

in the right direction. The little fellow looked up at him and, misinterpreting his gesture, thought that he had stooped to kiss him and raised his face for the kiss.

The teacher kissed him and led him away. The high school class smiled, as though well pleased. They had placed the new teacher. He could be counted upon.

But there are some folk the children can never count on. Sometimes they smile, sometimes they frown, sometimes they even slap people. "Just depends."

Now, what way is that to be? Children are so dependent upon those about them. Children have so many difficulties. They need so much help, and understanding, and sympathy. Most of all, they need the feeling of security towards those about them.

Let's try to do better by them. Let's try to let them know that we love them and want to serve them. Let's make them feel secure by practicing day by day a never failing loving kindness and a Job-like patience.

DIVIDED ALLEGIANCE

A child grows along in a certain pleasant rhythm when the conditions for growing are right. Anything that throws him out of this rhythm shocks and hinders his growth. Seemingly trifling things will do this, and the results are far-reaching, for childhood's impressions go deep.

Every child has to adjust himself to his parents, each of whom has particular ideas on child training. Unless these can be blended into a harmonious policy there is trouble ahead for everybody, especially for the child.

The mother is generally responsible for the upbringing of the children, but unless the father is taken into consideration also, discord is bound to enter. The mother, left alone with the children throughout the day, grows into the habit of feeling responsible for what they do, and forgets that their father might, by the very fact of his absence from them, have a fresher viewpoint and a clearer vision.

It sometimes happens, when the father speaks to one of the children, calling him to order, that the mother, in her anxiety to have the child she feels responsible for in the right, loses her head and flies to his defense, putting the father in the wrong in the eyes of the youngster.

The rhythmic growth of the child's mind is broken. He no longer feels that he is sure of either parent. If he is a sensitive, loving child, he suffers in the

thought that he is hurting one or the other of the people he loves best.

If he is a calculating, "practical"-minded one, he plays off one parent against the other and runs loose —"Mother told me I could." "Well, father doesn't mind. He said so." Finally he does something that brings the wrath of either or both parents down upon him and there is a scene.

No father worth the name wants to feel that he has no place in the lives of his children, no concern in their well-being. No mother willingly or knowingly does what may injure her children. Yet over and over one sees the results of the family divided against itself.

Get together for the sake of the children! They must not be torn between two struggling combatants. Find some common basis of agreement and work on from that. The things that really matter in a child's upbringing are few and simple. Strip the question of all the superfluous externals and get down to realities.

The creed does not matter if the child is taught to be honest towards himself and his neighbor. The style or manner does not matter if the child is taught that cleanliness of body and mind, coupled with due consideration for the rights and feelings of others, are the test of good breeding.

Agree on the fundamentals and train yourself to be blind and deaf to the little things that are not vital. There must be one mind in the family if the children are to thrive.

LAZY PARENTS

Again and again troubled parents come to the school and say: "I don't know what to do with my child. He will not do anything I want him to do. Tell me what I can do with him. Make him obey me."

This happens wherever there are children and parents and schoolmasters. Always the appeal: "Tell me what I can do to help this child. Teach me what I can do for him."

To their minds something is always wrong with the child. It rarely occurs to them to think something might be wrong with themselves. Yet that is generally where the real trouble lies.

Every normal child can be trained to be orderly, punctual, obedient, cheerful, willing, and industrious. The difficulty with the uncontrollable child is the sad fact that his parents have been too lazy or too indifferent to take the trouble to train him.

They soon learned that if they wanted their child to rise early, bathe himself, and start about the work of the day they would have to rise earlier than he and work faster, in order to see that he did what they wanted him to do. That was altogether too much trouble. It was more comfortable to lie in bed some mornings, and they did so, and so did the child.

When they told the child that he was to have certain things to eat for his breakfast it may have been

necessary for the parents to be at the table and see that those foods were placed before him properly cooked and attractively served. That may have been very inconvenient. If so, the youngster did not get that sort of breakfast.

It is rather hard to expect a child to eat boiled cereal when he sees his parents eating the sweet, already prepared foods that the obliging grocer provides. Example always has been the best teacher. If you have to eat food that is not good for the children, better have them served at a separate table.

The hopeless parent is the sort who tells the child in the house he must go to bed regularly at his bedtime hour. Then he proceeds to sit up late to finish a card game and cannot rise on time for breakfast the next morning.

"Children should go regularly to church and Sunday school," the head of the house announces sententiously. Then he unfolds the Sunday newspaper and remains buried in its folds until dinner is announced.

The child decides that nobody in the family means what he says, so takes the law into his own hands. What is to be done? I don't know. If you want a well-disciplined, well-trained, clear-thinking child, you will have to be that sort of person yourself. You, too, will have to follow the well-ordered routine of the day.

You do not like that? Neither does the child. But if you cannot manage yourself, how can you ever manage a child?

ARE YOU REALLY MAKING A HOME FOR THEM?

Often the children have nothing to do, and nowhere to go. They sit in the house and whine and annoy the family. Mother tells them to go somewhere and do something. She doesn't know where or what.

Now if a child had a room or a box or a closet where he could keep his treasures, where he could lock them up, he would always have some place to go and something to do.

A child delights in being busy. He loves to have something that is his own. He likes to take it out of its place, look it over, and then lock it up safely. All this is good training for him. He is gaining a sense of responsibility and independence.

Some of the things he stores away will seem rubbishy to you if you have forgotten your childhood. A handful of pretty stones, a collection of bits of colored glass, chips of gorgeous crockery, a feather from the rooster's tail, a fishhook, a button, a string, scraps of paper, bits of rags. Whatever it is, let it alone. The child treasures it, and that is enough. While he has interests, he is growing. If you teach him that you are interested in what interests him, he will be a home-loving child. He will cling to his home and the people in it.

The woman who boasted of the cleanest house in the village had three children. They never went

home unless they were obliged to. The house was so neat that it hurt you. No balls ever rolled across those floors. No limp dolls ever hung from the prim chairs. Children had no place there.

Her neighbor went to the other extreme. The children lived all over the house. One was constantly pushing their playthings aside in order to get about at all. A visitor was likely to sit down on a group of tin soldiers or step on a stuffed bunny. Somebody was always cross in that house. Children do not like disorder any more than they do overdone neatness. All they ask is a little corner to themselves. They like that.

Then give the children a chance to live with the things they like. They will keep interested and happy and home-loving. We need home-loving people. America is made of such folk.

During the Great War a soldier out on the front said, "They tell me that I am fighting for democracy. I believe them. But one thing I am dead sure of—I'm fighting for a frame house and all that's in it out in Omaha."

SAY "YES" AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE

Children are entitled to a happy childhood. Joy is to the child what air and sun and rain are to the plants. Flood the children with joy and they grow and blossom richly; deprive them of it and they droop and wither away.

Say "Yes" as often as possible to a child. If you have trained him at all well he will not make many unwise demands.

Make his birthday a great day. That is the day to visit his grandmother and grandfather if it is possible. Give him some special treat. In the evening come the party and the cake with the candles.

Valentine's Day was really intended for the joy of children. The good old priest St. Valentine made it a day of sweet remembrance of them. Don't forget to make the tiny heart-shaped cakes with the pink icing for tea that night.

Easter is the child's day. The bunny, the colored eggs, the new suit, the beautiful lilies, lend it a beauty that stands high above the others. On that day, at least, he should go to church and have the memory of the music and the flowers and the beautiful service to add to the others.

Hallowe'en must have its party. This is the night for the Jack o' Lantern, the apples and nuts, and

the tricks. It is the night of the fairies. We all believe in fairies that evening.

Thanksgiving is a day full of happiness. The grandmothers, the cousins, and uncles and aunts. The turkeys, the pies, and the games. Little hearts almost burst their jackets with joy.

Christmas. The tree, the stockings. The wonderful surprises. The bells and the noise and horns and the toys. Cram it full to the last mad hour of the short daylight. It becomes a memory of home and family that will last while life lasts. No trouble is too much for that.

Childhood is the time for storing up joy. The least we can do for the children is to give them a happy childhood. Fill it full of happy memories. Fix the fine family traditions upon it. Make each family anniversary, each child holiday, a golden memory. When he is old and life holds nothing but the memories of the days that have hurried on and left him waiting for the long night, he will bring out these treasures of his happy childhood. So shall his joys be doubled.

HOW DO YOU TALK TO YOUR CHILDREN?

How do you talk to your children? Do you shout impatiently at them if they do not fly the minute you speak to them?

That is not good for the children. It teaches them bad manners. What is worse, it teaches them disobedience, the very thing you are protesting about.

If a child learns that you will raise your voice he will wait for you to raise it before he obeys. As long as you speak in ordinary tones he thinks you do not mean it, because you have accustomed him to that idea. He will wait until he thinks you mean it. He measures this by the strength of your voice.

One must begin to teach him to obey when he is very little. Speak gently to him over and over until he does what you want. When he obeys promptly give him some special reward. Let him play with some favorite toy. Associate his obedience with happiness.

That would take too long, you think. It would take time. But you are raising a man. That takes about thirty years. You cannot hurry that process.

There is a story about Mrs. Wesley. I hope it is true. If it isn't it ought to be.

One day Mrs. Wesley had a visitor. The ladies chatted while little John played about on the floor. John pulled the cat's tail.

"Let the cat out, son."

Son did not seem to hear.

"Let the cat out, son."

Son paid no attention. Thirty-five times Mrs. Wesley repeated the direction to her little son before he obeyed.

"Why did you tell the child over and over again for thirty-five times?" asked the visitor.

"Because," said Mrs. Wesley, "thirty-four wasn't enough."

Mrs. Wesley gave two great men to the world. But it took the thirty-five times. It was worth it.

Be patient, keep at it. You are raising a man or a woman. There is no greater work than that in all the labors of mankind.

"MY MOTHER CAN"

Charlotte burst into the house at noontime.

"Oh, mother, what do you think?"

"Softly, child. Don't be so excited. What is it?"

"What do you think happened at school to-day? You'll never guess."

"Tell me. Then I'll know."

"This morning Belle's mother came to school and sang for the assembly. It was beautiful. Lots nicer than she sings at home. I've heard her lots of times.

"And she was all dressed up. She looked like a picture. She sang 'When Mother Takes the Fairy Book' and 'When My Mother Sings to Me'. Oh, it was grand! We clapped and clapped.

"And Peabody Nelson walked up and made a funny bow. I guess he didn't have time to practice it much, because the whole thing was a surprise, and gave her a bouquet.

"Belle was as proud as a peacock. But I told her to wait until you recited. You'd show her a thing or two."

"What! Not really?"

"I really did, mother. I wasn't going to have her thinking that her mother was the only one that could do things. Mr. Phillips asked us to ask our fathers and mothers to come to school and do things—an act or something. I forget what he called it.

"Elliot's father is coming next week to play the piano for us."

"Elliot's father? Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure. Mr. Phillips said, 'Elliot's father, the great pianist, will play for you next week.' So I told him that you would recite for us the week after that."

"Charlotte, that was dreadful of you. You should have asked me first. Whatever shall I do?"

"That's all settled, mother. I told him that you would sing the 'Little Brown Bear' and tell a couple of Brer' Rabbit stories, and maybe one of your own make-up stories. He said that would be great.

"And, mother, be sure to wear your blue dress with the floating sleeves. You look like an angel in that, and I do want you to make a hit."

Mother groaned, but what could she do? She wore the blue dress and sang the songs, and told the stories, and made the "hit".

And she and the children and the neighbors' children seem closer than ever before. And the school means more. And Charlotte is happy.

"MY FATHER"

They were gathered on the grocery stoop waiting for the first bell to call them into the school yard. A huddle of boys all clamoring to be heard.

"My father kin fight any one. Even if he's a ji'nt."

"My father can, too."

"Oh, g'wan. My father wouldn't fight nobody. He'd scare them to death just makin' a face."

"Who? Your father make a face? You ought to see my father. Once he——"

But his speech was too long. Somebody hurled him off the edge of the bread box and he had to scramble to find his feet. When he had recovered them, some one else had the advantage.

"And my father, when he was in the war, killed a German, and if he hadn't a killed him——"

"Pooh! That's nothin'. My father got a medal. He was a captain."

"My father's a fireman. He can go to all the fires. He can. Go right inside the——"

"You ought to see my father. He can do circus acts. Honest. He puts me on his shoulder and my little brother on his head and walks all around the house with us and my mother screams like anything."

"Bet y' my father can beat that. He can make music like a whole band. Drums and everything. And when——"

"Lissen, lissen," screams a small boy with the voice of a siren alarm. "Lissen t' me. My father went down to Washington and helped to make President Harding. And the President gave him a badge, and I'm going to wear it in the parade.

"And lissen," as there were signs of his losing his audience. "My father is going to get a new job and be the boss of all your fathers."

"Who says the boss of all our fathers?"

"My father. En he says——"

"Ah g'wan," and his heels twinkled in the place where his face was last seen.

"Going to get a job. What's a job? Just work. That's all about a job. But say, fellers. My father knows Charley Chaplin."

"NO!"

"Yep. He made the scenery for one of his plays and he stood right close up beside him and Charley said: 'It's fine.'"

"What was fine?"

"I don't know. That was what he said to my father, and my father told me."

The bell rang and the crowd fell in behind the boy whose father had stood right up close beside Charley and had been told, "It was fine."

HOSTAGES

A boy whom I have never seen and in all likelihood never shall see wrote me a letter and thanked me for "standing up" for him. He said it was fine of me and that he would always remember it.

My, I was glad that I had "stood up" for him, had said something that made him feel that way. I shivered to think how close I had been to not doing it. Suppose I hadn't. The boy would have passed by on the other side and paid no heed to me and I should have lost the lift his word of thanks and praise brought to me.

We older folk grieve children oftener than we know. We forget that they are watching and listening. We forget that to them we stand for certain big things dear to their hearts, and, all unthinking, we fail them.

I remember reading a newspaper story of a group of boys who waited outside the door beyond which some baseball players of national reputation were trying to explain to cold-eyed officials how it happened that they forgot they were playing a game for the game's sake and had played it for money for themselves.

As the players came out and started away a little fellow, made bold by his great anxiety, stepped up to one of the men and pleaded: "It isn't so, is it? You didn't do it, did you? It isn't true, what they say?"

"I'm afraid it is, sonnie," stammered the big

man, pulling his cap down further and striding away. The boy fell back, watched the man out of sight, and then went away, dejected and sad.

I felt very sorry for the man as I read the story. He must have felt the child's disappointment keenly. Whatever wrong he had done knowingly, here was the unexpected consequence of one he had committed unknowingly.

When he made his decision he forgot all about the boys. He forgot that to them he was a hero who could do no mean, unknightly deed. I think if he had remembered he would have shaken his head and thrown his lot with the boys who loved and followed him.

Many times we have failed the children, but many, many times they have saved us from ourselves. The shady transaction, the selfish advantages are brushed aside at the thought of the children, who will judge us in the light of their knowledge of our real selves.

"My father'd never do that."

"Mine either."

"He wouldn't be so cheap."

"Mine either."

So do our children become hostages to righteousness.

TO THE FATHERS

Dear Fathers:

Generally when people talk about the children and what should be done for them, the talk is directed to mother. That is right most of the time, but some of the time it is to you the conversation should be pointed.

You should have a share in the companionship of your children always. You should take upon yourself the proper share of their training. You especially belong to the twelve-year-old boy. He needs his father (and his father needs him).

You want your boy to be a success. Then tell him so and encourage him. Tell him you believe in him and expect that he is going to do good work. Talk to him about your hopes and plans for him. Don't keep them a secret lest the boy make plans that will not lie with yours some day. Work and plan together.

When he fails in some little detail don't let your fears for him magnify it into a disaster. Tell him how you failed in almost the same way when you were a little boy and how you got over it. That will do more good than all your scolding. Some boys never know that their fathers ever were little boys. They picture them always as models of adult good conduct and success.

That sort of father looks over a report card and says: "What! What is this? C? When did a

member of our family ever get a C? It would have been considered a disgrace." Not for worlds would he acknowledge to the boy that he had received such a mark.

He might have told the boy that he had been rated C and had been scolded and punished for it in school and at home and it hadn't improved him one particle that he could remember.

Far better to have said: "I see you are having a bad time with your mathematics. Bring your lesson to me after dinner and I'll see if we can find out what the trouble is. I used to need a boost once in a while myself. We'll see if we cannot surprise the teacher with an A this month," and then sit down patiently and work the thing out with the boy.

Nagging is not helping. When you discover, as you very likely will, that the boy does not understand some fundamental principle, it is silly to sit back in your chair and sigh with mingled disgust and irritation, "My goodness, how can you expect to do addition of algebra when you do not understand what a minus or plus means?" Teach him and save your breath.

This year, try to make friends with your son. Try to understand him and help him with his lessons, his conduct, his play. Try to understand his troubles without magnifying or belittling them. Be a boy again with a man's big kindliness and trained experience.

You'll be astonished to learn what a really intelligent boy your son is.

THE INDEPENDENT FAMILY

"I'm going to bring up my children to be independent of each other," said the youngest mother in the group. "I've seen too much of this family business.

"Just what do you mean by family business?" asked an older woman, adjusting her spectacles and looking at the young matron with kindly inquiry.

"One brother or sister helping all the rest. I see it in almost every family I know. It isn't fair. Each one should stand by himself and not let anybody help him. I'm not going to allow one member of the family to be sacrificed for the others.

"I'm going to teach my children that each of them must stand on his own feet; that none of them owes anything to the other. I don't want them to feel responsible for the others at all."

The older woman smiled. "Let me tell you my story, my dear. When we were married we were poor and our four children came along fast. From the beginning the oldest boy took a share of the work and responsibility of bringing up the family.

"When the cake didn't go all the way round he used to whisper, 'I won't have any, mother.' When it was clothes, his always lasted the longest and, in his eyes at least, looked the best.

"He worked his way through college and went out to business with the idea of helping his brothers

and sisters through. He was successful from the start and made plenty of money.

"His life has been the fullest, the richest in experiences, the happiest. Yet to all appearances he carried a big load and sacrificed a great deal.

"Once I hinted that I was sorry he had to give so much of his thought and time and money to his brothers and his sisters. He said, 'Why, what should I have done without them? They set the pace for me. They gave me an excuse for working. Working to do something for one's own is the most thrilling thing one does in this world. Don't pity me. I'm in luck.'

"Perhaps you will be depriving your children of the most worthwhile thing in all their lives if you teach them to live independently of each other. I think teaching them to live for one another is a great deal the better way and will serve them better in the end."

There was one Teacher greater than all others, and His word on this was, "He that loseth his life shall find it."

CHILDREN'S RESPECT

One hears a great deal about the children not respecting their elders. The elders like to say that the children nowadays have little consideration or respect for age. What about the elders having respect for the children? Like begets like, you know.

"I don't see why our children are so rude and so inconsiderate. Now, my sister's children are as polite and considerate as can be. Ours are horribly rude."

When I saw how the family treated the children I understood what made the children rude and inconsiderate. Nobody in the family gave the children the slightest consideration. Never having been shown any, the children, of course, had none.

Benny was sitting on a low chair by the window. He was deep in his book. When his mother entered the room he paid no attention whatever. She walked over to him, brushed him off the chair as though he were a fly and seated herself without a word.

Belle was on the floor building a tottering tower of blocks. Her mother walked across the room to lower a shade and her skirt brushed against the tower. Down it came with a crash and Belle raised her voice in a howl of protest.

"Well, you shouldn't have built the thing right in the way," argued her mother. "Now, go upstairs and wash your face and keep still. You make my head ache with your noise."

At the table Belle announced, "I haven't my right fork. Benny has mine."

"Well, you have one, haven't you? Eat your dinner and keep still. My, children are the worst nuisance when they want to be."

After dinner the family went for a stroll in the garden. The children wanted to go, too. "Put your sweater on, Benny," called his mother.

"Can't," said Benny in return. "Dad's got it round his shoulders."

"Then you'd better stay in. You've been in the garden all day, anyway, so it won't matter. You stay in and wait until we come back."

Benny did not like that and set up a doleful lament.

"Aren't children a trial?" sighed mother. "They are actually making me old before my time."

Of course, if by your acts you steadily teach disrespect for the rights and feelings of others, the children will learn just that. They will apply their learning to every-day living and the elders won't like it at all. But only the elders are to blame in such a case as this. Like begets like.

"LET 'EM ALONE!"

He was about nine years old. He seemed content with the world and his special place in it as he dug himself into the pile of sand that the contractor had dumped in front of the school. Deeper and deeper he buried himself, until only his yellow head showed above the heap of red-brown sand.

Miss Lavinia, picking her way down the school steps, stopped at the sight of the tousled head. She had taught for many years, and she knew to a button just what a boy should be. She surveyed Yellowhead with grim disapproval. He returned the compliment.

"Boy, does your mother know where you are and what you're doing?"

"Nope."

"What do you suppose she will say when you go home with your eyes, and ears, and pockets, and shoes cram full of sand?"

"Nothin'."

"Yes, she will, and you know she will."

"She won't. She can't. She's dead."

"O-ho! M-m-m! Who takes care of you?"

"My aunt."

"Well, aunts are almost as good as mothers sometimes," said Miss Lavinia brightly.

"They're worse."

"What?"

"Yep. Mothers won't let you do nothin'. 'Dolph-

us lives up my block, and his mother—she won't let him do nothin'. She won't let him play in this sand. She won't let him skate on his rollers. She won't let him chase cats. Won't let him do nothin'."

"But aunts?" questioned Miss Lavinia. She was aunt in her own right seven times.

"Oh, them!"

He dismissed "them" with a flicker of eye, a wrinkle of nose, and a twist of mouth that came and went like the glint of a camera shutter.

"They *make* you do everything. They make you wash your ears. They make you go to bed. They make you go to church. They make you come in when there's company. Make you do *everything,*" and the yellow head waggled solemnly out of the sand heap.

"But," persisted Miss Lavinia, striving to make out a case if she could, "what do little boys like folk to do for them?"

The sand flew in all directions as Yellowhead tore himself out of it and scampered down the street.

"Let 'em alone! Let 'em alone! Goodness sakes, let 'em alone!" he yelled.

" 'COZ"

Bert and Trudie sat under the apple tree talking. To be strictly accurate, Trudie was talking. Bert was slapping the ground with his garden spade and making reply in short grunts.

"Why won't your mother let you go to the picnic?"

" 'Coz."

"She didn't let you go to the school excursion, so you ought to be let go to the picnic. Why can't you?"

" 'Coz."

"Don't she want to make you the sandwiches? It won't matter 'coz my mother is going to kill the Plymouth rooster and he will make a lot, enough for us two. Why can't you go?"

" 'Coz."

"Is it because she's afraid you'll get sickness? None of us has been sick since Christmas, when Hughie had the grippe. You can't get anything catching in June. Only in winter you get catching sickness. Can't you come?"

"Nope."

"Maybe it's because you've done something. Did you do something?"

"Nope."

"Everybody is going. Every single child in this district. The ice cream is coming in on the two-thirty. Bricks. All colors. Think we can coax her?"

"Nope."

"Why?"

" 'Coz."

Trudie cocked her head on one side and considered. This was a serious matter. The picnic closed the school year. All the children went. Each one "supplied" something and took it in a basket lined with the whitest of napkins and smelling of heavenly treats.

In the forenoon they played games while the mothers laid the spread. When the teacher rang the bell they gathered and ate and drank as they were permitted to eat and drink but once a year.

Toward afternoon the minister came and the ice-cream wagon and the special cakes that had been kept at home to the very last minute to let the frosting set. O joy!

And Bert couldn't go.

"Why won't she let you go?" she demanded desperately and as one tried beyond all patience.

" 'Coz," snapped Bert, exasperated in his turn, " 'coz she's my mother."

Trudie retired to think it over. It was unthinkable. Still there it was. Bert couldn't go.

Toward evening when Bert's mother had taken her chair on the porch and sat placidly rocking, Trudie marched up the steps and confronted her.

"You're the meanest mother in the whole village and the children told me to tell you so."

"What? What do you mean? Why?" gasped the amazed lady.

" 'Coz," replied Trudie, and marched down again.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE

The grown-ups had gone out for the evening and the two children, Jack and Jill, were to have dinner alone.

The maid announced dinner. In the dining room their places were laid as usual.

"Please put my plate where father sits," said Jack. "I'm going to be father."

"I suppose, then, that you think I'm going to be mother and you'll boss me. Well, I won't have it, that's all," said Jill.

"What of it? Can't you talk back?"

"But you'd always have the best of it. No. I'm going to be Aunt Louise." And she seated herself and shook out her napkin.

"No," protested Jack. "I won't have you being Aunt Louise. Then you'll want to correct my table manners and watch everything I eat. I won't have a chance to say anything to you at all. You better be mother."

"No. Then you'll get first helping of everything and——"

"Well, I ought to, oughtn't I? Aren't I——"

"No. You're not any more than I am. You think just because——"

"The man is the head of the house, isn't he? I'm going to be that and you'll have to be mother. She never makes any fuss. She just sees that father gets everything he wants, and you and I get every-

thing we want, and then she helps herself to what she wants."

"She gets what's left, you mean. I'm not going to stand for it. You can be father if you want to, but I'm not going to be mother. I'll be Aunt Louise."

The maid handed her a plate of bread. "Kate, please bring me a piece of dry toast. Dry toast should be served with clear soup always, to my mind," she said in a stilted tone. The maid looked at her in amazement.

"Don't mind me," giggled Jill. "I'm only Aunt Louise. I hate dry toast."

Jack looked as though he were trying to fill the big chair with his ninety pounds of slenderness. He cleared his throat and said: "A little salt, Kate, please. I like salt in my soup."

Kate reached for the salt in haste. "Don't mind him, either," said Jill. "He's father."

When the dessert came Kate placed it in front of Jill. She served Jack first and carefully picked out all the raisins to add to his share.

"There, Jack, I know you love raisins. I really don't want so many."

"Thanks," said Jack. "That's just what mother says."

DISCOVERIES

The children had gone to bed and the older folks were talking over the doings of the day.

"I never have been so mortified in my life. Never. I don't want to look Mrs. Sweet in the face again," said mother.

"Why? What in the world happened to Mrs. Sweet?" asked father. Mother rarely spoke in the tone she had used. It was rarely that she felt so.

"It was awful. I've been waiting for her to call. I did want her to like us. To-day she came. She was sweet and gracious, and soon after she came she asked for the children.

"Bess was the only one that was in, and I sent for her. She came in looking lovely. She really is a fine-looking child. She made her courtesy to Mrs. Sweet, and the two made friends immediately. I could see that Mrs. Sweet liked her.

"I turned to make the tea, and when I looked up again I nearly dropped the teapot. Bess stood on her head, turned a complete somersault, and landed on her feet.

"I got her out of the room some way, but I'm just heartbroken about it. What will she think?"

"Seems to me," said grandmother, "that if Mrs. Sweet is as kind and as clever as you think she is, she will understand all about it."

"What is there to understand? She will think the child has no breeding to do a thing like that in her mother's sitting room."

"I don't believe she will think anything of the kind."

"Of course, she was very polite about it. She laughed and said, 'She hasn't done any harm. She has just discovered something new that she can do and she is delighted with the idea. She will practice it for a while and then forget all about it.' "

"There," said grandmother. "I told you she understood all about it. I tell you all children do that. They discover they can do something, they find they can talk, or jump, or sing a song and they do it over and over in the joy of the discovery. You did it yourself. You disgraced me before the minister one day."

"I?" said mother in amazement.

"You. You discovered you could rhyme words and you were chanting, 'Ann, Sam, Billy-be-dam' over and over again and the minister came in. For a minute I gasped for breath. Then we both laughed and you ran away."

"Well, I hope Mrs. Sweet laughs, too," said mother.

GRANDMAS

"Oh, Teddy, my gram's coming to-morrow."

Teddy glanced up at his enthusiastic visitor and then resumed his laborious cutting of a deer's head from his colored picture book.

"This thing has too many horns," he muttered between his closed lips and twisted tongue.

"Yes, she's coming to-morrow."

"Huh. These scissors are so dull I can't cut a thing with them. Did you bring yours over?"

"No, I was in such a hurry to tell you gram was coming I forgot everything else."

"What do you care if she is coming? She'll only boss you more than your mother and then you won't have any fun at all."

"No, she won't. Is your gram like that?"

"Haven't any." And he hitched another knot in his tongue as he cut along another prong.

"Oh. They're awful nice people to have."

"Don't believe it. Too many people now."

"That's because you haven't any. You don't know. My gram is lovely. She has a silk apron, black, with lace on the pockets, big deep pockets, and there's a big bunch of red flowers embroidered across it.

"She always puts on that apron when she sits down to knit in the afternoon and I sit beside her and play with my things and she tells me stories."

"What about?"

"All kinds of things. She mostly tells me true things about my mother when she was gram's little girl and was bad and wouldn't sew her hems and cried.

"Then gram—she was her mother—told her that the hem was a little white road and the stitches were little trees and birds and flowers and things that she was planting and when she got them all planted the door of the little house at the end of the road would fly open and the fairy would come out and reward her for making such a fine road to her house.

"Then my gram—she was her mother, you know—would take two fat chocolates out of her pocket and drop them into her lap and she would think the fairy had rewarded her."

Teddy had forgotten to cut the last horn out.

"Do you think she would mind," said he, very earnestly, "if I should come over to listen, too? I could play I belonged to her and maybe she would have a chocolate in her pocket for me, too? I never had a gram in all my life."

"Of course," laughed Betty. "That's what I came over for. She'll be here to-morrow and she always has that apron in her bag and we won't have to wait one single day. It's lovely to have a gram."

TRAINING AND LOVING

Children are very precious. To-day they are more precious than ever. Sometimes they receive too much attention. We are too careful of them for their good health. A bit of letting alone is very helpful occasionally.

There are your child's clothes. He should look well, of course, but he can be dressed sensibly. If he is going to school do not dress him as though he were going to a party. If he gets a bit dirty do not scold him. A little dirt does a child no harm. All healthy children get their clothes dirty. A child who is afraid to play lest he soil his clothes is afraid of his mother. That is bad. Fear makes a child stop growing. It stunts his brain. It stunts his body. No child should be in fear of anybody.

"But I never strike my child," a mother protests.

There are worse things that are quite as bad. How about scolding? There are mothers who scold and scold. "Did you wipe your feet?" "Look at your dirty hands." "You are the worst child I ever saw." All that because of a little dirt.

As soon as a child has finished his supper his mother wants him to sit down and study. Or she wants him to do his music lesson. Or there is the Sunday school lesson to be learned.

Early and late she keeps after the child. From the morning, "Did you get up yet?" to the evening,

"Did you put that cat out?" her voice rings in his ears.

He grows fidgety and nervous. He cannot eat. His sleep is restless. He is afraid; afraid of his mother.

It was something like that that made Solomon say to his son David, "Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox with hatred."

Children must have love as well as care. Learn to help with your silence. One must be very patient with little children. "They are worth all the love and the patience that it takes to rear them," you say, and we all agree.

Children grow through love and care and patience.

"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

PART IX

THE CHILD AND HIS COUNTRY

COLUMBUS

Men and women are remembered for the biggest thing they did. All the little things that happened to them or that they made happen to other people fall out as the years march on and at last the one thing, the big thing, is left standing clear and high in the niche prepared for it.

Christopher Columbus discovered America. That is the one thing that counts for him. Again and again learned men have risen to tell us that Columbus did not discover America; that others had done so before him. We listen and bow respectfully; but we give the honor to Columbus just the same.

"Christopher Columbus discovered America." To the majority of us that is true and sufficient. We are not haggling over incidents. We are summing up the man's life into the one big thing he did. We have counted in all the struggles, all the suffering, all the patient waiting, all the dangers, all the triumphs, and his great faith.

All his life Columbus loved the sea. He knew it and never feared it. Knew it as you know the land. He thought of it just as you think of the land—a place to live on, a place to play in, to dream in, to work in, and at last, perhaps, to die and be buried in. It was his home.

He believed in the sea. It called to him from its vastness and would not be stilled. He dreamed of the time when he might set sail and go on, and on,

and on, until the never-ending deeps would carry him round the earth and home again. That the friendly sea could harbor monsters and devils waiting to devour his poor ship was impossible for him to believe.

But how to get others to share his faith, his hope, and his courage! From court to court he traveled, facing rebuff and discouragement and treachery. The light of youth left his eyes. Its spring went out of his step. His hair was silvered and his shoulders bowed when at last he gained the favor he sought and set sail for the unknown.

Of all the souls that crossed the sea with him, his was the one that knew no doubt, that held no fear, that was illumined by steadfast faith. By sheer force of soul, by the strength of the faith that was his, he held that panicky crew together and sailed on to victory.

And he discovered America.

Aye, he did more than that. He discovered a man. He left us a legacy of indomitable will, superb courage, heroic faith, and godlike patience. He left us the tradition of struggle for an idea. Life? Death? What matter? Sail on.

And discover America.

THANKSGIVING PRAYER

The Spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers hovers over this country's sleeping millions and makes his prayer:

For the safe passage of the founders' ship, safe cradled in Thy hand,

For the brave souls that dared and faced the wilderness to live and sing Thy praise,

For the strength and courage that reared their homes and gathered in their bounteous harvests, all from Thee,

For their sustaining faith in what they undertook to do, the faith that held when weaker souls could find excuse and turn again to ease and pleasant ways,

Father, I thank Thee.

For the brave sons who led the way to greater heights,

For those who, when the vision came, laid down their all and measured not the loss, but held to the faith the founders taught and left it to their children strengthened by a hundredfold.

For Washington and Hale and Lafayette and all their host,

Father of Men, I thank Thee.

For the pioneer who pushed the forest back; for those who planted on the prairie waste; for those who bridged the roaring streams and laid the shin-

ing rails; for those who searched out secrets of the hidden things until a voice may speak three thousand miles and lights may flash and ships may fly; for those who man the fires and guide the ways of all this wondrous miracle,

For those who heal and teach and pray,

Lord of the Universe, I thank Thee.

For those who, when danger threatened, sent their own sons that Right might be preserved, sent them in ships, once more cradled in Thy hand, still strong in faith that Thou this people set apart to carry Liberty to all the world,

For those brave sons who went and gave their lives in going,

For the victory and the hope of peace to come,

Mighty Jehovah, I thank Thee.

Grant that this people raised to power and pride may still be wise in love and tender in humility.

Grant that they hold the founders' faith and serve all men in stern simplicity and truth.

Grant that they learn Thy law and cling to love and Thee.

God of All Men, I thank Thee.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

Our country's birthday is here. We must wish her many happy returns.

Birthdays are pleasant things. They are filled high with happiness. Friends come bearing gifts. The day is merry with flowers and feasting and dancing. Memories of kindly faces and loving voices shine out again in the light of the flickering birthday candles and the familiar birthday songs.

This is America's birthday. What shall we give her? What gifts would she value most?

Our service. Our work. America needs sons and daughters who will work for her. She needs workers that will turn out honest work, accurate work, clean-cut work. Work that bears the imprint of souls dedicated to the honor and glory of their country. Souls that were made in America.

America needs us all. She needs our art, our crafts, our trades, our labor. We will hew and hammer and grind and polish. The great wheels shall turn, the giant furnaces roar, the mighty engines purr in her service.

The best work of our brains, the finest work of our hands, the purest essence of our spirits shall go into the service that we will lay this day at the feet of our country.

We will offer her our faith. We will renew it on this day, that it may be clean enough, bright enough, strong enough. The days of confusion and many

voices dimmed it. On this day we will renew it and offer it afresh.

We will pledge ourselves to maintain the ideals of America. We will promise to uphold the standards of liberty and justice, humanity and loving kindness, the ideals of our country since the beginning.

We will offer her the sacrifices of the past years. We will point to the rows of white crosses on the scarred battlefields and whisper: "It was for you they died!"

We will point to our hosts of happy children and say: "These shall live for you. They can do no more."

This is our country's birthday. We wish her many, many happy returns of the day.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington is America and America is George Washington, the greatest idea of government known of men. This is his birthday, the birthday of America.

All the pictures of Washington show him as a strong, grave, assured man. His is the face of one who had great faith: faith in himself and faith in the righteousness of his idea.

Looking at him as he stands out from the canvas, we feel the power of the man; power to plan and to carry through. We recognize the leader. We feel that he could plan out his course, believe in it with all the force of his courageous spirit, and hold to it at any cost.

We know that this is the face of a man who could pray. Few of us know how to pray or even know what a real prayer is. Most of us think it is a hurried cry for help; a cry of distress in the night of trouble; a plea for protection; a beggar's cry for alms.

The real prayer is none of these. It is something quite different. It is a summation of the soul's power. It is a recognition of the soul's relationship with the great soul of the universe. God. Only the great soul, born of trial and stress, really knows how to pray. Washington knew.

He conceived the idea of America. This should be the land where men might live and grow in free-

dom. One man should have the right to call the next one brother, and the duty of shouldering the other's burden. Men should be free in that sense and that spirit, the same spirit that made Washington's life a prayer.

While the battle for Washington's great idea was on he never ceased to pray. Once in the winter of Valley Forge, when things looked dark for the people of America, a Quaker heard Washington praying in the woods.

He rushed home and told his wife Betsy about it. "We'll win surely, Betsy, for I heard it in his prayer."

America won, for Washington's prayer was but his gathering of all his forces to the end he had in mind; the linking of his plan to that of the Great Plan; the turning on of the power when all the machinery had been placed and made ready.

Washington will never die while the spirit of him, the struggle for human liberty, remains a part of the people. His prayer will bring its own answer, and there will be no place for the selfishness and greed and discontent that try to thwart it.

On this, his birthday, it might be well for us to think on these things.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Benjamin Franklin's birthday! There isn't the slightest fear in my mind that Franklin will be forgotten. He lived so that America can never forget him. He wove his life into hers and so it will stand forever and ever.

I'd like the children to know how he did that; just what things he did that made America love him so long and so well. I'd like them to know the qualities that America knits into her soul.

There are people who say that only money and noise and advertisement can gain one a place here. It looks that way sometimes when one is so close to the noise and the splurge of the advertised success. But not really, for there is Benjamin Franklin.

Step back into the past and look at him. You will discover that he did well the things that America thinks a great man ought to love to do. He did it all enthusiastically; had a good time doing it. He made a fine job of living.

He began when he was a poor lad with nothing but his body and brain to rely on. He went to work, saved his money, and studied hard to find ways of improving himself. We like that. We like to see a man build his own bridges and then pass over them, especially when he builds the sort that others may use after him.

He took a great and lively interest in all that was going on about him. He was a leader. He started things. There is a printing house he started in

Philadelphia, and the University of Pennsylvania. The university is a great monument for a man, all by itself. But he did more.

He thrust himself deeper into the lives of the people. We were a confused people, struggling to make clear to ourselves and others that we were a nation "conceived in liberty and brought forth in freedom." All was hubbub and uproar. Franklin was one of the clear-headed ones. "Come, come," said he, "we must all hang together or we'll hang separately," and he helped draft the Declaration of Independence. We love him for that.

Then he went to France and told our story so well that France came to our side and helped us through. Then he helped to establish peace between Great Britain and the United States. He had seen his country safely placed among the nations of the earth. We cheer him for that.

But he made no noise. He made no splurge. He lived thoroughly and well a life of service, and America loves him.

LINCOLN

The class in history was reciting. They had studied the life of Lincoln for a month and now they were telling the teacher and each other what they had gathered from it.

The teacher sat at the desk, her notebook before her, marking each recitation. Her eyes were sad. Her voice was gray with disappointment. She had tried so hard to fill these boys full of the inspiration of the great soul of this man and now this was all, over and over again:

"Lincoln was born in a log cabin in Kentucky. His parents were poor"—and so on, down to "He was shot in Ford's Theater on the night of April 15, 1865."

Dry, dreary routine stuff. And she had hoped for some fire, some spark lighted in some soul. Ah, teaching was but a barren trade——

"William," she called. "Wee Wullie," his mother would have called.

A swaying willow wand of a child rose, holding to the edge of his desk. His face was pale and bore the traces of pain about the great dark eyes. Often William could not attend classes because he was ill. His mother said he was ill; William never mentioned it. He talked very little. It took a great deal to excite him sufficiently to make him use his scant strength in speech and when aroused he spoke with a trace of the Scotch burr of his mother's tongue.

"I'm thinkin'," said he, "that yon was a great mon. A very great mon. In fact, I'm thinkin' that he was the greatest mon of all. You see, he could thole so well.

"You mind, when he was a wee chap, he lost his mither. Trouble came to him in the very beginning.

"When he was a lad he had to work very hard and get very little for it. He chopped wood many and many a day and plowed fields and tended the cattle. I'm thinkin' how hard his back must have ached at night and him not sayin' a word about it.

"Then he grew into a mon and carried his pain in his mind. He must have, for how else could he know that the slaves were suffering?

"Then he declared the terrible war. Then he suffered a thousand years in one, for if he didn't help the slaves he suffered their pains, and if he fought through the war he suffered the pains of all the people it touched.

"You can see it all in his face. At the end they killed him, but that didn't trouble him, for hadn't he lived harder than ever he could die?

"I'm thinkin' he was a great mon. The greatest of all, for he could thole so." And Wee Wullie sat down.

"Thole," said the teacher with shining eyes, "is the Scotch word for suffering in silence."

MEMORIAL DAY

The children want to know what Memorial Day means. What is it for? Why do we keep it? Why are the flags lowered? Why are the bands playing and the soldiers marching?

Because this is the day that America sets apart to commune with the spirits of her honored dead.

You know when you go into church unhappy, restless, and troubled, you sit down quietly and give your soul to prayer. You think of the Christ on the cross. You remember that He died that you might live and live more worthily. His spirit steals into your heart.

You think of the saints who followed His footsteps. You remember how they denied themselves and suffered for the privilege of doing a service for those about them.

You remember how Stephen was stoned, how Francis was despised, how Joan was martyred. You lose yourself in communion with the spirits of the great dead.

They gather one by one about you. You see each of them in the light of his service. They loom grandly above you. The little annoyance, the little meannesses fall away from you. They are lost in the serene atmosphere of holy service.

The great organ rolls out in solemn, triumphant Te Deum. Your soul mounts with it. You take a new start. Life is bigger and better than you ever

supposed it to be. You consecrate yourself to a higher purpose and go away strengthened and comforted.

That is really what Memorial Day means to America. This day we spend in communion with the spirits of our great dead.

We look at the calm face of Washington and we remember that we have not always placed the good of our country first.

We stand before Abraham Lincoln and we wish as we look at that patient, suffering, loving face that we had been just a bit more patient, just a fraction more kindly to the poor and helpless who passed our way.

We stand beside the grave of the scientist who gave his life for the secret he wrested from the silent soul of the universe. He died that men might live, that other men's pain might be the less.

We think of the nurse who tended the sick and the dying. We stand by the soldier who died for us.

They gather about us this Memorial Day, an innumerable host. We feel them inspiring us to carry on the service they laid down. We feel them praying that we struggle and achieve. A deep humbleness, a cleansing confession of unworthiness, a strong desire to strive to win our place among them fill and renew our souls.

Memorial Day is a day of consecration.

FLAG DAY

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE UNITED STATES:

This is Flag Day, the Flag's birthday. Each day you salute your flag.

I pledge allegiance to my flag
And to the Republic for which it stands.
One nation, in-di-vis-i-ble
With Liberty and Justice
For All.

For All, All, All. The word rolls like a drum beat round the world. For even the least of these, Liberty and Justice.

It was for this the Liberty Bell rang out through the hushed streets of Philadelpha.

It was for this the swift-flying fingers of Betsy Ross fashioned the first flag and fastened the stars —the first stars for Liberty's crown.

It was for this Washington gave up his quiet, ordered life and took upon his shoulders the burdens of the people.

It was for this he led that forlorn and ragged army through eight terrible years of suffering and doubt and discouragement to triumphant victory.

It was for this the Continental Army left their bloody footprints in the snows of Valley Forge.

It was for this the nation offered up the glory of its youth at Gettysburg.

It was for this Lincoln died.

It was for this your brothers crossed the ocean in 1917.

It is for this that thousands of little white crosses, sheltered by the American flag and smothered in crimson poppies, stand in Flanders field.

When you salute that flag you salute the countless dead who died that you might live—with Justice and Liberty for All.

You salute the living hosts who by their courage and devotion to daily, unlovely, and unsung tasks carry on the life of this great Republic in the spirit of Liberty and Justice for All.

You salute the children yet to come, for you pledge your sacred honor to pass on to them, and in greater measure, what you have found under the folds of that flag, Liberty and Justice for All.

For All. It rolls like a drum beat round the world.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Theodore Roosevelt loved children. I know that, because he visited a great school full of them one day, and I saw his eyes dance with fun, glow with enthusiasm, snap with appreciation, narrow in intensity of interest as he talked to them in groups or by ones, as he met them about the building.

Once he took off his eyeglasses and polished them. That was when he met little blind Martha feeling her way down the hall that led to her classroom.

The children loved Theodore Roosevelt. I know that, because I saw them thrill at his word of encouragement, saw them cuddle down in their seats with a satisfied smile in their eyes, listening to the story he was telling, heard it in their voices as they sang good-by to him.

On his way out a mite of a boy who had wandered out of the kindergarten stopped in front of him and gazed up into his face. Roosevelt smiled down at him and the little fellow held out his hand and said, "Hullo, Big Man."

"Hullo, Small Boy," he said. "Hullo, I nearly missed you."

The Big Man passed out of the door and it closed behind him. But he left in that school memories that will last as long as life lasts for the children who saw him that day. He had touched their lives, just for an instant, and they had glowed at the touch, had felt his bigness.

Theodore Roosevelt loved the people of America. He was one of them. The engineer of the train that carried him across the continent felt that he was carrying his own brother, and gloried in the thought.

The miner who came out of the depths of the pit to shake hands with the great President felt that he had shaken hands with a man who had cared about him and who would go on caring for him when others had forgotten.

The men and women and children who waited patiently in the street for hours just to see him pass took his big sunny smile personally and treasured the remembrance. They felt that a friend had passed by and given them cordial greeting. They cheered for him while he lived and they grieved for him when he died, for a great leader had passed on and left them comfortless.

We are about to celebrate his birthday. The schools will not be closed. The flag that he loved will be floating to do him honor, and the children housed so securely under its folds will be doing what he would most wish them to do—studying the greatness of America.

And the greatness of America lies in her sons and daughters. Their bigness is her glory.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Under the flag draped casket lies an unknown soldier.

A nation pays him honor.

He lies with the great dead, a medal of honor upon his breast.

Guns fire salutes, stern generals, grave Governors, care-burdened leaders, join in paying him homage.

An unknown soldier. Nameless. Just one of the soldiers who wore his country's uniform and died in her service.

For him the flag hangs at half-mast.

For him the solemn strains of the funeral march.

For him the uncovered heads and the orations.

For him the reverence and the tears of a great people.

An unknown soldier. No, no, no! A well-known soldier.

You knew him and loved him. He played with you, carried you on his shoulder, dropped sweeties in your lap as he passed you. You knew him by name and called to him familiarly. You never thought of him as great. He never thought of himself that way. He was your friendly playmate.

He passed you daily on his way to work down at the corner, or in the city, or on grand-dad's farm. His clothes were the clothes of a worker and his hands were soiled and brown when he passed by at

evening. But he still smiled at you. Remember him now?

When the call to war came he said nothing about it. He gathered up his things; there weren't many. A few shirts and handkerchiefs and a couple of photographs bunched into an old suitcase that was held together by one strap. He smiled good-by to you as he passed on his way to camp. Remember him now?

You missed him for a while. You heard he was out at camp as you wound the muddy brown wool that your mother was knitting into socks. You hoped he would get a pair of them. He did. He wore them in the trenches and the fields. He had them on when they picked him up, straightened his broken body and buried it with a little flag and a white cross marking the place.

Don't you remember him now? Why, child, he's the one that didn't come back the day the boys marched home, the band playing, the flags flying, and all the mothers and sisters cheering and the fathers jumping up and down and shouting madly. He's the one the gold star is for on that flag that hangs in the hall.

That's the one. The very one you know. He's every boy who went out when he was called and laid down his life in the struggle to carry through the duty that was his. Died doing his duty, the boy of America. The boy you saw every day. The boy who whistled and sang and played with you.

Remember him now?

That's the boy. For him the flag is lowered. For him the heads are uncovered. For him America proudly mourns. Her Unknown Son.

EPILOGUE

The new playground teacher seemed to be having a hard time. He would dart suddenly into the midst of a group of players, seize a couple of them, lecture them, gesticulate fiercely, and send them back to their play. In a few minutes he'd repeat the performance with another group. At the close of the session he was tired and limp.

"Tired?" asked the old policeman who guarded the "kids" at the crossing by the playground.

"Tired?" groaned the young man, lifting his hat and mopping his head resentfully. "I'm sweating like a bull, and I'm so tired I can scarcely lift my feet. A little more of this will finish me."

The old officer laughed. "The trouble with you is, you see too much."

"See too much! I can't see half enough. I have my eyes all over the lot and I can't see what they are doing half the time. They get away with murder."

"That's what I'm telling you. You see too much. Why do you want to see all that five hundred or so kids are up to? Forget it and let them play."

"What? Forget it? Man, they'd kill one another."

The old man laughed again merrily. "Kill one another? I've lived on this beat and worked on it nearly forty years, and never a kid have I known to mark another, much less kill him. The worst that happened one of them would get a shiner. And that's good for him. It's part of his education."

The playground teacher tried to look severe. He thought he ought to. "I can't let a boy fight."

"No? Did you ever have a fight yourself, now?"

"Of course." A faint smile stole into the teacher's face and voice. "Of course. But it shouldn't be encouraged."

"No, nor discouraged too much, either. When they're at the scrapping age, they'll scrap a bit, and never let on you see them until a third one interferes. One to one is no matter, but two to one is bad. Scatter them then.

"But if you could just learn to look without seeing too much it would be a great help to you and the kids. I remember when I started I thought the idea was to catch as many rascals as I could. But I soon learned that wasn't my job so much as it was to keep them from getting into my clutches.

"Be on the job to keep out the bully, settle a point on the rules, and look over their heads the rest of the time. You'll save on collars and handkerchiefs, and the kids will have all the better time if you don't see so much."

We can all take a hint from the old officer. Many a time we see too much where the children are concerned. Better see only the essentials and let the rest slip by. And I can think of no better last thought to leave with you, dear trainers in home and school of America's men and women of to-morrow.

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